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THE CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS

THE CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS

A STUDY OF COLONIZATION AND ITS PROBLEMS

By

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To

Mark Twain

THE *most philosophic of* Travellers, *the most travelled of* Philosophers *—who loves his country yet speaks ill of no other—these pages are dedicated in sign of affectionate regard by the author*

PREFACE

THIS brief work is an attempt to explain the influence which the mother country exerts upon colonies, and which colonies in turn exert upon the mother country—for good or evil. It is largely the result of personal observation in parts of the world controlled by the great colonizing powers. We Americans have now a Colonial Empire to administer, and we cannot afford to be indifferent to a matter which has in times past profoundly modified the constitution of nearly every great civilized nation. An effort has here been made to point out why one country has failed and another succeeded. It is our hope that earnest people may ultimately induce Congress to establish a National University for the study of subjects in which a colonial official should be proficient. We need a species of Colonial West Point; we owe it to our fellow-men—whether they be Spanish or Tagalog; Chinese or Malay; Papist or Pagan; East or West Indian—that we give them a government based on business principles. We can expect no assistance in Washington until one of the great political parties is made to feel the effect of an awakened public conscience.

I cannot adequately express my obligation to the many who have helped me in my task—friends scattered in all corners of the world, missionaries, mer-

chants, soldiers, sailors, consuls, and natives. Many of these cannot be quoted because of their official relations.

As to works on this subject, there are many excellent ones suggested by such names as Zimmermann, Lucas, Morris, Woodrow Wilson, Theall. But the subject is one that enfolds the earth, and requires for its discussion a basis of facts which are but feebly supplied by the official reports of administrators. If many of my conclusions vary from those current it will be found that I have drawn less from official reports than from personal inquiry and observation.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

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CONTENTS

Page

I. How Spain Commenced to Colonize . . . 1
Columbus and the Slave-trade—Greed for Gold at the Spanish Court—Las Casas Tries to Protect Natives.

II. The First Check to Spanish Colonization 19
The Reformation—A Conflict between Germanic and Latin Ideas—Conquest of Peru—Spain's Constant Need of Gold.

III. The Development of South America . . 34
Extermination of Natives—Influence of the Jesuits in Paraguay.

IV. The Relations of Spain with Cuba and Manila Down to the End of the Nineteenth Century 45
The Effect of Freebooting on the Development of Colonial Trade in the Sixteenth Century — English Occupation of Havana and Manila — Treatment of Chinese.

V. The Totter and Tumble of Spain's Colonial Empire 61
Influence of the Monroe Doctrine on South America—The Fight between Spain and Her Colonies.

VI. Latter-Day Cuba 73
Indifference to Emancipation at the Beginning of the Century—Prosperity under Slavery—Influence of the United States.

VII. The Philippines in Our Time 84
Spanish and English Systems Compared—Influence of the Roman Church —The Yankee in Manila.

CONTENTS

Page

VIII. The Negro as an Element in Colonial Expansion 93

The Negro in America — South Africa—West Indies—As a Soldier—Equality with Whites.

IX. Official German Colonization 111

The German in Kiao Chow — German East Africa—West Indies and United States.

X. Colonial Portugal in Our Time 126

Some Personal Notes on Delagoa Bay—Macao—The Moluccas—The Portuguese Slave-trade and Missionary Enterprise.

XI. The First Years of Portuguese Greatness 135

Early Explorers—Henry the Navigator—Albuquerque—Relations with Africa and the Far East.

XII. The Colonial Break-up of Portugal . . 142

St. Francis Xavier—Jesuits in China—Official Corruption—Military Decadence.

XIII. Portugal in America 147

Founding of Brazil—Jesuit Missions—Criminals.

XIV. The Evolution of the Boer 153

Conflict between Dutch East India Company and the Boers—Attitude of England toward the Boers—Future of South Africa.

XV. The Dutch Colonist of To-day . . . 168

Traces of Holland in New York—Transvaal—British Guiana—Contrast of Boer and Dutchman.

XVI. The Boer at Home 176

Domestic Life of the Boer To-day—Comparison between South Africa and North America.

CONTENTS

Page

XVII. The Scandinavian Colonist 183
Denmark in the West Indies—A Canoe Cruise Round St. Thomas—Negroes in Santa Cruz.

XVIII. Some Notes from the Danish West Indies made in Santa Cruz 190
Influence of English Language—A Successful Planter—How to Treat the Blacks.

XIX. The Chinaman as Colonist 205
His Increase in the United States and Australia—Singapore—Hong Kong—Industrial Value.

XX. Old France in the New World . . . 216
Influences which Retarded Colonization in Canada—History of the Movement—Church and State.

XXI. The Spirit of France in the West Indies 224
Liberty and Progress Due to the Freebooters—Martinique and Guadeloupe—Effect of Slavery.

XXII. The West Indies Two Hundred Years Ago 235
Voyage of Père Labat—Extraordinary Luxury—Treatment of Natives.

XXIII. Colonial France To-day 246
Desire for Colonies, Why Unsuccessful—Excellence as Missionaries, Italian Emigrants.

XXIV. The Spread of Russia 252
The Colonization of Siberia—Conflict between China and Russia.

CONTENTS

Page

XXV. The Beginnings of English Colonization in America 263
Settlement of Virginia, New England, Barbados—Capacity of English for Self-government.

XXVI. When Americans Were English . . . 272
Settlements in Virginia, Maryland, New England—Love of Local Liberty —English Tradition.

XXVII. Why England Lost Her American Colonies 279
Tyranny of English Colonial Administration before America Rebelled—Contrast with Present-Day Relations.

XXVIII. A Successful Tropical Republic in the West Indies 285
Barbados—A Tropical Republic—Declares Charles II. King—Opposes Cromwell—Economic Development.

XXIX. From My Diary in British Guiana . 297
January 25, 1890. In the Court Room at Georgetown, Demerara.

XXX. The West Indies To-day and To-morrow 303
Negro, Chinese, East Indians and Whites—Duty of the Anglo-Saxon toward West Indies—Good Government Needed.

XXXI. Australasia 314
Indifference of the Mother Country to this Colony—Startling Advances in Material Wealth and Political Experiment.

XXXII. Can the White Man and His Wife Flourish in the Tropics 330
Railways and Sanitation Essentials to the White Man's Happiness in the Tropics—Heat Itself not Dangerous.

Page

XXXIII. The White Invasion of China . . 341

Treaty Ports—Self-government of White Merchants—The Open Door Policy.

XXXIV. The Philosophy of Colonization . . 353

Trade Does not Necessarily Follow the Flag—Home Government Should Encourage Emigration.

XXXV. The American as a Colonist . . . 359

Spread of New Englanders over all North America—Capacity for Local Self-government.

I

HOW SPAIN COMMENCED TO COLONIZE

"Blind folly, ignoble selfishness, crushing tyranny, and hideous cruelty, mark every page of the history of the domination of Spain."
—LECKY, "Rationalism in Europe," II., 335.

Columbus and the Slave-trade—Greed for Gold at the Spanish Court—Las Casas Tries to Protect Natives

AT the centre of Spain, in the high, bleak, stony plateau characteristic of the neighborhood north of Madrid, rising like a vast and monotonous mausoleum out of a dead waste of granite boulders, stands the far-famed Escurial. It embodies the spirit that gave it birth, the mind of a man half monarch, half monk; a king whose audience chamber was the cell of a recluse, whose walks abroad were limited by the walls of a cloister, to whom sunshine and the song of birds were profane, whose waking and sleeping were alike determined by monastic rules. Philip II.* built this mighty architectural monstrosity. The old world and the new were ransacked for its adornment. Within its walls is embedded a cathedral that would be considered of commanding proportions in most cities of the world; but in this great granite wilderness it seems but the chapel in a nobleman's palace.

* Philip II. was born 1527 and died 1598. He became king in 1556 and therefore afflicted his country for forty-two years. He outlived four wives.

Windows are counted by the hundreds, resounding corridors are measured by miles. In the cellars alone appears to be space enough for many royal residences. The visitor to-day sees little change after three centuries—priests are now in possession as they were from the very beginning; and, after marvelling at the amount of money and labor represented by this dreary pile, one leaves it with a sigh, for it symbolizes the pride of a priest-ridden and unproductive empire.

Amidst the great treasures of the Escurial, none is more precious than the little room in one corner of the vast building, where Philip II. received ambassadors from all the monarchs of the world, and whence he despatched viceroys, missionaries, commanders of armies, to Mexico, Manila, Cuba, or Peru. This strange little room—no larger than a bed-chamber in a modern hotel—was kept artificially darkened, that the monarch might be the less distracted by the sight of real things. While the blistering summer sun was full in the heavens, lighting up the Guadarrama Mountains, and while flocks of sheep and goats were tinkling their little bells and proclaiming at least some innocent life in this "stony-lonesome," the monarch of half the world lit his little lamp in a black alcove and read his despatches, or indicted instructions for the more rapid conversion of the heathen. Here he ruled over the lives and fortunes of half the human race; here were decided the delicate questions affecting the prosperity of colonies, questions of commerce, relations of master and servant, land legislation, navigation acts, taxation in every form, relative power of civil and military officials—questions which

vexed the ablest cabinets even when assisted by the greatest experts in all branches of political economy.

Philip II. shut out the light from his cell in the Escurial and consulted with minds darkened like his own. He sought guidance among his fellow-monks, and his political creed took no wider range than that of his father-confessor. Whether called upon to make war with England or increase the poll tax in Porto Rico, to encourage emigration or limit the exports from the Philippines, the voice that determined was the voice of a monk.

Spain's career as a colonial empire lasted, roughly, through four centuries. Columbus sailed from Spain in 1492 and made his first settlement in the West Indies about Christmas-time of that year. In 1493 he returned and presented Ferdinand and Isabella with a New World, which within the next generation was converted into an annex of Spain, reaching from the southern edges of the present United States to the northern portions of what are now the Argentine Republic and Chili. From the first discovery of Cuba and Porto Rico to that day in which the Spanish flag was finally driven out of American waters, the history of Spain constitutes one of the most romantic of colonial chronicles, full of interest to the general student, and of vital concern to those who have undertaken the task in which another has failed.

It is worth noting that Spain's beginning as a colonial power was coincident with the expulsion from her soil of the only people who, at that time, were competent to deal with economic problems from a purely

profit-making point of view. The Jews were then (1492), as they have been for generations, the money-lenders, the brokers, the commercial agents of the world—they were pre-eminently fitted to be the middlemen in transactions where absence of political and religious passion was useful. Spain, at that time, had a population of only four and one-half millions, distributed over a territory nearly equal to that of France —roughly 200,000 square miles.

At first sight it would not seem that pressure of population had anything to do with causing her to seek an expansion of territory, unless we regard as over-populated every country that is badly governed.

When Columbus sailed on his first voyage, Ferdinand * and Isabella ruled a country that had emerged victorious from a long war of the white man against the Moor—the Church of Rome against the infidel. Religious fervor and the flush of victories in war, united with love of plunder in producing a public sentiment ready for adventure in any field which offered scope for the missionary, the soldier, the government official. These three were united by thirst for conquest —conquest for the Church, conquest for glory, conquest for the sake of plunder; so long as the conquest was successful, the father confessor was apt to be accommodating.

Few countries have achieved so much for glory as Spain, and still fewer have had so little substance to show for it. At the end of the fifteenth century agri-

* Ferdinand, the "Catholic," was born in 1452 and died in 1516. He married Isabella in 1469. She died in 1504. This king established the Inquisition at Seville in 1480.

culture was at a very low ebb; Valencia barely raised one-third of what she required, while Catalonia and Aragon depended almost entirely on import for a supply. It is the irony of fate that while Spain gloried in having driven away the Jews and the Moors, the traveller, even of the present day, notes with surprise that it is to the magnificent labors of infidels that Christian Spain owes most of the irrigating works that sustain her present population. Carthaginians, Jews, and Moors built up the Spain of 1492. The generation of conquerors, colonizers, and explorers was the legitimate result of wars waged with fanatic recklessness, and Spain reached the zenith of her glory at the outset of a colonial career for which she was but feebly equipped. Her conquest of the Western World was achieved within the lifetime of a single man, but no sooner had her power been effectively asserted than she commenced to govern in a manner which makes us marvel, not so much at the quantity of colonies she has lost, but at the fact that there remained, in 1898, any for her to lose.

As everyone knows, the Pope, Alexander VI.,* divided the world into two parts; the one he presented to Portugal, the other to Spain. This was a species of generosity excellent as between the two countries immediately concerned, but, as events proved, calculated to make trouble when English, French, and Dutch should develop a taste for far-away venture.

So, while Portuguese sailors sought the East Indies,

* This Pope, Borgia by name, ruled the so-called Christian world from 1492 to 1503. He owed his office to bribery, burned Savonarola, introduced the censorship of books, was finally removed by poison, leaving behind several illegitimate children. This man gave the world away in 1493!

Columbus reached the West Indies, which at that time he believed to be a portion of China or Japan.

King Ferdinand took little interest in Columbus. It was Isabella who really discovered America, and considering, therefore, our obligations to that lady, we, as Americans, need offer no apology to those who accuse us of worshipping woman.

The pictures of Columbus which I have so far been able to see, represent him as peculiarly amiable, if not benevolent in appearance. His second expedition, however, in 1493, was fitted out by appropriating the confiscated estates of banished Jews. But this was offset by the Church's advancing him a portion of its tithes, and sending to the New World an Apostolic Vicar and eleven Benedictine friars.

Already, on his third expedition, Columbus suggested that the natives of the West Indies, the gentle Caribs, should be sold as slaves, in order to raise money for the Government, and in 1494 five hundred were brought to Spain and sold. Slave auctions of Caribbee Indians became an institution in Seville, but the money raised did not by any means make up for the chests of gold and precious stones that Columbus had led his friends at home to expect.

Cuba, Hayti, Porto Rico, Jamaica—these were sore disappointments to the first arrivals, who found huts of reeds where they had anticipated treasure houses of nabobs. It was a blow to those pioneers when they realized that colonization involved the tilling of the soil under a sun not hotter, but much more persistent, than that even of Madrid or Alicante.

The instructions to Columbus had been very ex-

plicit as to the importance of converting the natives to Christianity, and while the Church had some scruples regarding slavery when applied to those of its own faith, the Pope looked upon it as a fair punishment for those who remained heretic. Of course it would have been most inconvenient had all the natives turned Christian, for then there would have been an end to slavery. So the natives were hunted down by bloodhounds; they were addressed in Spanish, and they answered in Caribbee. The white slave-raider swore that the Carib had refused to become a Christian, while the poor Carib knew nothing of what was expected of him. In any event, the white man's word was taken, the Carib was branded, sold as a slave, and thus was laid the foundation of Spain's colonial fortune. From the very outset Columbus inaugurated the policy that every Indian owed more or less of his labor to the white man, without remuneration, and that policy was not reversed until Admiral Dewey trained his twelve-inch guns upon Manila in the summer of 1898.

And yet the early regulations sounded moderate enough—they were at least sanctioned by the Christian Church of the day. Every native over fourteen years old was required to deliver quarterly either so much gold or so much cotton, according to the neighborhood, and in return he received a copper medal by way of receipt. Of course, if he could not show this evidence of labor performed, he was punished in any way that his white master thought most profitable.

In 1497 Columbus found so much difficulty in at-

tracting free men to the New World that a law was passed, at his request, by which he was able to recruit his colony from the prisons. So in that year Columbus had to sail back to the New World with two hundred criminals as his only recruits.

The history of Columbus is familiar to us all, and we need here only note that after eight years of labor as a discoverer, explorer, colonist, and conqueror, he was, in 1500, taken back to Spain as a prisoner. He was stripped of his honors, his petitions were unanswered. He died of a broken heart in Valladolid in 1506, surviving Queen Isabella by two years.

The house in which he died, No. 7 Calle de Colon, is so well preserved that it seems to be modern, and of course it is a shrine to which the American traveller to-day makes reverent pilgrimage.

The men who made Spain great in those days excited envy amongst their contemporaries; but few form an exception to the general rule that success is more difficult to bear than misfortune. Commencing with Columbus, who was sent home from the New World in chains, there are very few whose closing years can excite in us other feelings than pity. Balboa, who discovered the Pacific, lost his head at the age of forty-two. Cortés was disgraced and imprisoned, and the conquest of Mexico did not save him from dying a disappointed man. De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi, was carried away by swamp fever in 1541, and in the same year Pizarro was killed by his own people. It is difficult to name one of the great Spanish conquerors whose life was not embittered to him by the suspicion and jealousy of those

whom he was serving in Madrid, or by the treachery of his fellow-adventurers. The worst that befell the British conquerors in India was mild, indeed, compared with the average treatment meted out to the noblest sons of Spain in the days when her court was most completely influenced by the Christian Church. Clive and Warren Hastings in their darkest hours would have hesitated to change places with Cortés or Columbus.

SLAVERY

Ferdinand was a pious and humane man so long as his piety did not conflict with his pocket. By a quaint course of reasoning he was made to see that while it was wicked to enslave Indians who recognized him as their king, it was quite correct to make slaves of Africans to whom he had granted no royal privilege. In 1501 negro slavery first made its appearance in America, and from that time on it has divided the sentiment of priest and layman alike in every part of the world where one man has been privileged to exploit the labor of another.

The Church thundered against slavery in the abstract, but amongst Blacks or Caribs they found plausible pretexts for an institution which has since been defended by the united Protestant clergy of many English and American states, to say nothing of Puritan pastors in the land of Paul Kruger. As early as 1495 we read in the Papal Bull this message to missionaries:

"You shall persuade the people who inhabit these islands and continents to accept the Christian faith.

"We impress upon you . . . according to your promise . . . to select honourable men, and send them to these continents and islands—men who fear God —who are instructed, clever, and suitable for the purpose of teaching the Catholic doctrine to the inhabitants, and to bring them up in good habits."

In her last will, Isabella enjoined humane treatment for the Indians, while, at the same time, urging their conversion to Christianity.

But those who most generously pleaded for kind treatment were inclined to extenuate slavery, on the ground that it is better for a heathen to be the slave of a Christian than to run loose without hope of salvation. In 1509, three years after the death of his father, the eldest son of Columbus was sent to America and inaugurated such a slave-hunting as scandalized even the colonial monks of the day. Under him Indian and African slavery flourished. In order to get a pretext for raiding the Indians, he would issue a proclamation calling upon a whole tribe to become Christian, and then, without waiting to inquire whether that particular tribe understood its language or purport, he would send a detachment of soldiers to make war upon them and bring back the prisoners in chains.

We must be careful, in studying the history of four centuries ago, to make due allowance for difference in custom, and to judge men by standards of their own time and state of society. Let us inquire, therefore, to what extent the treatment of the natives in the West Indies was sustained by the sentiment either of the Spanish people or the Church which controlled the Court.

In 1510 some fourteen Dominican monks came to San Domingo and at once commenced to preach in public against the cruelties practised toward the natives. It is to their credit that they were the first religious order that openly protested against slavery in the New World. The new Governor, Columbus, cared as little for the letter of his instructions as did King Ferdinand. That Christian monarch had urged the Governor to send him money: "Get money—by merciful means if possible—but get it!"

Columbus knew that anything would be forgiven provided gold was procured; but that nothing could atone for an empty chest.

So slave-raiding went on—even to the neighboring Bahamas. There the unsuspicious natives were coaxed aboard ship by promises of presents, and, when once aboard, were seized, manacled, and carried away to slavery.

Before the Spaniards had been eighteen years in the West Indies, colonial public sentiment had become "educated" on the subject of slavery as completely as it ever became in after years either in South Carolina or South Africa. Every colonist understood that under slavery his plantation would pay, and that without it he would be a loser. Every priest realized that under slavery his parishioners could afford handsome tithes, but that under free labor they would all be poor together. The Crown officials saw in slavery a means of getting rich tribute to the mother country, and also an easy way of keeping in order a population that might otherwise be making mischief.

Is it strange, therefore, that in the midst of such a

community, the governor, the priest, the soldier, and the colonist united in drawing the conclusion that God intended the Indian to be the white man's slave?

Now there is nothing new in this growth of public sentiment in favor of slavery. Wherever a large portion of the community have found it to their interest to keep slaves, there have never been wanting ministers of the Gospel ready to prove from the pulpit that slavery was a divine institution.

It took courage of no common order for a priest to preach, in 1510, "abolition" sermons in the midst of a slave colony like San Domingo.

As might have been anticipated, the colonists were highly indignant; they posted a Franciscan monk off to Spain to make representations against the meddlesome Dominican. But the Dominican was also good at diplomacy, and sailed for Spain in the same ship.

At first Ferdinand would not see the "abolition" monk. He wanted money, and was much vexed that this Dominican interfered between him and his profits. But the Dominican procured strong clerical backing, and finally was admitted to an audience. He unfolded such a tale of cruelty that even Ferdinand for a moment forgot his share in the iniquitous traffic and listened sympathetically to the friar's tale—how, for instance, a Spaniard had tossed a two-year-old Indian baby into the water out of wantonness, and watched it drown as though it had been a useless kitten, and no punishment inflicted upon the white master!

Ferdinand did what all weak rulers do—he shifted the responsibility from his own shoulders to those of others; in other words, he appointed a committee to

inquire—a species of whitewashing commission, which has since become fashionable in high political circles.

This commission was made up of priests and courtiers who brought in the sort of reform that Ferdinand desired. They denounced slavery in the abstract—advocated humane measures in the abstract — did everything that was Christian in the abstract—but in the concrete, left everything as it was. The Indians must be converted, and those who refused should be made slaves!

And our knowledge of human nature assures us that this loophole was sufficient for the slave-owning planters of the West Indies.

In 1512 this new law was passed. It altered nothing, but it enabled Ferdinand to confess with more ease, because the theological junta had assured him that now his conscience was clear on the subject of slavery.

The good Dominican friar enjoyed an academic sort of triumph—what the artistic world calls a *succés d'estime*—a triumph in name, but not in fact. It was even reported that his impassioned eloquence had converted the hostile Franciscan into becoming an abolitionist. At any rate, whatever might have been the effect of the Dominican's efforts on the minds of the people in Spain, they had scant effect in the colonies.

The statistics of the day represented Hispaniola (San Domingo) as containing a large population in 1492. In 1508 the number had sunk from the neighborhood of a million to 70,000; in 1510, to 40,000; in 1514, to 13,000—practical extermination!

Another friend of the Indians rose up in the person of the great Dominican, Las Casas, the son of one who had sailed with Columbus to the New World. In 1502 he came to Hispaniola as a priest, and soon became a slave-driving planter like the rest. But his conscience pricked him one day and he liberated his slaves and devoted himself from that time on to philanthropy. He worked during his whole life and died at the age of ninety-two respected by all who knew of him and his work; but, so far as the natives themselves were concerned, his influence was very little.

After much difficulty he secured an audience of Ferdinand in 1515—thanks to the intercession of the father-confessor; but, though he pleaded eloquently, Ferdinand did as little in this case as in that of the other Dominican. Las Casas was referred to the head of the Colonial Department, a Bishop of the Church, and to him he related how 7,000 Indian children had died in three months! The Bishop's answer was, merely:

"What business is that of mine—or the King?"

Then Las Casas burst forth:

"Is it then no business of your Grace or the King that all these souls are lost? Great and everlasting God! Whose business is it then?" Ferdinand died in the following year and, no doubt, met in Heaven some of the souls for whom he had had little time to trouble himself here below. Ferdinand was like many another weak mortal; he would have been honest had he been rich enough to afford such luxury.

In 1516, the great Charles V.,* at the age of sixteen, became King of Spain, and soon thereafter (1520) Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. During his minority the Government was in the hands of Cardinal Ximenes, a name associated with much refined cruelty perpetrated under the cloak of the Inquisition. His palace is to-day the home of the British Ambassador in Madrid. A subterranean passage leads beneath the street from this house to what was the torture chamber. The house of the Cardinal remains to-day almost as it was at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The rooms are mostly little cells for monks, with doors in which a little hole is cut, that those outside may occasionally peer through to see what the brother friar is doing.

Ximenes had large views for a man of his time and supported Las Casas. This was not so much because this Grand Inquisitor could not stand human suffering, but as a statesman he looked with alarm upon the gradual depopulation of his master's colonies. He legislated regarding Caribbee Indians as a forester would regarding those who destroyed wantonly a valuable grove of trees.

But Charles V. needed money quite as much as did Ferdinand—perhaps more. Even as mere King of Spain Charles had none too much, but his vanity and colonial possessions had impelled him to seek an imperial throne in Europe as well as in America; and the expenditure connected with this new dignity—heavy

* Charles V. was born in 1500 in Flanders, and died in 1558; though two years before, he abdicated and retired to the monastery of Juste. This is the man who presided at the trial of Martin Luther at Worms, in 1521.

enough to a rich country—was almost crushing to one as poor as Spain. It was from the New World that Charles sought the money to sustain his new honors; and with pressing creditors at his gates, he could not afford to examine too minutely the means by which he was enabled to make his reign brilliant. His father-confessor soothed him by saying that the important thing was the object on which the gold was spent, rather than the means employed in securing it. And, therefore, we note throughout these years constant efforts by noble men like Las Casas, and an equally constant abstract interest in humanity expressed by the Crown; humane laws passed, but never enforced. The natives are always to be treated gently, but always to do what the white man wishes!

Las Casas was named Protector of the Indians. He might as well have been named protector of the polar bears!

A Franciscan monk who accompanied Pedraria's expedition to Darien, in 1514, wrote that the whole country was pillaged and laid waste; that no cruelty or treachery was omitted in order to procure gold or slaves; that in one raid alone, 40,000 Indians were destroyed. Pedraria also bore instructions to be gentle with the native!

The manner in which Cuba was originally conquered and colonized is a fitting pendant to her condition under Weyler in 1898. In 1511 the Chartered Company of Seville—a trade monopoly for the American colonies—decided to conquer Cuba, using Hispaniola (San Domingo) as a base. So it sent off to that island three hundred volunteers, who had no other ob-

ject than plunder. They landed and commenced to call upon the natives to recognize the Christian religion and submit. The Cuban natives were, however, less inclined to submit than those of San Domingo—no doubt, news of Spanish rule in San Domingo had preceded this missionary enterprise. But the natives were finally beaten, and their chief taken prisoner. He was brought before the Spanish conqueror and ordered to turn Christian before he should be put to death. The chief wanted to know what good it would do him to turn Christian at such a late hour in the day.

He was told that by turning Christian he would secure access to Heaven.

"Should I meet any Spaniards in Heaven?" asked the Cuban.

"Certainly," answered the priest.

"Then I'd rather go somewhere else!" said the simple savage.

Cuba was not colonized until nineteen years after the date of Columbus's first voyage, but from the outset it became a place of prime commercial, strategic, and agricultural importance, in spite of the fact that it did not attract so much attention as those colonies in which precious metals were abundant.

Already, in 1518, there were eight white settlements on the island, and in the following year the colony felt strong enough to fit out an expedition (of Cortés) to the mainland. The first Cuban Governor, Velasquez, inaugurated his rule on the plan which subsequently prevailed with baneful monotony throughout Spanish America. The land was divided up among the white settlers, without asking permission of the

Indians. The Crown, of course, reserved all rights not distinctly parted with. Then the natives were made to work for the whites. If they declined, they were hunted down and enslaved, on the plea that they were obstinate heathen. But the Cuban Indians made much trouble, and the colony finally concluded that in the long run it was cheaper to get negroes from Africa, than to have the expense of constantly fighting among the natives. So, from 1522 on, extermination commenced. It was a job soon done. The black man took the place of the copper-colored one—that was all!

II

THE FIRST CHECK TO SPANISH COLONIZATION

"We believe to be the most frightful of all spectacles—the strength of civilization without its mercy."

—MACAULAY, "Clive."

The Reformation—A Conflict between Germanic and Latin Ideas —Conquest of Peru—Spain's Constant Need of Gold

IN 1519 an obscure monk in a North German cloister brooded and brooded with Teutonic thoroughness, until at length the courage came to him from on high and he challenged the Roman Catholic Church in the name of religious liberty. His voice found an echo throughout Northern Europe, at the courts of ruling princes, among the scholars of Leyden and Heidelberg, and above all among the rude but reflective peasantry—to whose hearts the rugged speech of Martin Luther found immediate access. Papal excommunication and threats of violence only strengthened the force of this great awakening. Every courier brought to Rome news of fresh disaster to the army of infallibility, new conquests for Protestantism; until, from the North Cape downward, the avalanche of heretical elements promised to overflow the Alps and the Pyrenees. The danger was great, and Rome realized it. At such a crisis the weak and the lazy were thrust aside and new men with more youthful energy and broader knowl-

edge of the world were permitted to come forward as the champions of papal authority against those whom they regarded as impious rebels. In Italy and Spain the act of the Wittenberg monk was received as an insult to the Latin race. There were plenty in the papal ranks who desired reform, who believed that the Church should take the lead in spreading scholarship and scientific truth, no less than theology and morality. The birth of Protestantism brought with it a new force in Roman Catholic development, a force that was based upon knowledge of the world, mastery of the sciences, social polish, fluency in speech, diplomatic tact —in short, every art that assists one man in dominating the mind of another. This force alone meant reformation to no small extent, but when to all this was linked the daring and fanatic zeal of a Loyola,* then was created the one force capable of setting bounds to Luther's work. The great Reformation had a political and intellectual side no less important than its theological one.

The citizen of London resented the domination of an Italian priest, though he willingly accepted an equal amount of tyranny from one of his own race. The thinking men of Rotterdam and Stockholm, of Leipzig and Bremen, were not cast in the same mould as the father-confessors from beyond the Alps. National antipathy, race antipathy, united with intellectual antipathy to weaken papal authority over Northern Europe and concentrate it nearer to the centre of its

* Loyola was born in 1491 and died in 1556; a Spaniard by birth, a courtier by education, a soldier by profession; who became "General" of the Society of Jesus in 1541 and infused the soldier spirit among his followers.

origin. Henceforth the quarrel with Luther resembled somewhat a war of Latin against Anglo-Saxon or Germanic civilization. Since the close of the Thirty Years' War (1648) the area of Protestantism has not increased appreciably, nor has that of Rome. But in America the Pope found compensation. The conquests of Protestantism in Northern Europe were, in the mind of Charles V., to be more than matched by the triumph of the Cross in the vast territories that had been confided to him by Pope Borgia.

The year 1519, the year of Martin Luther, was also the year of Fernando Cortés. What the Pope lost in Saxony, Spain was conquering in Mexico.

It was in March of 1519 that Cortés landed on the Mexican coast in Tabasco with 550 white men, 2,300 Indians, some horses, cannon, and negroes. Of these only three hundred whites started into the interior. Cortés had besides, fifteen mounted men, seven pieces of artillery and 1,300 native soldiers. Many of his men had refused to go with him and while we are not disposed to detract from the glory of this soldier, we are inclined to think that he displayed more courage in managing his own men than in the subjugation of Montezuma.

The Mexicans had never seen a horse or a man in armor, or a firearm of any description. They had no weapons that were in any sense half-way equal to those of Cortés, their country was divided by civil war, and their religious teachers had spread among them the fear of this invasion. They were morally beaten before the contest commenced, and if at any stage they fought, it was the fight of men made

desperate by injustice, who fight not in the hope of victory, but merely to make the tyrant pay dearly for his triumph.

The courage of Cortés was great, but those interested in comparing relative bravery might with profit compare the conqueror of Mexico with the man who won India for the British Crown. When Clive, with only two hundred Englishmen and three hundred Sepoys, marched out to the relief of Arcot in 1751, it was to meet disciplined armies commanded by Europeans, armed as well as himself, famous as horsemen, and familiar with the white man's methods. No superstitious awe cowed the natives of East India, who, when they laid down their arms, submitted not as to a God, but to a man superior to them in courage, in physical power, in organizing capacity, and, above all, in knowledge of government.

Clive entered India as a scourge: he left it amid the tears of grateful natives.

The Spaniard entered Mexico as a guest, he remained as a scourge, and he left it after three centuries of misrule, amid the curses of an outraged people.

Slavery entered Mexico with Cortés and flourished from the start. The noble Las Casas, in hopes of bettering the lot of the Indians, had urged Charles V. to encourage negro slavery instead, and to supplement this by emigration of white labor. Negro slavery was indeed furthered, but Indian slavery did not cease, nor was any encouragement given to white labor, for, of course, no white Spaniard would work in the hot sun when Indians could be made to work for him. Thus

Las Casas, one of the great "humanitarians," is practically the father of the African slave-trade.

Charles V. caused inquiry to be made as to how many negroes would be needed in the West Indies, and the Seville Chartered Company answered that 4,000 in all would be sufficient—1,000 for each of the islands, —Jamaica, San Domingo, Porto Rico, and Cuba. (In parenthesis let us note that in 1870 the number of black slaves in Cuba alone was 360,000.)

The license to import the 4,000 Africans was given to a Court favorite and he in turn sold it to a Genoese broker for 25,000 ducats, or about $56,000. This sum purchased a monopoly of the American slave-trade for eight years. The Genoese broker, however, had an interest in keeping up the price of negroes, so he only supplied a small quantity at a time. This did not at all satisfy the planters, who met this deficit by vigorous slave-raiding among the native Caribs. It illustrates the sentiment of the time, that while Las Casas was urging Charles V. to abolish slavery among Indians, the Bishop of Darien was proving to this same monarch that these very natives had been intended by the Almighty as slaves. No wonder that the "most Catholic" monarch was puzzled when the Church itself showed doubt! So he passed laws which sustained Las Casas in theory, while in practice slavery spread unchecked—both Black and Indian.

The plantation system in Mexico was similar to that which was inaugurated in the islands; estates were given to settlers, and these settlers had to cultivate them for eight years before they got a clear title from the Crown. The Church entered upon this new field

with zeal, and in thirty years claimed to have made 9,000,000 converts. These figures are open to question, but however they may be modified, there is no reason to doubt that, in the absence of any competing religious denomination, the Roman Catholic Church did make substantial progress in Mexico.

Mexico had not been conquered more than five years when an expedition was fitted out to conquer Peru (1524). Pizarro was to command the fighting force, but the profits were to be shared by a little syndicate consisting of three people—one of them the Vicar of Panama. In 1526 a written agreement was drawn up on the subject, securing to each of the three financial promoters his portion of the expected plunder. Each was to have his share of profit from the slave-trade. The Vicar, who had advanced 20,000 pesos (dollars) toward fitting out the expedition, was to receive one-third of all the land and treasure and slaves they might secure. Pizarro promised to make good any losses the Vicar might sustain. He had to be very careful with the Vicar, for it was known that this holy man represented some capital subscribed by the Chief Justice, who was forbidden by law from appearing in such transactions. It was also necessary to interest the Governor in the enterprise, and that meant another share in the concern. However, by joint effort of these three, Pizarro started out for Peru, with the blessing of the Church, the protection of the law, and the good-will of the Governor. That time all went well with Pizarro.*

* Pizarro was the illegitimate son of a Spanish officer. He was born about 1471, and was murdered by his own people in his seventieth year. It is not known how or when he came to America.

On his preliminary journey the natives received him with hospitality, and he returned full of plans for the enslaving of that unsuspecting people.

First he went to Madrid, where he retailed his discovery and was made Governor-General with all sorts of privileges. The Vicar was made a bishop, and the King made him out a patent enjoining above all things gentleness toward the natives!

Pizarro promised everything, and sailed away in 1531 to the conquest of Peru.

Skipping details (which are interestingly narrated by Prescott), in 1532, with one hundred and seventy-seven soldiers and sixty-seven horses, Pizarro at last met the Inca at Caxamalca. His patent was dated 1529, and the interval had been devoted to getting thus far, by a course of plundering raids that had astonished the natives.

The Inca came forth to meet Pizarro unarmed. He was surrounded by his Court dignitaries, and the great square was crowded by the curious. He was led to expect a meeting with Pizarro, but, instead of that, a Dominican monk came toward him, a book in one hand, in the other a crucifix. In a loud voice he called upon the native ruler to turn Christian and acknowledge Charles V. as his master. The Inca was naturally surprised and annoyed at this unexpected alteration in the programme, and expressed himself to that effect. This was what the monk desired. He made a signal, fire was opened upon the people by the Spanish guns, and while the confusion was great the horses charged in and trampled women and children under foot. In half an hour Peru became Spanish—a conquest that

makes one blush for the race to which we belong. There were thousands of corpses to be buried that night, and the booty was ample. Pizarro celebrated his victory by a banquet, and by his side sat his victim; a timid, gentle nature who hoped, perhaps, yet to serve his country by bowing meekly to the Spaniard's yoke.

He offered to buy his liberty by filling his dungeon with gold, and nearly kept his promise. But Pizarro perhaps concluded that he could fill it himself equally well, so in 1533 he put his royal prisoner to death—first taking the precaution to have him baptized in the same faith as himself!

Hereupon Pizarro divided plunder to the extent of $17,500,000.

Peru was now divided up among the followers of the conquerors. Soldiers who had never before known more than the fare of a Catalonian peasant became grandees of the soil—were waited upon by many slaves. There was no more desire to go home. Spain offered no such fortune to them as was to be found here on the ruins of Inca palaces.

The maintenance of slavery became here, as elsewhere, the most important section in the colonial constitution. Men who had murdered inoffensive women and children were not likely to deal gently with anyone attacking what they regarded as their vested interest.

SPAIN'S FIRST COLONIAL INSURRECTION

Only eleven years after the murder of the Inca Atahualpa by Pizarro, Spain had to face in Peru her first colonial insurrection. In 1544 Charles V. attempted to enforce the successive decrees against slavery, which had uniformly been ignored, notably one of 1543. In Mexico 150,000 natives were nominally set at liberty, for the law of Spain proclaimed the Indians free by virtue of being vassals of Charles V. But it was too late—vested interests had grown too strong. In Mexico the law was evaded, for, since it applied only to vassals of the Crown, the planters who held slaves pretended that they had been seized for refusing allegiance, and that plea was rarely found defective by a colonial court. In 1530 slavery was guarded as jealously in Spanish-America as it was three centuries later in a part of the United States; no priest was allowed to teach a native anything that could harm his master; to sell a horse or fire-arm to a native was punishable by death.

Charles V. had failed in Mexico; it was not likely, therefore, that he would succeed in a land so much farther away as Peru.

When, therefore, the Crown officials arrived with anti-slavery proclamations, drawn up by Las Casas, it was the signal for open rebellion. The agents of the great Charles were openly insulted and driven out of Peru. It was a sort of Boston Tea Party in a rough way, at least so far as the nullification of a royal command was concerned. And, more strange still, this

monarch, whose little finger was felt the length and breadth of Europe, bowed to the storm created by his far-away colony: sent out a white-washing commission, pardoned the rebels, granted all that the colonists demanded, and surrendered the natives as slaves to the white man.

The secret of this cowardice is not far to seek. Money, money, and only money, was the cry of Charles. He feared that a fight with the colonists of Peru would interfere with his supply of cash, and to accomplish what he wished in Europe money was vital. It was not to be got from Spain; it could only be drawn from America. So Charles satisfied his conscience by promising reforms, and closing one eye when his laws were treated as dead letters.

Up to this time the power of Spain over her colonies had been seriously questioned by no European power. Her claim to the whole of America appeared to be acknowledged by the whole civilized world. The Spanish treasure-ships sailed between Spain and her colonies with no thought of other dangers than those associated with a journey from Cadiz to Barcelona. Toward the end of 1568, however, a new viceroy, arriving at Vera Cruz with a strong fleet, was amazed to find that port occupied by two Englishmen. These, in the eyes of Spain, were pirates, but in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen they were important elements in what made up the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake had inaugurated a series of visits to the Spanish Main, which not merely caused panic throughout these coasts, but stimulated the spirit of adventure in every port of the British

Isles. The contemporaries of Shakespeare were not men to fold their hands and look on, while gold and silver were to be secured at no greater cost than a hard fight. There has ever been a strong magnetic affinity between gold mines and men of our race, and we might almost recognize the landmarks of our progress as stamped in bullion with such names as Johannesburg, California, Australia, and the gold galleons of Charles V.

Drake and Hawkins are among the world's heroes because their work was successful and achieved great national ends. Had they both been hanged by the Mexican viceroy in 1568 they would have ranked with men of the Jameson type, in a long list of unsuccessful filibusters. Queen Elizabeth gave them scant countenance when they sailed forth to risk their lives in her service, but she gladly honored them when they returned as national heroes. Drake and Hawkins, in 1568, commenced the uphill fight between little England and the great Spanish Empire—a fight which enlisted wide sympathies, in so far as it measured the strength of Protestantism with papal authority. To the Spaniards an English sailor was not only a pirate, but a pirate that had the audacity to deny the authority of the Pope, and for him death was regarded as a mild punishment. Lucky the English prisoner that was not handed over to the Inquisition for torture before being publicly executed. In "Westward Ho" Charles Kingsley has drawn a dramatic picture of adventurous life in that day, and, startling as his pages are, they scarcely outdo the cold recital contained in official Spanish chronicle. From the time of the intro-

duction of the Inquisition into Mexico (1571), 2,000 cases are recorded as having been tried in thirty years, or more than sixty-six cases each year, more than one a week—a terrible showing in a young colony with only a handful of white men and a native population almost feminine in its docility. Need we wonder that at the end of the sixteenth century the Inquisition, co-operating with the Crown officials, had produced such misery that the native population had dwindled to a quarter of what it was when Cortés first landed in 1519!

The British sea-fighters of that day were not respectable in the eyes of the law, but their freebooting acquired the halo of popular sanction when it became more generally known that their raids were at the expense of men who were the enemies of their Queen, the enemies of their religion, and, above all, capable of outdoing the Mohammedan corsairs in cruelty toward the captured.

In the days when Japan was a hermit nation, when it was death for a Japanese to leave his country or to entertain a foreigner, we can find no barbarity on their part equal to that displayed by Spaniards under the sanction of Christian ecclesiastical authority.

The Chinese are not famous for gentle treatment of their enemies, but in the three centuries of our intercourse with that nation—making due allowance for acts of pirates, brigands, and fanatical mobs—the history of European intercourse will be sought in vain for official acts of cruelty so barbarous and so frequent as those which meet us on every page of Spanish colonial history.

English adventurers were soon followed by Protestant Dutch, and French, who might or might not have been Protestants, but who were no less interested in intercepting treasure-ships and pillaging the palaces of viceroys. In the last twenty years of the sixteenth century eleven silver fleets left Vera Cruz for Spain; but frequently they did not pay expenses, because of the cost involved in securing them from capture. It is impossible to tell exactly how much gold and silver reached the Madrid treasury during all the years when the Spanish flag dominated from the Golden Gate to the Rio de la Plata. Whatever it was, it was never enough to stop the unceasing clamor for more, which was the burden of every despatch from Spain to the New World; it was never enough to establish agricultural or manufacturing prosperity in the mother country; it was not enough to bring contentment to the people of Spain, nor was it enough to check the horrible decrease of population among the natives of America.

Spain was burdened prematurely with a great colonial empire. She had not a teeming indigenous population, nor had she manufactures seeking a market. With the growth of her colonies, we might, even in that age, have looked for a disposition to encourage the manufactures of the country at the expense of the colonies. Spain itself did not invite immigration, although the high cost of living, consequent upon the discovery of America, would normally have invited a stream of wage-earners from neighboring white countries. Therefore, while Spain was steadily being drained of her most vigorous children, she did nothing

to fill their places at home. Yet she did not encourage emigration to the New World beyond the numbers she thought necessary for conducting the government and securing tribute from the colonies. She regarded her Spanish subjects in New Spain merely as an army of occupation, who were to act as they were ordered to from home, and to have no interests in the New World save as servants of the Crown. The Government passed many regulations discouraging to those desirous of leaving the mother country. The ships were carefully overhauled before they sailed, the proposing colonist had to show a special license, and to secure this license he had to prove, among other things, that for two generations no member of his family had fallen under the suspicion of the Inquisition.

Suspicion, indeed, was the key-note of Spanish colonial administration. The governor or viceroy had no sooner sailed from Spain than a commission followed him, charged with the duty of reporting secretly about him. The Crown trusted no one. Every man was suspected, and the Inquisition machinery was set in motion for political quite as much as for theological heresy. In Peru, in the year 1569, the Inquisition had charge not merely of all breaches of faith, but of the relations of master and servant and all questions of morals. The partnership between Church and State, in Madrid, was reflected in every Spanish colony, the only difference being that on American soil the Church was the only partner seriously consulted.

Spain's legislation against emigration was due less to economic reasons than to her chronic distrust of her colonists. She instinctively felt her own weakness,

and acted in the belief that her children would break away from her as a matter of course. She therefore adopted the policy of keeping them individually weak, and not only that, but of forbidding on pain of death all commercial intercourse between one colony and another. The Spanish Court wanted gold and silver, but beyond that desired no further commerce with the New World. She limited the number of ships that might annually cross the ocean, as she limited the number of men that sailed in them. She took no interest in supplying the New World with Spanish products—she was not intelligent enough even to be a " protectionist." The looms of France, Holland, and England furnished the produce which sailed from Spain for the benefit of her Western possessions. Local manufacturers complained, but the Government preferred the ready cash collected at the Custom House to the remoter advantages springing from busy factories at home. Thus the very indifference—not to say contempt—which the Spanish Government entertained for trade, led indirectly to the founding of mills and factories in America. Already, in the sixteenth century, guns were cast at Santiago (Cuba) as well as in Mexico. The Spanish nobleman's inherited aversion to all useful occupations blinded him to the military advantage of having an army of machinists to fall back upon.

III

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTH AMERICA

"All men seek gain and, more or less, love money; but the way in which gain is sought will have a marked effect upon the commercial fortunes and the history of the people inhabiting a country."
—MAHAN, "Sea Power on History," 50.

Extermination of Natives—Influence of the Jesuits in Paraguay

PIZARRO conquered Peru in 1532; in 1556 it contained 8,000 Spaniards, of whom 1,000 were officials and four hundred and eighty-nine great proprietors. The Governor, even at that early day, felt that he had too many colonists to manage. So he made an inventory of his fellow-countrymen, forbade any more to come, ordered those already licensed to stay in one place and not move about; then he collected all those whom he did not fully credit with legitimate occupations and cut off their heads. Thus was peace and quiet restored, writes a philosophic chronicler.

In 1571, within forty years of Pizarro's conquest, the ruling Inca was seized by treachery and put to death, along with a large number of other natives suspected of disloyalty to the viceroy. All the symbols of native worship were destroyed. Whenever slaves were wanted, natives were accused of heresy, condemned by the Church and handed over to the planta-

or mines. The silence of helplessness brooded over the land of the Incas at the close of the sixteenth century.

For fifty years Spain sought to subdue Chili, but there she met with a resistance that indicated a stronger and more barbarous race of men. The Chilians have a climate and soil congenial to fighters, and there the Spaniards found no gentle Incas suing for mercy at the first sight of a white invader. They tortured their captives and impaled a chief now and then, but the Chilians fought the more vigorously. At last (1603) Spain renounced all claim upon that land and devoted her energies to the more complete exhaustion of Peru.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew in Paris (1572) is a convenient date by which to remember the appearance of Jesuits in America, and that date is important as marking the time when natives commenced to look upon the Catholic Church with other feelings than mere fear. The best testimony on this point is furnished, perhaps, by the fact that when after two centuries they were expelled from the Spanish colonies, their going was mourned as a national calamity—at least by the natives. In Mexico the edict led to riots, and in other colonies the Crown had to take military precautions against demonstrations in their behalf. In the Jesuit the native recognized not merely a priest like those of the other orders, but a superior man, who by his knowledge raised those whom he instructed to a higher level. It was a Jesuit missionary who, in 1636, made known to us the virtues of quinine. That priest was a physician and healed the Countess Chin-

chon, wife of the Governor, by means of this drug procured from natives, and named after her Cinchona. In missionary work the Jesuit of that day was the leader in his profession—the Society of Jesus was a species of *corps d'élite*—an Intelligence Department—a General Staff in the great army of the Roman Church. In the higher walks, in subtle negotiations, in dealing with problems requiring knowledge of science as well as of men, the Jesuits proved themselves capable of any task save only that of reforming the Government.

In 1573 there were procured for the Potosi mines 11,199 slaves, while a century later (in 1673), under the same laws, only 1,673 could be found.

This little item is eloquent on the subject of native extermination—and as it was in Peru, so was it pretty much everywhere else. Each year brought to these gentle creatures yet heavier burdens, until at length life seemed no longer worth living. Boys of eight were dragged off to the mines—in some villages not a man remained after the slave gangs had raided them. Not one-tenth of the native population which had originally welcomed the Christian rule of Spain, remained at the end of the eighteenth century. Estates which formerly had 1,000 laborers, maintained but one hundred. Villages were taxed without reference to what they could afford to pay, and every form of oppression was tolerated for the purpose of wringing money from impoverished communities.

It was the same old story—the treasury of Madrid clamored for more and more money—the protests of honest men were disregarded or else were humored by decrees which became dead letters. Such a decree

was made for Peru in 1664, but it did no more good than that of 1543, or the many others pretending to shield natives from violence. Indeed, the very Church whose mission it was to protect the helpless, levied its tithes by violence—according to the report of Juan de Padilla made in 1657 to the King of Spain.

The year of deliverance for the natives seemed to have arrived in 1780, when the last of the Incas, after having pleaded in vain the cause of his oppressed people, headed a rebellion. The Spanish Governor, who, by the way, was noted even among Spaniards for his cruelty, was publicly put to death after a formal trial at the hands of a native tribunal. But the rebellion was ultimately crushed, and some 80,000 natives were put to death. It was a massacre on the model of that in 1572. All the surviving members of the Inca family, some ninety in number, were put to death; the ruling Inca himself was captured by treachery and killed, and every vestige of native religion was eradicated. When it became desirable for a white man to plunder a rich native, it was no longer necessary to charge against him heathen *practice*, it was sufficient if heathen *thought* were laid at his door.

Need we be surprised to learn that after two hundred years of Spanish dominion in Peru the number of natives had sunk from 8,000,000 to less than 1,000,000, which number included all races? Spaniards represented 136,000, African negroes 80,000, mixed blood 244,000. In this census only 609,000 Indians were enumerated. This record puts to the blush all previous exterminations undertaken by mere heathen nations.

At the time of this census (1794), Peru enjoyed the Christian ministration of 5,496 monks and nuns—a number amounting to almost one priest for every one hundred Indians. Even to the mind of a Spanish king there appeared such a thing as overdoing the outward manifestations of piety, for, in the same year that the first Pilgrim Fathers landed in Massachusetts, Philip III. wrote to his viceroy in Peru complaining that in Lima the property of the Church covered " more space than all the rest of the city."

We speak of the Church in general, at the risk of leaving the impression that one priest was the same as every other, or that even religious orders resembled one another closely. In many essential respects the Roman Catholic Church presents, in the doctrines which it preaches and in the ceremonial of its outward worship, a unity which is in marked contrast to the divergencies among Protestants. The great Reformation of 1519 found the Roman Church, from the palace of the Pope to the hut of the parish priest, enfeebled by absence of discipline—not to say voluptuous living. Rome was resting on past triumphs, forgetting that the task of maintaining the fruits of conquest is sometimes more arduous than the conquest itself. The forces behind Luther fought with the enthusiasm of moral conviction, led by the most accomplished intellectual soldiers of the day. Rome was staggered by the blow, and for the moment seemed about to fall—never to rise again.

But within a few years the whole military situation was changed. The Protestants, having learned the art of war in victories over Rome, continued to exercise

the profession of arms—not in consolidating their empire and arming it against the common enemy, but in war within itself. Then Rome lifted herself; her momentary mortification caused her to rise with a mind purified by adversity; her forces were reorganized, and she moved forward to the reconquest of Europe with that essential factor in successful warfare—unity of command.

Colonial Spain had been nearly a generation in existence before Rome received the severe lesson of Martin Luther. Cuba, San Domingo, Hayti, Porto Rico, Jamaica, all these had been parcelled out and administered by monks brought up in the school of self-indulgence and illiteracy. Mexico and Peru were conquered and Christianized by priests whose Christianity had not yet received a higher stamp than that of Havana. In 1525 Mexico had monasteries, but nearly half a century passed before Jesuits came to the New World. The early Spanish priests came not as missionaries, in our sense, but as conquerors. They knew not how to persuade men of another creed and race. A heathen to them was merely a heretic, and in those days to give a heretic an opportunity of recanting was in itself regarded as an act of clemency. The priest virtually offered the American Indians no choice but slavish submission to Church authority or death. Those who hesitated were first tortured; otherwise the process was the same.

The thousands of priests who since 1492 had been accustomed to baptize natives at the point of the blunderbuss or under the influence of thumb-screws, were scandalized when they learned that disciples of

Loyola were coming to the New World with different ideas regarding missionary methods.

The Jesuit, feared and hated throughout Protestant Europe for the slipperiness so liberally mingled with his erudition, has proved himself in other parts of the world a civilizing element without a peer in the history of missionary enterprise. If he has done nothing more than rebuke the brutal methods of his fellow-priests in South America, history can afford to give him generous recognition.

Let us cross the Andes and mark the work inaugurated by two Jesuits who reached the head-waters of the Parana in 1610. The Spanish Governor of that territory (now divided between Argentine and Paraguay) had been for years endeavoring to "pacify"—that is to say, enslave or exterminate—the natives in the lands adjoining the River Plate.

The two Jesuits lost no time in plunging into the wilderness and organizing mission stations on the basis of a semi-religious, semi-communistic agricultural and trading society. The Governor gave his aid in the enforcement of laws against slave-raiding, and this was all the Jesuits asked for the success of their work. Natives streamed to them from all quarters, attracted by the intelligence and humanity of Jesuit government, contrasted with that which they had hitherto associated with Spanish domination. One station after another was planted, each station a model of profitable farming enterprise, based upon the consent of those whose labor made it successful. Each community embraced at least 2,500 Indians, at the head of which was a Jesuit father presiding over the parish church. Each

family had a tract of land and these several tracts encircled the village, so that each family had an equal distance to travel for the purpose of tilling the fields. Beyond the circle of cultivation lay a wide zone of common or pasture land, on which the flocks and herds were kept.

Life was conducted on strict but intelligent rules—at least they were adapted to those directly concerned. There was no private property among them, save the ornaments of the women. The right of the individual was the right to use the land during his lifetime, to enjoy the fruit of his labor in security—but nothing more. Inheritance was not permitted. The Church offered to all who labored a good living and a state of happiness considerably higher than any known to exist at that time between Cape Horn and the Golden Gate—at least for the native Indian.

In this communistic theocracy the Jesuit priest furnished agricultural implements, land, houses, and administration. In return for that he exacted three days' labor out of the week, which the native gave for the benefit of the community. In other words, the Jesuit took a raw savage and his family from a life precarious at best, protected him from fellow-savages on the one hand and slave-raiders on the other, guaranteed him and his children the life of a prosperous farmer, and all this without exacting any previous accumulation of capital, education, or even experience. In the first generation this was indeed a huge promotion, and possibly for the second; but as a permanent institution it was open to the general criticism that in the long run communities reared in such a manner are apt to

lack ambition and energy—do not develop into vigorous, self-governing bodies. We can notice this, even to-day, in the French-Canadian villages of the St. Lawrence Valley, and in the quality of the emigrants they send to our factories in Maine and Massachusetts.

The Paraguay colonies had been but ten years in operation when (1620) they received a severe blow, not from incursions of warlike Indians, but from their fellow-Christians—even the Governor of the Colony.

He had married a Portuguese lady who owned plantations in neighboring Brazil.

For the more profitable working of these estates he instituted slave-raids, not merely in his own colony, but among the mission stations of the Jesuits, where the unsuspecting Indians were easily captured by thousands. Those who had time escaped to the forests with the Jesuit priests.

It was many years before this governor was tried for his offence, and when the verdict was made public it was in the nature of encouragement to future slave-raiders. He was fined a few dollars and suspended from office for a few years—that was all.

This experience gave the Jesuits warning that in South America their enemies were of their own household. They at once commenced to fortify their stations against their fellow-Spaniards. Military exercises were instituted, and every community was placed on a war footing. Thus these mission-stations grew from year to year—centres of civilization in the wilderness of the Plate River.

But the very virtues of the Jesuits made them enemies. The Franciscan Bishop, in particular, hated the

Jesuits. He hated the schools that they organized among the natives, he hated to see the enormous influence acquired by a rival order; he carried to Rome all tales that could undermine Jesuit influence at headquarters, and even went so far as to instigate the mob to burn down the Jesuit buildings in Asuncion. It was some years before this Bishop was at length (1648) deposed for his action; then he had to be seized by violence, for he refused to yield his authority when summoned in the name of the Pope.

The Jesuits made enemies on all sides in proportion as they benefited the natives. The colonists demanded the slave-trade for their estates and were indignant because the Jesuits withdrew Indians from the slave-market and educated them in a manner that made them worthless as slaves. The Jesuits were, in fact, endangering the prosperity of the colony by advocating the abolition of slavery. They were a public enemy and should be exterminated—so thought the planter. Nor had the traders any love for the Jesuits, for they were competitors in their markets and could afford to undersell. They produced large quantities of cattle, cochineal, tea, and cotton, and shipped to Europe what they did not sell in Asuncion. It was in 1645 that the Jesuits secured authority to trade; not on their own account, but for the benefit of their Indians. But this vexed the colonial traders so much that they had a law passed forbidding the Jesuits' bringing to market more than a limited amount of produce.

Finally even the Crown officials disliked the Jesuits, because they did not bring money enough to the treasury. They spent it in building new schools and in

otherwise improving the condition of the natives. According to Spanish precedent elsewhere, all those Indians would have been more useful to the Spanish Crown had they been sold to forced labor and thus furnished a larger revenue. In theory, Madrid was pleased to have the natives contented, but practically, every viceroy knew that the favor with which he was regarded at Court depended upon the amount of money he was able to send to the treasury, with little reference to the manner in which it was secured.

Thus colonials of every profession—the Franciscans at the head—wished ill to the Jesuits in Paraguay. They were accused of founding a state within a state, of arming the natives against the authority of the King, of teaching the natives doctrines prejudicial to the prosperity of the slave-holding planters.

Finally (1767) the Jesuits were driven from Paraguay, and the mission-stations, which they had built up with so much labor and intelligence, were destroyed. These very missions were indeed the means of ruining them. The Governor demanded their immediate removal at an impossible time and to an impossible place, and because a slight hesitation was shown, troops were called, the stations attacked, the buildings plundered, and the natives scattered into the forest once more.

The Jesuit fathers were deported to Europe like malefactors, and the colonists rejoiced at the expulsion of the only obstacle that had hitherto stood between them and their prey—the Indian whom they desired as a slave.

The missionary stations, which in 1767 contained 144,000 workmen, at the end of the century had only 45,000.

IV

THE RELATIONS OF SPAIN WITH CUBA AND MANILA DOWN TO THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

"I think that he, while Military Governor, committed an egregious error and did great injustice to the Chinese by introducing into the Philippines the Chinese Exclusion Act, which has stirred up race prejudice and done harm to those Islands."—Letter of Wu Ting Fang, *Chinese Minister to Washington, February,* 1901, *referring to the American Governor at Manila, General Otis.*

The Effect of Freebooting on the Development of Colonial Trade in the Sixteenth Century—English Occupation of Havana and Manila—Treatment of Chinese

SPAIN enjoyed the use of Cuba for three hundred and eighty-seven years before she finally withdrew (1898) in favor of the United States. Yet as soon as the United States became a nation (1783), she commenced to weaken the hold of Spain on Cuba. Yankee traders were no less keen than those of London or Amsterdam and they had the added advantage of a nearer market. All trade with the Spanish colonies had to be more or less contraband; and the swift coasting schooners of Baltimore and Salem soon became familiar off the Cuban coast. They were smugglers in the eyes of the authorities, benefactors in the eyes of the people, and a source of profit to both. It

was Spain's hatred for England which led her, in 1777, to join with France in creating the American Republic, a neighbor that soon drove her flag from Florida and California, supplanted her language by that of England, and paved the way for such an ascendancy in the Western World that one by one her colonies became independent, with constitutions modelled on that of the United States.

History affords scarcely another example of fatuity so glaring as that of Spain, governing her own colonies despotically and yet assisting in the creation of an Anglo-Saxon democracy at her gates. She recognized her blunder almost as soon as it was committed, for, in 1783, Count Aranda, the Prime Minister of Charles III., elaborated a scheme intended to protect Spain against a revolutionary movement such as had torn the American Colonies from England. He proposed the creation of three kingdoms; one in Mexico, another in Peru, and the third to consist of all the rest of the territory not already occupied, to be called Costa Firme. These territories were to be ruled by princes of the royal house, who should be bound to the mother country by strong treaties, involving trade reciprocity and common action in war, trade with France, but none with England. This scheme, which was long and seriously discussed, proves that Spain herself recognized in a shadowy way that her great empire could not much longer be held together unless the colonies were given some measure of self-government, however small.

The American Revolution was a shock to colonial Spain no less violent than was the Protestant Refor-

mation to the Roman Church in 1519. The rumblings of the French Revolution were already audible in Europe, and there were statesmen even in Spain who thought it better to offer their subjects something, rather than expose themselves to losing all.

But, with strange blindness, the Spanish Government postponed the matter until it was too late.

Cuba was a much neglected colony in her earlier years. It is only in our lifetime that Spain has been given to speaking affectionately of her "Pearl of the Antilles." Indeed, Spanish affection for Cuba suggests the analogy afforded by the love of France for Alsace-Lorraine—a love which was not conspicuous until the German flag waved over Metz and Strasburg. Fifty years after the first voyage of Columbus Cuba had only 1,000 white settlers—and at this time Mexico and Peru were already coveted prizes of Court favorites.* Freebooters constantly harassed her shores, and in 1555 Havana was burned by pirates. Drake and his compeers blockaded the island successfully for many years, and intercourse with the mother country was throughout the sixteenth century almost entirely cut off. In 1569 the island was bankrupt and applied to the Viceroy of Mexico for an advance of money to be used in erecting the most necessary defences. The money was advanced, and from that time on Cuba's annual deficit was made up by Mexico, as long as the latter remained tied to Spain.

After a hundred years of Spanish government, and in spite of the high price of sugar in Europe, Cuba

* In 1540 Cuba contained 600 African negroes and 2,000 native Indian slaves.

shipped scarcely any of that commodity abroad, owing to bad economic and political administration.

Most of the Indians had died out. African labor was inadequate, and the little trade that existed was due to the enterprise of pirates, smugglers, and contraband slavers.

Spain's chief colonial blessings, though she did not at the time recognize them as such, came from England, whose freebooters neutralized the bad effects of Spanish legislation and saved the colonists from the disastrous results of commercial isolation. In 1655 Oliver Cromwell did Spain a favor by depriving her of Jamaica, from which island freebooters of all nations operated successfully in educating Spanish sentiment in regard to the value of sea-power as an element in commercial prosperity.

England, from this time on, undertook police duty in the West Indies and upheld Spain's commercial treaties. The Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, forms another epoch in Spanish colonial history, for by that instrument England acquired the legal right of bringing slaves to Spanish America.* This did not amount to much on the surface, because contraband trade in Africans had been carried on for nearly two centuries by enterprising seamen of all nations; but England now acquired the privilege of entering Spanish-American ports openly and there disposing of cargoes. She was limited, it is true, to negroes, but under the pretext of landing negroes, English ships landed almost any-

* Sir John Hawkins brought cargoes of slaves to the Spanish colonies in 1562, 1564, and 1567. This gallant freebooter died at sea off Porto Rico in 1595, after sixty-two years of life, most of which was spent in fighting Spain.

thing else they saw fit. England soon had the bulk of the American trade, while Spain's share was only twenty-two per cent. It has been Spain's fortune, from the time of Elizabeth to the present day, to have been chronically at war with England and the descendants of England, and, while in those wars she has been uniformly unsuccessful, it has been only through these enemies that she has enjoyed the little commercial prosperity which has fallen to her lot.

Throughout the seventeenth century Spain's intercourse with her colonies almost ceased because of pirates. Vera Cruz was for three days plundered by these highwaymen of the water, and, when they finally disappeared with their booty, the Spaniards, instead of rushing to arms, crowded into the churches and gave thanks for deliverance!

When at last Spain made concessions to England, it was not in any hope of mutual benefit, but merely to escape a piracy which had nearly destroyed what little shipping she possessed. In 1654 Mexico sent her "record" cargo of precious metals to Spain—afterward the buccaneers ruled too strongly. San Domingo at that time contained 10,000 pirates. The word "pirate," indeed, had become synonymous with navigation, and even our Puritan forefathers showed scant scruple in undertaking commercial enterprises which nowadays would end in penal servitude, if not the gallows.

English blood seems to be happier on board ship than does that of the Spaniard or even the Frenchman; and this may explain why, although Providence thrust islands in the course of her ships, Spain neglected these

watery possessions in favor of the continent, where she felt more secure. At no time in her history was she able to protect her islands from depredation, and their inhabitants had to abandon the coasts and take refuge in the interior if they wished to escape the raids of the enemy. The English, on the other hand, looked upon the sea as their best friend, and the colonies that attracted them most were those with salt water about them. The landmarks of England's colonial progress bear the names of Barbados, Jamaica, Hong-Kong and Singapore, Bermuda, Mauritius, St. Helena. Hardly had England set foot in the West Indies than her colonial produce began to outstrip that of Spain, England accomplishing more in ten years than Spain in a century.

The treaty with England (of 1713) was beginning to bear fruits in Cuba, when Spain, in 1717, passed a law compelling all tobacco-planters to sell their produce to Government agents at Government prices. This caused the first riot in the island. Havana refused obedience and shipped the obnoxious officials back to the mother country. Spain yielded for the moment, but in 1739 gave the monopoly of the tobacco trade to a company—a heavy blow to Cuban trade. The shareholders in 1746 divided thirty per cent. profit, but that did not comfort those at whose expense this profit was made. In 1760, a century and a half after its first settlement, Cuba had only 140,000 settlers, while French Hayti had 400,000, scattered over five hundred plantations. At the same time San Domingo (Spanish), representing four-fifths of the whole area, had only 40,000 population. While the French colony

exported 6,000,000 francs' worth, San Domingo had to receive an annual subsidy from Mexico. Jamaica in the same year was a large exporter of sugar, rum, and coffee.

In such a discouraging state of Spanish-American trade Cuba sighed for a change. It came in 1762, when there appeared before Havana fifty-three British men-of-war escorting two hundred transports, the whole representing a force of twenty British regiments, who soon captured Havana, secured a booty of £736,000, and proceeded to give the country a better administration than it had ever enjoyed before, or has since, with the possible exception of General Ludlow's brief term of office immediately after the Spanish-American War.

The port was immediately thrown open to English trade, and from having only half a dozen ships in a year, Havana now, in the ten months of English occupation, had a thousand ships visit her port. In this short time she imported 3,000 negroes, as many as during twenty years of Spanish monopoly. The island commenced to flourish again; in fact, she has flourished under every event which has mortified Spain.

Within three months of the capture of Cuba, another British fleet (under Admiral Cornish) appeared before Manila, landed 3,700 men, and captured it. It would have astonished the England of that day to be told that one of her colonies would, in less than a century and a half, be strong enough to attack both these islands and *hold them!*

England kept them until the peace of 1763. Short as her occupation was, she gave the Spanish colonists a taste for better administration and more liberty.

Let us note that the Cuban accepted cheerfully the rule of the Anglo-Saxon in 1762, as he did in 1898 as well—for a time. In the Philippines, however, the natives would have none of the new *régime*, and England found herself engaged in guerrilla warfare, which promised to drag itself out indefinitely.

It seems a long jump from Manila to Cuba, but in that day the Pope chose to regard the Philippines not as a part of the East Indies, but as a dependency of Mexico! Manila merchants were not allowed to trade with China, only six hundred miles away, because that would give offence to the Portuguese at Macao, who, by the same Pope, had been presented with all the eastern hemisphere—or at least with as much of it as they saw fit to appropriate.

So Manila was ordered to trade exclusively with the port of Acapulco in Mexico, whence her produce was carried across the Isthmus, ultimately reaching Seville or Cadiz as part of a Mexican consignment.

The history of the Philippines is not very interesting reading—it is mostly a repetition of the same sort of thing, insurrections put down—execution and torture of native rebels—quarrels between the Archbishop and the Governor—plagues and epidemics—piratical raids — friction between slave-owners and abolitionists—between merchants and officials.

The first picturesque event in the history of the island was in 1574, when an enterprising Chinese admiral, with sixty-two junks, sailed up to the mouth of the Pasig River and demanded the surrender of the town. His proposition was declined, whereupon the Chinese landed, drove the Spaniards before them, penetrated

to the fort and set fire to it. Ultimately the Celestial invaders were ejected, but they left behind them a reputation for bravery and enterprise that made Spanish officials feel uncomfortable whenever rumor of Chinese pirates was in the air.

In the history of Manila the only people who have ever penetrated that fort as enemies have been Anglo-Saxon and Chinese. The Chinese, from time immemorial, have regarded the Philippines as within their "sphere," although they have never formulated a Monroe doctrine which the rest of the world has felt compelled to respect.

When the British took Manila, in 1762, they received much assistance from the Chinese population, for, owing to England's generous treatment of natives in India, the Chinese had already learned to respect British justice no less than the power of her guns. With this in mind, I was not surprised, in 1898, to find the victory of Admiral Dewey and the United States troops celebrated by English flags hung out from every Chinese house in Manila. In some way they associated England with America, partly because of the common language, partly from the good relations existing between the English warships and our own, largely, perhaps, because English and American merchants formed one club for social purposes. It may be, too, that the Chinese sought to protect themselves against possible pillage by claiming the rights of alleged British subjects; for at one time it was not quite clear as to whether Americans, Spaniards, or Filipinos would control the situation. Pillaging had been allowed after the conquest of 1762, although for only three hours.

But as the English had at that time native Indian troops in the expedition, I have no doubt that t' :e hours proved fairly adequate to all reasonable req .re-ments. In 1762 the Chinese had particular reason for not loving the Spaniards, for they were then compelled to choose between leaving the island and joining the Church of Rome. To those of us who know the Chinaman, the inference is reasonable that the larger proportion found no difficulty in reconciling ancestral worship and "Joss pidgen" with transubstantiation and the immaculate conception.

John Chinaman accommodates himself to every possible contingency. In one corner of his Joss house he glorifies St. Francis with candles and holy water, in another he squares himself with his native demons. The shrine of a converted Chinaman was about as puzzling to a Grand Inquisitor, as are to the average Protestant an altar and reredos in a ritualistic Anglican church.

As in Cuba, so in the Philippines, the first and the greatest question that agitated the Spanish Court was the treatment of natives. One-half of the Church maintained that slavery was contrary to Christian ethics; the other half insisted, with equal parade of scholarship and vastly more vehemence, that slavery was an essentially elevating institution, particularly when it was a heathen who was made to work and a Spaniard or Christian who profited thereby. With this question was entangled its corollary whether the Filipinos should be made Christians by violence, or whether they should be persuaded by reason. Evidently the Bishop of Manila had achieved scant suc-

cess by the exercise of the gentle methods, for he stoutly maintained toward the end of the sixteenth century that it was the duty of the Church to convert every native or put him to death.

The Church held that heresy was a capital offence, and we cannot see how a well-brought-up bishop of that day could be pardoned for allowing mere human sentimentality to stand between heretical or heathen natives and the enforcement of "Christian" law. The quarrel grew so fierce that finally the Crown intervened and drew up regulations for the government of the island which practically delivered the natives into the hands of bishops and governors, with no protection save that implied in a "recommendation to mercy."

Henceforth each native was to pay a poll-tax of eight Reals (one dollar) annually. Of this poll-tax ninety per cent. went to the Spanish Crown, the clergy, and the military establishment. The remaining one Real was nominally used for the benefit of the colony. But the evidence on that point is not satisfactory.

As Spain then had only a very small proportion of the natives under her dominion, and for that matter never succeeded in completely colonizing Luzon after four hundred years of effort, this poll-tax proved a very unsatisfactory one, at least to those who counted all Filipinos as subject to its provisions.

A German official who had been stationed in Africa, once described to me the panic created among his colleagues when regulations and forms were received from Berlin, calling for detailed information regarding the native capacity for bearing taxation. Column after column was to be filled in with certificates of birth,

character of occupation, nature of dwelling, and the many sources of income known to a Prussian policeman. The panic in the Government Bureau was as nothing compared with the blank amazement of a naked Kaffir whose worldly inventory comprised a war-club and a hut of reeds.

Imagine this arboreal savage at his breakfast in the top of a cocoanut tree suddenly challenged by a Prussian gendarme with an order to come down and pay his income tax!

Governments that play with colonies perform strange freaks!

Spain would have lost her colonies much earlier but for the fact that her officials on the spot treated the law of Madrid to a great extent as a dead letter. The King abolished tithes, abolished slavery, gave land only to those who were bona-fide settlers, and even forbade missionary or military expeditions unless the bishop gave his consent. But these provisions are hardly worth enumerating, because, practically, through the parish priest and the local governor, the Church squeezed out of the native all that could be squeezed, and the treasury of Madrid received whatever balance there was when all the white officials in Manila had been satisfied. Cuba and Manila are two of the richest islands in the world; yet, as in the case of Cuba, so with Manila, as long as she was isolated from all but Spanish influence she was a drag upon the mother country.

Even so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century Philippine affairs were submitted by the King to a special committee, and it was determined to abandon

them. That this was not done was owing to the Friar Moraga, a man of burning zeal in missionary work, who threw himself at the feet of Philip III. and begged passionately that the "most Christian monarch" might not abandon all these heathen souls to damnation! The King yielded for reasons wholly theological, and Mexico was once more ordered to saddle herself with the deficits in the Philippines.

Of course freebooting in Eastern waters contributed to Philippine distress, almost as much as it did in the West Indies—the Dutch and English frequently intercepting the Mexican fleet, to say nothing of occasionally plundering towns on the coast. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Philippine trade was so crippled by the regulations of the mother country that Manila could not even fill the three annual galleons permitted by law. Her merchants were not allowed to send Chinese goods to Mexico (and thus on to Spain), although at the same time Portugal had direct communication with Macao. The Mexican lady who wanted a dress of Chinese silk had to order it from Spain after a journey more than half way round the world. That very piece of silk had probably passed her own door on the way to Spain. But even this proved insufficient "protection," for, in 1718, in consequence of petitions from such silk manufacturing towns as Toledo, Valencia, and Granada, trade in Chinese silk was absolutely forbidden to the Philippines. This law was thought so cruel by the Mexican colonists, as well as by those in the Philippines, that the Viceroy of Mexico made representations at home, in hope of having it rescinded. But, on the contrary,

this drastic measure was made even more sweeping, and no Chinese silk was permitted either in Spain or any of her colonies. The most inveterate " protectionism " of modern times seems enlightened after this. The result of this " high protection " was, that the Chinese market which Spain renounced was amply exploited by the enterprising seamen of England and Holland; and the American-Spaniards, no less than those at home, found that contraband silk was quite as becoming and no dearer than any other. So Spanish trade suffered, colonial progress was checked, and the only ones that flourished were the smugglers and officials. In 1734 the effect of this policy showed itself so clearly, particularly in the falling off of receipts from Manila, that the law was modified and the far Eastern colony was allowed to send annually to Acapulco, Asiatic goods worth 500,000 pesos (dollars), and to take in return goods from Mexico worth up to 1,000,000 pesos.

The effect of this slight liberality was immediate and refreshing. Business improved all around. There was a " boom " in Manila Bay. Everybody who had a dollar or could borrow one helped to load the limited number of ships permitted by Government. Soldiers, officials, priests, widows—all rushed to share in the profits of the newly opened trade. The rich monasteries advanced money at rates fluctuating between twenty-five and fifty per cent. The Crown officials connived at the ships carrying double or treble what was allowed by law. The captain of a merchantman received 40,000 pesos as his share of the venture, the navigator got 20,000, the supercargo got nine per cent.

—everybody, excepting the natives, made money rapidly. Those were golden days in the Philippines, but they were of short duration; for the home government soon commenced once more to legislate—this time in favor of expelling the Chinese (1755). Immediately the receipts from the Philippines fell off 30,000 pesos a year, in spite of the large numbers of Chinamen who permitted themselves to be baptized. The Government sought to replace the Chinese by a joint stock company, but this institution soon went into bankruptcy.

When England handed back the Philippines in 1763, the Spaniards put to death 6,000 Chinamen by way of a warning, and tried to revive trade in the old way; but it was like flogging a horse that has fallen from overwork. In 1783 Carlos III. took 4,000 shares in a joint-stock company that was to monopolize Philippine trade and secure vast profits to the shareholders. The royal Court of Spain stood in regard to the exploitation of the Philippines much as the British aristocracy stood toward the Chartered Company which developed Rhodesia and sent Dr. Jameson to Johannesburg. This company ultimately collapsed, but for a time it served a good purpose, for the Crown, in its greed for money, permitted reforms which indirectly benefited both the islands and the mother-country. This company was permitted henceforth to trade directly with Spain, without having to pass through Acapulco as formerly. Ships might be bought anywhere, for the space of two years; ship material might enter Spain free of duty, likewise the wares of the Philippines. Spaniards were now permitted to bring

Chinese and Japanese products from Manila direct to Spain. Four per cent. of the profits were dedicated to the agricultural development of the colony, but this, as well as the other provisions of this comparatively liberal character, was neutralized by the favoritism shown in the selection of officials.

However, from now on in the history of the Philippines, large consignments of pepper, sugar, cotton, tobacco, and indigo figure. The company was saved from bankruptcy in 1825 by advances made by the King, but finally disappeared in 1834.

The nineteenth century opened a new era for the Philippines, as well as for Cuba. The two revolutions, in France and the United States, had found an echo throughout the world—even in the colonies of Spain. The Jesuits, who might have directed, if not stemmed, this current, had been expelled, and public sentiment sought its leaders among men whose dominant passion was hatred of Spain—hatred of her ignorant friars —hatred of her corrupt officials. Little by little Spain had revealed to her own children that she was not merely cruel and rapacious, but worse than that—she was weak.

V

THE TOTTER AND TUMBLE OF SPAIN'S COLONIAL EMPIRE

"Napoleon had every manner of success and abused his good fortune to the uttermost (sans mesure)."

—TALLEYRAND, "Memoires," I., 302.

Influence of the Monroe Doctrine on South America—The Fight Between Spain and Her Colonies

IN 1823 President James Monroe announced to the powers of Europe that the United States claimed a certain protecting influence over the whole of the American Continent. Here are some of the words he used, the sum of the so-called Monroe Doctrine: "We (the United States) could not view an interposition for oppressing them (the Spanish-American Republics), or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States . . . the American Continents should no longer be subjects for any new European colonial settlement."

That declaration virtually guaranteed the independence of every Spanish colony from California to Cape Horn. And when, shortly after that, the British Government, under the leadership of Canning,* confirmed

* George Canning, born in 1770, was Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1822 until his early death in 1827.

the position of the United States by recognizing the independence of the different republics, all talk of reconquering the lost colonies was smothered and the now liberated territories were free to fight one another and make revolutions as often as they chose without any interference, at least from Madrid.

But Spain tottered a long while before she finally fell. It shows that there were some good elements in her administration, mingled with the much that was bad, for no system wholly corrupt could have spread one language and one church creed over so vast a territory in so short a time.

Spain's administration of her colonies was bad from the point of view of the political economist, but it did not shock those who suffered under it half so much as it shocks us of to-day.

The impulse which finally drove the mother country from the mainland of America was not far removed from the one which united the thirteen colonies of the United States in 1776. In both cases it was felt that the attitude of the home government was not merely unjust but arrogant; the personal pride of the colonists was hurt quite as much as their pockets. The officials of the home government not only regarded the colonies as means of enriching themselves and the Crown, but treated their colonial fellow-Spaniards with indifference, if not contempt.

So long as Spain was overwhelmingly strong the Spanish creole submitted with a fairly good grace; but the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, resulting in Spain's being treated as a province of France, raised among Spanish-Americans the feeling that their

national glory was as safe on the River Plate or under the shadow of Chimborazo as in the palaces of Madrid.

Though Spain showed herself incapable of defending her transatlantic possessions, she still refused to allow them any voice in the management of their own affairs and persisted in excluding creoles (native colonial Spaniards) from all positions of responsibility. Out of one hundred and sixty viceroys of Spain, only four have been creole—out of six hundred and two Captains-General, only fourteen have been creole. Suspicion and jealousy marked Spain's attitude toward her far-away children, and who can wonder if they failed to show loyalty when she needed their help?

In 1898 the public sentiment of Spanish America was with the mother country against the United States; in 1823 the United States was hailed as the unselfish big brother protecting the younger republics against the mother's cruelty—so much have times changed!

During the wars of revolutionary France against the coalition of monarchical Europe, Pitt was approached with a scheme for assisting in the wrenching of the colonies from Spain. A revolutionary society was formed in London with the avowed purpose of liberating the different South American republics; but the peace of Basel (1795) checked the movement for a time; at least, so far as England could officially appear in the matter. But war soon broke out again, and after the destruction of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar (1805), England felt her hands free.

Admiral Popham was at Cape Town. He had arranged to take over South Africa from the Dutch, and

therefore, in 1806, he sailed across the South Atlantic and dropped anchor in the river Plate.

He had been induced to land here through representations of the revolutionary party. They found no difficulty in occupying Buenos Ayres, though General Beresford, who commanded the land force, had under him only 1,800 men. The English acted here as they had in Havana and Manila in 1762, granted complete freedom of worship, and opened the port to free trade, at least with England—an enormous concession compared with what the colonies had formerly enjoyed. Commerce at once revived, shipping crowded the river, and the short British occupation made it impossible for that colony ever again to rest contented under a policy of Spanish exclusiveness.

But, though the revolutionists had fought to drive Spain out, they had no mind to permit the English to stay in. So now they turned upon their liberators, after the manner of the Filipinos in 1898.

With that revulsion of feeling so frequently seen in hot-blooded races, Spaniards and creoles forgot their feud and united in common hatred of the hereditary enemy, the hated Anglo-Saxon. Within two weeks of the first occupation of Buenos Ayres by the English, the latter were attacked by an Argentine force and driven to take refuge in the citadel. The " patriots " who had promised Admiral Popham an easy victory over the country, now disappeared.

In June of 1807 reinforcements arrived from England—12,000 men on eighteen warships, and eighty transports, commanded by General Whitelock. To the amazement of the world this force failed in their

attempt to take the town from the Argentines; on the contrary they were forced to march back to their ships and embark for home. It was not a military disaster of the first rank, and a nation that had just won the battle of Trafalgar and was on the eve of driving Napoleon's army from Spain had no need to be cast down by so small a check, but considering the nature of the foe and the quality of the invading force, it stands out among memorable British losses—such as Majuba Hill, Saratoga, Yorktown, New Orleans, Colenso—the same old story—brave men; incompetent generals.

This was the time of great battles. The year 1805 was the year of Austerlitz as well as Trafalgar. 1806 was the year of Jena, when Napoleon chased the whole Prussian army from the borders of South Germany clear to the edge of Russia, whipping it into shreds. 1807 was the year of Friedland. The next year afforded Napoleon his "*Parterre* of Kings at Erfurt." In 1809 came more crash of big armies, the battle of Wagram in the midst. The Russian campaign was in 1812, in 1813 was that of Leipzig, in 1814 was the capture of Paris, and Waterloo came in 1815. Any gaps in these events were made up by Wellington's fighting in Spain, and England's small expeditions in every part of the world. No wonder, then, that the loss of Buenos Ayres should have been quickly forgotten.

But for Spanish colonial history no event was more important than this. The news of it was an inspiration to every revolutionary committee, not merely on the Plate, but in Chili and Peru, Venezuela and Mexico. Colonists had shown what they could do. They had

not merely stood their own against Spain, they had saved Argentine from the foreign enemy—no less an enemy than England! While Spain was powerless to protect, the colonists had themselves organized a military force and achieved victory without any assistance from the mother country!

Henceforth there was no more thought of tolerating the tyranny of former days. The colonists were, many of them, ready to remain Spanish and monarchists on the basis of just and equal treatment with those of the mother country, but Spain lacked the courage, or understanding, to seize the opportunity thus offered. She let things drift—allowed the revolutionary wave to increase in magnitude, and made concessions when it was too late. If ever she felt a trifle relieved from momentary fear, her arrogance returned, and she sought to revive the commercial restrictions which had done so much mischief in the past. The short English occupation had united all classes of colonists on one subject at least, that though they wished no British soldiers, they meant to have the liberty which those soldiers had shown them how to procure.

In the same year that Prussia rose against the French yoke (1813), Argentine declared herself free, and from that day to the proclamation of President Monroe (1823), her struggle for independence was a perpetual source of encouragement to the rest of South America, aided by the events on the continent of Europe. When Spain was at the feet of Napoleon, her colonies were proportionately elated; but when Wellington finally drove the French out of the Peninsula, Republican prospects declined, for now the mother country

became free to fight her rebellious offspring. Argentine alone maintained practical self-government, if not complete independence, throughout those stormy years of revolution and counter-revolution. In 1810, while a Spanish viceroy was nominally ruling the country, a popular assembly collected the taxes, conducted the government, and tolerated the viceroy as an ornamental feature. Half of the ruling assembly consisted of creoles, and the presence of the Spanish flag affected but little the progress of the country.

The monarchs formed a "Protective Union," a syndicate, a species of Trust, whose object was to guarantee perpetuity of monarchy by divine right. The political police exaggerated, where it did not invent, tales of revolutionary attempts, and it is possible that most of the monarchs constituting the so-called Holy Alliance were sincere in the belief that they were serving God by suppressing every manifestation of popular desire for self-government. England—at least governmentally—waged war against political discontent with nearly the same weapons as those used by Alexander of Russia. Discontent was wide-spread throughout Great Britain; there was rioting in many cities. The troops which had distinguished themselves on continental battle-fields now had to turn their bayonets against the mobs of their home counties. The public mind was agitated by plots for assassinating not only monarchs, but cabinet ministers, and thus for a time a majority of the English Parliament was ready to support any measure opposed to revolution, and, consequently, to sustain Spain against her republican colonies. But there was a limit to English strength and

English patience. Spain proved so helpless even at home, that her pretensions to subdue the American rebels appeared almost grotesque. In 1819 she gathered a large force together near Cadiz, proposing a grand reconquest of South America under the sympathetic auspices of the Holy Alliance. But the officers who were to command the expedition had not been paid, and they were but half satisfied when the Government promised them each an increase of rank in lieu of cash. The men, however, 22,000 in number, were constantly reminded by friends of liberty that already Spain had sent, since 1811, 42,000 men, who had been killed either by disease or by the bullets of the enemy. Time dragged; the Government had not provided enough transports; the feeling against the war received new strength, and it culminated in a military revolution which put an end for the moment to all transatlantic schemes.

Then came the upsetting of the Spanish Government at home, and the substitution in England of a Liberal Ministry (1822) in lieu of Castlereagh.

Canning saw in the independence of the Spanish republics advantages of trade far outnumbering those to be got from supporting the pretensions of a monarchy which had so frequently demonstrated its incapacity for governing either at home or abroad.

In supporting the United States and the Monroe Doctrine, he gratified the love of liberty, which is instinctive in English people; he secured the hearty indorsement of the British merchant, who appreciated the commercial advantages involved; he secured the goodwill of the United States. President Monroe recog-

nized the independence of Venezuela in 1822, and Europe immediately called a conference of the great powers for the purpose of sustaining the pretensions of Spain.

England, in 1822, not only declined to attend this conference (of Verona) but remarked pointedly to Spain that, in case she proceeded with violence against her colonies, the British Cabinet would recognize their independence.

And this happened when George III. had been dead but two years, in the reign of a George scarcely less hostile to popular government!

History moved rapidly in those days. In 1823 the Spanish King, Ferdinand VII., made another effort to unite the Holy Alliance in his favor—this time at Paris, but England now went a step further and said she would be present only on condition that the Spanish colonies be recognized as independent.

Another effort in 1824 ended with even less encouragement—England in that year recognizing the independence of Argentine by making a commercial treaty with her.

These annual surprises culminated in 1825, when England notified the world that she was sending diplomatic representatives to the different South American republics in spite of Spanish protests.

The wave of revolution, which swept the Spanish flag from the mainland of America, eventually produced a large number of alleged republics with constitutions framed on that of Washington and Adams, Jefferson and Franklin. But there were several efforts made to secure independence under a monarchy, showing that

the plan suggested in 1783 by a Spanish Crown Minister would have met with support among the colonists themselves. The ideal republic has not been secured anywhere on earth, least of all among people of the Latin race. It is interesting to note that of all the Spanish-American States, those which have shown the largest amount of civic energy and stability have been the ones farthest removed from the Equator, Chili and the Argentine at the south, Mexico at the north. The two most southerly ones have developed the largest amount of political and religious liberality, and have in consequence attracted considerable immigration other than Spanish.

Mexico, owing to her lack of good harbors and the difficulty of penetrating to her centres of population, developed politically and commercially more slowly than the Argentine, in spite of the fact that her territory touched that of the United States.

But as soon as regular railway service was established between Mexico City and the railway system across the Rio Grande, Mexico progressed so rapidly as to astonish even those who knew her best; and she now moves forward in pleasant contrast to the manner characteristic of her former self and her sister republics of the past generation.

The Spanish colonies fought the mother country long and furiously. Yet after the separation, and particularly when all who had taken personal part in the quarrel had been laid to rest, old ties reasserted themselves. Members of the same family who had been on different sides during the war, now began to interest themselves in the descendants of common parents; the

Spanish colonist, proud of his lineage and past glories, yearned for a holiday in the Old World, and first among the objects of interest was the soil that produced his ancestors.

The same feeling that impels the New Englander to visit the birthplace of Shakespeare and gaze with awe at the venerable parchment of the Magna Charta, induces the Republican citizen of Buenos Ayres or Mexico to visit the home of Cervantes and climb the lofty flights of the Escurial.

The Spanish-American colonist is, after all, a Spaniard, and let us not forget that, in the many efforts now making for realizing Pan-American ideals.

The books that feed his mind, the periodicals that entertain his family, the news that is dearest to him, the visits that he appreciates most—these are not things of New York, London, or Hamburg, but of old Spain. The ambitious diplomatist of Spanish America knows the relative commercial importance of the different great powers, but the Court at which he appears with greatest satisfaction to himself (and his wife) is the Court of Madrid.

We in America of the north are apt to think that the Spanish-American holds us in affection—is in some mysterious way a part of our big western hemisphere family life. That is true to a very limited extent—an extent vastly more limited than many of our statesmen are willing to admit. The Spanish-American is not unwilling to recognize that in times past American political expediency made it advisable that Spain should lose her colonies—just as in 1777 France found it to her interest to take sides with George Washington

against George III. We were grateful to France then, and we still demonstrate effusively when reference is made to Lafayette at a Fourth of July banquet. But sentiment of this kind did not prevent the United States and France from being at war during the life of Washington—nor did it prevent Napoleon III. from seeking to destroy the American Union during our Civil War.

During the last war (1898) the sentiment throughout the Spanish-American republics was emphatically opposed to the United States, and in favor of the mother country. This sentiment was just as pronounced in Montevideo or Santiago, as in Paris, Rome, or Barcelona. Indeed the whole Latin world was apparently at one on this subject, for reasons far removed from mere commercial considerations.

Had Spain shown the capacity to carry on the war, there is reason to think that she would have found in her former colonies abundance of volunteers who would have taken up arms against the Yankee with enthusiasm. For Spain is, after all, the mother, and her faults have been largely forgiven.

VI

LATTER-DAY CUBA

"We must prove that we are worthy of our country by showing others that we know how to defend it. If we show that we are unworthy of such a trust, then we shall go under."—Letter of BLÜCHER *to the King of Prussia, October* 8, 1809.

Indifference to Emancipation at the Beginning of the Century—Prosperity Under Slavery—Influence of the United States

IT has caused some surprise that when, in the early part of the nineteenth century, all the rest of Spain's important colonies declared themselves independent, Cuba and Manila and Porto Rico remained loyal, or at least indifferent. The Philippines were geographically so much isolated that the movements of Europe were scarcely felt; the domination of the Church was all but complete, and the man for the hour was not there. Cuba, on the other hand, was nearest to Spain on the direct line of communication between the mother country and her rebellious provinces; the shores of the United States were barely a hundred miles from Havana, and American public sentiment was no less friendly to Cuban independence than was that of Mexico or the Argentine. If ever a people could have been described as ripe for revolution, that people inhabited the island of Cuba at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

But the very proximity of the United States proved

to be the main reason for Cuba's satisfaction in the existing state of things. Her first period of genuine prosperity began with the war between England and her American colonies (1776-1783), and the wars which followed (1793-1815) raised the Queen of the Antilles to a still greater height of prosperity. The shipping which at the beginning of the eighteenth century came to Havana to be counted by dozens, during the Napoleonic wars came by hundreds. The neutral flag of the United States distributed Cuban sugar throughout the world; plantations increased, slaves increased, population increased, contentment was universal, owing to the helplessness of the mother country and the consequent impunity with which contraband trade was carried on. Cuba, from having been the poorest of Spain's possessions and a drag upon the treasury of Mexico, had become in the first quarter of this century an object of envy to her sister colonies, to say nothing of European nations. So long as the mother country did not interfere with slavery the planters of Cuba cared little whether their ruler were viceroy or president. Like their fellow-planters of South Carolina or Louisiana, they placed at the head of their political creed the proposition that slavery meant prosperity. When in 1812 Spain passed some laws against slavery in the colonies, Cuba treated them as a dead letter. The first serious quarrel with the mother country was in 1817, in consequence of a treaty with England which stipulated that slavery should be abolished in 1821. This nearly carried the Cubans to a revolution. The mother country, however, took off the edge of her children's wrath by permitting them in the inter-

val to purchase slaves wherever they chose. The result was a still further increase of prosperity, more plantations, more slaves, and continued good prices of sugar and tobacco. Cuba had then half a million people, 200,000 of which were African slaves.

It is possible that Cuba's reconciliation to the anti-slavery edict sprang from her conviction that it would not be seriously enforced—and this view proved correct. From 1776 to the close of the American Civil War, it would seem as though providence intended to repay Cuba for the hard times through which she had passed in the preceding centuries. Events that were calamities to other countries proved blessings to her. The revolutions on the mainland caused numbers of Spanish families to bring their wealth to Havana.

In 1819 the first vessel propelled by steam appeared in her waters, and steam was introduced in the sugar-mills. Cuba was now so rich that her treasury assisted in defending Florida against the United States, to say nothing of assisting the mother country against her sister colonies. Even the abolition of slavery, which England enforced in her own West Indian possessions, piled still higher the wealth of this favored colony. British planters became poorer from day to day; their plantations went out of cultivation, or at least diminished seriously in value, and what the Englishman lost the Cuban gained, because the Englishman abolished slavery in fact, while Spain did so merely in name. Cuba was never so prosperous as when, under practical slavery, she cultivated her estates at the expense of bankrupt Englishmen. In 1850 she had a population of 1,000,000, of whom nearly 324,000 were slaves. The

Government revenue was about $10,000,000, sixty-five per cent. of which was from customs. This extraordinary state of prosperity had been built up through a strange succession of fortunate causes, largely assisted by the impotence of the mother country to enforce her harmful laws.

And when the slavery forces of the United States had carried through successfully the annexation of the great southwest territory (Texas, etc.) which they confidently looked forward to as a future land of slavery, they commenced an agitation for the annexation of Cuba for practically the same reasons. In 1850 the first of many filibustering expeditions started from our shores for the purpose of raising an insurrection against Spain. The leader was a cashiered Spanish officer named Lopez, who landed at Cardenas on May 19, 1850, with four hundred men. That was about the number that Jameson had when he reached Krugersdorp in 1896, and they met with a like fate, in so far that each was unsuccessful. Lopez, however, tried it again in the following year, was caught, and put to death as a pirate. His crime was the same as that of Dr. Jameson, and the punishment was anticipated. But as half of England hailed the popular "Dr. Jim" as a hero, so in America the press cried out for vengeance against Spain, and in New Orleans volunteers enrolled themselves for the conquest of Cuba.

Instead of taking this warning, however, and calling the leading Cubans to a share in the government, Spain sought to suppress every manifestation of dissatisfaction in the old vicious way. The then Captain-General of Cuba had the courage to protest against

merely repressive measures, and he pointed out to Madrid that certain reforms were essential to the continued prosperity of the island. The Madrid Government expressed its thanks by dismissing him from office.

So long as Spain was utterly helpless, Cuba prospered. But in proportion as she regained strength to enforce her ungenerous administration Cuban prosperity declined, until at the beginning of the American Civil War even the planters pretty generally regretted that they had not cast in their lot with their sister colonies and profited by the Monroe Doctrine. In 1861 Spain attempted to annex San Domingo. After a war which lasted as long as the slavery war in America, she retired, defeated and bankrupt, and saddled Cuba not merely with the cost of this enterprise, but also with that of the wretched joint attempt with Napoleon III. against Mexico. The result was that Cuba, instead of being able to contribute 12,000,000 pesos (dollars) annually to the mother country, could from this time on barely meet her own obligations. Banditti made their appearance on the highways, and plantations commenced to suffer under a taxation which they could not bear. For a few years the island had profited somewhat by the American Civil War, notably through blockade running and the slave-trade, for during the struggle many American planters, either anticipating the ultimate triumph of the North or forced to raise money, sold their slaves to dealers who smuggled them over to Cuba. In 1863 no less than 4,300 blacks were intercepted by the Spanish authorities, but that did not prevent them from ultimately reaching their desti-

nation along with the rest who had not been turned back.

With the fall of the slave power in America Cuban prosperity declined, for it went hand in hand with increased exactions on the part of Spain, and increasing contact with the United States. In 1868 Queen Isabella was driven from the throne, Castelar became President of the Spanish Republic, and Cubans awoke at last to a strange picture of New Spain, wherein all parts of the Spanish-speaking world enjoyed self-government, save only Cuba, Porto Rico, and the far-away Philippines.

If anything could add to Cuban discontent at this time it was the final abolition of slavery decreed by the Spanish Republic. Cuba henceforth had as little to hope from the democracy as from the aristocracy of Old Spain. The war of independence, which had commenced in 1868, lasted for ten years, and completed the estrangement of the two countries, though the Spanish flag still waved on for twenty years longer. That Cuba did not then achieve complete independence was largely owing to the courage, honesty, and sagacity of General Martinez Campos, who was not merely efficient in the field, but maintained a character for keeping the Government pledges which drew many to him who would trust no one else. In 1876 Spain sent to Cuba 145,000 soldiers, and Cuba's monthly deficit on account of the war was about $200,000. She had to borrow on a falling market, and financially went from bad to worse. As the African negroes were emancipated, she sought to draw coolies from China and India, but with indifferent success. Plantations were cut up

into smaller sections in the hope that free negroes would work them, but the result was not encouraging. The exports from the island did not increase, and the disposition to become American became all but universal. Havana was bankrupt, the island overloaded with debt, yet she was saddled with the cost of all Spain's consular and diplomatic representation in America. She had, besides, to pay large sums in postal subsidy and support of steamship lines to Spain, and also to pay the travelling expenses of Spanish officials. It was small comfort for a Cuban to be told that he enjoyed the privilege of any other Spaniard, that he had a vote in the Cortes at Madrid, that Cuba was a province of Spain and no longer a colony. All that was on paper. There was no influence in the mother country strong enough or honest enough to battle successfully for justice to that island.

The Cuban, with his tale of misrule and his plea for better government, found in New York and Boston audiences ready to give him a hearing, to assist him in securing justice. In Madrid the same man was greeted with the shrugs of people who barely knew Cuba by name; who had griefs of their own more than enough, and who wondered why Cubans could not do as they did, suffer and say nothing.

In the spring of 1898, between the blowing up of the Maine and the declaration of war, I made a run across Spain on a bicycle, starting at the northwestern corner, passing through Madrid, and ending at the coast near Valencia, and so up to Barcelona. That little trip explained many things to me which hitherto had been strange. When I left New York nothing

was talked of excepting the possibility of war—in London attention was divided between the doings of Parliament and the impending war. On the continent of Europe it was the daily theme of the metropolitan papers. Everywhere in the world the subject was one of popular interest, save only in the country most immediately affected. The moment I entered Spain I ceased to see newspapers; people ceased to talk politics; all were serenely ignorant of matters beyond the border, and, happily for me, indifferent as well.

In certain commercial circles of Barcelona or Madrid hatred of Americans was pronounced, but that was a small affair and did not affect the broad mass of the population who tilled the fields and drove their asses to market loaded with wine and cheese and wood. No one cared if I were American or Chinese or German. I was a stranger, and that was enough for the average courtly and hospitable Spaniard. If I mentioned a war with America or Cuba it excited the same sort of answer that might be expected from an English laborer when asked about a military expedition on the African West Coast or in the hills of India. The Spanish peasant was told that war was necessary, that it carried away his neighbors, his children perhaps, that they went to the Philippines or to Cuba, or to some distant city of the Peninsula where there was a strike or riot, and sometimes they never came back. That is all the Spanish peasant of to-day knows about it. America to him is a vague conception of semi-civilized territory far away, where people are always making trouble, and where Spain has to send many troops in order to sup-

press rebellion. The United States is merely one, more or less, in that remote agglomeration!

In Barcelona I saw caricatures of Americans—mainly depicted as swaggering hoodlums with filthy habits and wholly incapable of fighting. They were commonly referred to as swine who would run away the moment they saw a Spanish soldier.

That was Spain on the eve of the war which was to cost her the remains of her colonial empire, and a defeat on sea and land so complete as to suggest rather the hand of God than of man.

This was the Spain that Cuba sought to move—to which she pleaded so long—for which she suffered so patiently. For many years Cuba loved the mother country, and she did not take up arms until her best men were convinced that from Spain nothing could be hoped but further humiliation and further misery.

In one of the expeditions during the Spanish War our party captured a Cuban suspected of fighting in the Spanish ranks. He was in tatters and his alarm was grotesque, for he anticipated hanging as the mildest lot that could befall him—according to what had been told him by his officers.

Our men (of the First Infantry, regulars) at once commenced to make a pet of him, to share their rations, and to give him material for repairing his wardrobe.

Shortly before reaching Key West I asked him how he was getting on.

"Oh, Señor, I have one great sorrow!"

"What is that?" I asked, hoping I might help him.

"It grieves me to think that you did not make prisoners the rest of my poor family."

And those words have been often in my thoughts while studying the colonial history of Spain.

Contrast for a moment the attitude of a Canadian or an Australian going to England with that of a Cuban visiting Spain. The Cuban is familiar with the most advanced machinery made in Massachusetts or Connecticut. He returns to a country where agriculture is conducted on principles that have scarcely advanced beyond what remained when the Moors were expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella. Between Havana and New York the Cuban has travelled by sea and land in luxury, and with a speed that excites the admiration of experienced travellers. He goes home to travel on railways whose express trains do not go as fast as the freight cars of America, and whose best accommodation does not equal what we regard as our most inferior. In a country burdened with military and police expenditure, railway travel is so insecure that even to-day each train leaving Madrid is placed under military escort—a precaution that is not considered necessary in even the most remote parts of the United States.

The Cuban on his way to Madrid by way of New York makes the acquaintance of a public sentiment that is alive to human rights, he reads newspapers which, with all their faults, present the news of the world with some degree of accuracy. In the United States he finds an intelligent sympathy for his condition, and above all a promise of commercial prosperity in case of close alliance.

Compared with what he has experienced in America, Spain is a backward province—an illiterate community

of priests, officials, and peasants, who but cumber a soil that once was illustrious.

The Cuban cannot love the Yankee, nor can he at present look up to Spain with respect. It is the duty of Uncle Sam to give him a government which he can at least respect, and which will, in time, develop into complete home rule for the Pearl of the Antilles.

VII

THE PHILIPPINES IN OUR TIME

"When a people has prosperity, education, moral sense, and civil liberty, it will allow itself to be ruined rather than surrender these." —GNEISENAU, 1807, *Pertz*, I., 322.

Spanish and English Systems Compared—Influence of the Roman Church—The Yankee in Manila

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century Spain's administration of the Philippines remained practically what it had been in the previous three centuries. The commerce of the Islands improved, as did that of Cuba, not so much because Spain herself had profited by experience, as that her very impotence and corruption permitted the laws of the mother country to be violated almost with impunity. The loss of her great South American Empire, in the first quarter of the century, caused her to attach considerable importance to the fragments that remained, and her constant need of money inclined her to forgive almost anything in a governor who could ease the financial strain. Throughout this century the Philippines were regarded as a colony from which foreign influence should be excluded, even Chinese. Tobacco was treated as a Government monopoly, and the natives were compelled not only to plant a given amount, but to sell it to the Government at twenty

per cent. below its market value. The Filipinos were nominally free, but had to pay a heavy poll-tax, to submit to forced labor fifteen days in the year, and further to aid the Government by paying a heavy tax upon everything within reach, from a cock-fight to a mortgage. Yet with the best intentions in this direction Spain could not, any more than China, exclude the influence exerted by the progress of British commerce in the Far East. The Filipino, the Chinese, and the Creole merchant saw trade spring up wherever a British Governor made his residence, and only the Spanish priest and official desired to check this influence. Within this century Singapore and Hong-Kong became neighbors to Manila, and each of these ports was soon swarming with busy merchantmen—achieving more in ten years than three centuries of Spanish rule. Hong-Kong was originally regarded by the British Government as fit only to throw away. Unlike the Philippines, she was saved to the Crown not by the religious fanaticism of a missionary priest, but by a commercial instinct strong in British public sentiment. The United States did not dream of ultra-marine expansion in 1841, but her trade with China and the Philippines bore favorable comparison with that of England. Her tea-clippers raised the credit of the Stars and Stripes throughout the eastern world. Before the Civil War and before protectionism had laid its withering hand upon American shipping, the skippers of Salem and New York commanded ships that were better built and better manned than those of any other country; and what is more to the point, they earned handsome profits for those who ventured their

money. American merchants worked hand in hand with those of England in building up Anglo-Saxon prestige from Tokio to Calcutta; and in the days when I first visited those waters (1876) no commercial house enjoyed greater credit in China and Manila than Russell & Co.

At the same time the administration of Manila was a by-word for inefficiency and corruption; if it had a rival in this respect it was the Portuguese Macao. And yet the Spaniard might with some plausibility reply to such a charge by pleading bad government at home—that Spain gives her colonies the best administration that can be evolved at Madrid. This absolves her at home, but does not satisfy those who suffer from her colonial rule. If there is a general law to be drawn from the study of universal history, it is that sooner or later the land falls to him who can best make use of it. In the struggle for the good things of this world the strong have been successful, because strength generally goes with discipline, moderation, and certain rough manly virtues. The strongest man cannot long remain so if he indulges in debilitating practices; if he fails to control his temper and other nervous forces. It is so with an army, and, above all, with a nation.

The Spain that conquered the Western Hemisphere was a nation bred up to the exercise of public liberty. The Spain that drove out the Moors had been reared in a political atmosphere where the ruler governed not by divine right alone, but by consent of the governed. In tracing the progress of Europe through the dazzling reigns of such despots as Charles V. and Louis XIV., and through the French Revolution, to these days of

newspapers and stump speeches, we must not imagine that all this is merely evolution from absolutism to popular self-government. On the contrary, the glories of these monarchs rested on the ruins of local liberties which they had ruthlessly trampled underfoot. It was the generation reared in liberty that fought the battles of despotism under the name of religion. The Spanish warriors who dared every danger of the western world went forth in the name of the cross, little dreaming that the Church whose symbol they bore aloft was helping to forge the chains of their subsequent slavery. The money that flowed from the new colonies made the Spanish monarchy of Charles V. and Philip II. brilliant in the pages of history, but the result was at the expense of Spanish liberty. All the gorgeousness of the Escurial could not atone for the suppression of the Spaniard's ancient rights to vote supplies and control expenditure.

The Church did heroic service in stimulating warlike energy and administering colonies of Indians, but in the long run it has shown itself unequal to the task it undertook with so much energy four hundred years ago.

There was a time when the England of Queen Elizabeth offered a certain rough analogy to the Spain of Philip II. Elizabeth committed acts so arbitrary as to satisfy the most loyal supporter of absolutism; she sent eminent people to the block or to the rack with no more let or hindrance than a Grand Inquisitor. Outwardly she appeared to be tyranny personified, and her people apparently submitted with the acquiescence of servility. In Spain, on the other hand, the old forms

survived, and the monarch moved in a cloud of priests and lawyers. Compared to the capricious and passionate Elizabeth, Philip II. exhibited the outward appearance of a monarch heavily hedged about by limitations, religious and legal, constitutional and local. But here these analogies end. The power of Philip was military, founded upon a large standing army and the strongest navy of his time. In addition to having the Church as his ally, he was in a position to enforce obedience to his will by military force alone, if necessary. At one time it seemed as though his mailed fist could reach to any corner of Europe to crush a heretic or a rival monarch.

Queen Elizabeth, on the other hand, had not a single regiment or naval squadron on which she could rely to carry out an act which her people might deem unjust. When the Spanish Armada threatened England, her queen could do no more than invite the cooperation of her yeomen and sailors in saving her throne from destruction. Tyrants cannot count upon enthusiastic answers to such invitations. The tyranny of Elizabeth was not the tyranny of Philip. Elizabeth committed occasional acts of tyranny in a long reign characterized by shrewd regard for English liberty and constitutional law. Philip II. permitted an occasional liberal action in a reign of monotonous despotism and fanatical cruelty. When Elizabeth went forth as queen the people hailed her with enthusiasm and cheerfully subscribed handsomely for her enterprises. The Spanish monarch died without knowing that his people could laugh or dance. They obeyed, and he asked no more.

Spanish rule has lasted wonderfully long, with all its abuses. In the Philippines it has been almost exclusively Church rule, and from that rule we Americans can learn much, for the Roman Catholic missionary priest makes government the study of his life. He does not go for a short term of years to enrich himself at the expense of the natives and then return to enjoy his gains at home, but as a rule he spends the best years of his life at his post; he at least understands the temper of the people he is governing, and can avoid the costly mistakes made by amateur administrators.

If the English colonial official is to-day a highly efficient public servant, it is because he learns his duties, and when he is appointed to a Government post he understands that he will secure promotion, will be well paid, and, after a certain number of years, will retire on a pension. In a general way the colonial official resembles the Spanish priest of the Philippines, barring certain obvious differences. The white official expects to support a wife and family, the priest has not this worry on his mind. The white official must think of educating his children, of placing his sons in a career, of getting husbands for his daughters. All these cares the priest ignores.

But the colonial official, more than the Government servant in any other kind of work, must of necessity be in a position to exercise daily, personal authority and influence over people who must obey; and yet whose obedience is worth little unless it is yielded willingly. The Spaniards have had four hundred years of colonial experience, and yet they have failed. Are we

to conclude that we too must fail? England, in 1783, was forced to retire from this country—yet her colonial greatness may be said to have commenced with that notable year.

England has had plenty of colonial checks—she has committed more blunders than any other nation could have repaired and still survive. She has had formidable insurrections to suppress; her colonial fighting has been almost interminable. Spain, on the other hand, has enjoyed comparative quiet in her colonies for nearly three centuries. If ever a nation had a free field for colonization it was Spain in her early days: and she has failed hopelessly.

Did she fail because of the Church, or in spite of the Church? That question will never be decided. The bulk of evidence would point to the Church as the agency that held the natives loyal to the civil administration long after the home Government had ceased to be formidable. It is noteworthy that the priests of the Philippines have occupied the isolated stations of that country successfully, and have done so without any great show of military force. The whole internal administration of the colony has been practically guided by priests, and while many abuses are laid to their door, the remedy lies not in immediately abolishing the priesthood, but in gradually reforming abuses and building up a colonial civil service that shall do all that the priests have done, and do it better.

If the priests are bad in the Philippines, it is a sign that the Government at home has been bad. No one has aught but praise for the Roman Catholic missionaries in China, notably the Jesuits near Shanghai.

Why should priests of the same Church be tyrants at Manila and angels of mercy at Hong-Kong?

It is of prime importance that at the beginning of our colonial career we impress the Filipinos with the superiority of our civilization to that of Spain. Our officials and soldiers should not merely be more honest, more courageous, they should also appear to the natives as in every way better worth copying. The American official should speak Spanish, and at least one or more of the native languages.

During the war the soldiers of the United States were so shabbily dressed, that, in general, they suffered by comparison with the 13,000 Spanish prisoners who strolled about the streets of Manila. The natives and others who desired to assist our Government in administering the country, were not favorably impressed by American official dignity. Our troops were mainly volunteers, and while most of them had fought bravely, the bulk of the officers were men who owed their positions to political influence, and were not fitted to occupy administrative posts, least of all in a new colony. Many of them were ignorant of military practice and neglected their men—consequently discipline was lax. The American volunteers whom I saw about Manila resembled anything rather than the warriors of a great nation—and the fault was not theirs, but that of an inefficient military administration at Washington.

The natural thing for an honest government to have done was to have called in the assistance of Americans who had lived in the Philippines; if that were impossible, then to have called in the aid of such as were at least familiar with that part of the world in general.

In 1898 I could find but a single American consul who had been a year in the Far East, and not one who knew any language but English. The men who officially represented us in Chinese waters at the outbreak of the Spanish War were not only of no official value, they were in most instances disgraceful to the community that sent them forth. Notable exceptions, such as John Fowler at Cheefoo, do but emphasize this national scandal.

At the very outset, therefore, we impressed the Filipinos with the worst rather than the best features of our civilization. To them our army was a mob of very brave and very shabby men; our officials were coarse politicians who could drink much whiskey and knew nothing of the country or its language. The result is what might have been anticipated.

The Filipino, of all the natives of the Far East, has a character which endears him to me. He has in his blood a suggestion of the chivalrous Japanese; the dignity and hospitality of the unspoiled Spaniard; the ferocity of the Malay and the secretiveness of the Chinaman. In America we have been pleased to caricature him as a man half negro, half monkey. That is far from the truth. Filpinos are highly intelligent creatures, and our fault has been to suppose that we can rule such people by force alone. Other nations have failed at this game, and it is for us to profit by their example.

VIII

THE NEGRO AS AN ELEMENT IN COLONIAL EXPANSION

"It is the same all over Hayti . . . all that White energy, industry, and intelligence once initiated and carried on has, since the disappearance of the White man, and the ascendancy of the Black, practically dropped out of being."—HESKETH PRICHARD, *September*, 1900. *The Geographical Journal.*

The Negro in America—South Africa—West Indies—As a Soldier—Equality with Whites

LET us speak of the negro with some measure of frankness. Forty years ago we no more thought of questioning the wickedness of slavery than the virtue of Christianity—or Republicanism. People were either slave-holders or abolitionists; not necessarily from knowledge, but from a conviction akin to that which induces members of one religious sect to suffer death rather than surrender an article of faith about which all are equally ignorant. In the seventeenth century half of the white race fought the other half over the interpretation of a few mystical words in the Bible, and from 1860 to 1865, one-half of the clergymen of the United States denounced the other half for their views regarding the capacity of the negro for liberty, if not self-government. That question was settled not by an appeal to the judgment of men competent to express an opinion, but by a long war which

ended in the victory of the side that had most men and money. The American Civil War determined that negroes should not be held as slaves in the United States, but otherwise it left the black problem unsolved.

Among the many causes uniting in the North to suppress slavery in the South the moral one no doubt predominated. The impassioned oratory of such courageous humanitarians as Henry Ward Beecher found an answering voice throughout the more northern States where the white man respected labor, and believed that the Declaration of Independence applied to every human creature without distinction of race.

Yet the black man has no greater enemy than the enthusiastic white philanthropist, who has absorbed his ethnological knowledge from the pages of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and who ends by victimizing the African whom he desires to benefit.* From the day when Co-

* Negroes were the object of mob violence on the streets of New York in the summer of 1900. The Rev. William Brooks, the colored pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, in West Fifty-third street, preached a sermon before a large congregation on "The Story of the New York Riot." During the sermon the feelings of the congregation were at fever heat, and, despite the pastor's frequent admonitions to be calm, his hearers twice interrupted the sermon with vigorous applause. He said:

"I have been visiting the riot victims and making an investigation. I have a book of facts. What I say here to-night may send me before the courts, possibly to jail. In making the following charges against the police, I invite investigation:—

"Innocent men were cruelly assaulted.

"The clubbing in nearly every case was done by the police.

"We have not found a single 'tough' character among the victims maltreated, but honest, hard-working persons.

"Respectable and helpless colored women who appealed to the police for protection were cursed and threatened for their petition.

"Men and women prisoners were beaten by the police while getting in and out of the patrol, and while on the way to the police stations.

"Men were beaten in the station-houses.

"Men and women were taken from their beds in a nude condition by the police."

umbus brought the first African as a slave to the West
ndies, down to this year, 1900, when the lynching and
ntimidation of negroes forms a familiar item in our
wspapers, the negro has been studied from two ex-
me points of view, that of the professional philan-
ropist at home, and that of the practical planter "on
spot." The liberation of African slaves not only
in the United States, but by England and Spain, in their
respective colonies, was effected mainly by the priest-
od, who regarded slavery as a sin in the eyes of God.
eir position in the state made their opinion final on
the subject of what was the view of the Almighty on
this subject, and their arguments were irresistible, be-
cause they could be neither proved nor disproved.
The Church view in old Spain was not far different
from that entertained by the home churches to-day in
England and our Northern States, that the black is
inferior only so long as he remains a heathen. When,
however, he assents to missionary persuasion, he is
transformed not merely into a soul precious to the Al-
mighty, but into a political creature fit to vote by the
side of the white man.

The Boer of South Africa, who knows the negro
better than most of us, who is not only a devout Bible
Christian, but an ardent lover of liberty, has never ad-
mitted into his political creed the proposition that all
men are, ever have been, or ever can be, equal. The
Boer has fought his way through Africa when the odds
were ten to one in favor of the Kaffir; he has experi-
enced every form of native treachery, cowardice, and
cruelty; he has founded prosperous farms and villages
in a country once devastated by blood-thirsty chiefs,

and has converted black savages into domestic servants.

On the occasion of my visit to South Africa immediately after the Jameson Raid (1896), I found a pretty general condemnation of missionaries among English as well as Boer Afrikanders, on political rather than religious grounds. The white settlers of all nationalities regarded it as injudicious that the Christian religion should be perpetually dangled before the eyes of the black native as a prize by means of which he was to become, in some mysterious way, the equal of the white man. Missionary teaching was far from inoculating the Kaffir with the meekness of Our Saviour; on the contrary, employers of labor regarded the raw savage as a better man for their purposes than the one who had learned just enough of our religion to understand the Declaration of Independence.

No nation has expended more energy and money in effects to elevate the negro than the United States. Perhaps it would be more just to speak of the Anglo-Saxon nation in one breath, for the moral sentiment on this subject is not very different, whether we refer to London or New York, Chicago or Manchester.* The same England that carried the first cargo of slaves to Virginia was the first nation to abolish slavery in her own colonies. In America, the churches of the North, with the assistance of rich philanthropists, have founded schools for negroes, and every college of the

* In 1833 England voted £20,000,000 to indemnify slave-owners. The slave-trade had been abolished by England in 1807, by the United States in 1808. In the great Civil War General Sherman claimed to have destroyed in his raids more property than was represented by the whole slave indemnity voted by England in 1833.

country practically opens its doors to the African race. Even West Point must give an officer's commission to the black boy who passes her examinations. The first negro who graduated at West Point was subsequently expelled from the army for stealing money of the soldiers. One or two have graduated since, but their career of usefulness is circumscribed, not because the Government desires to discourage them, but for the more potent reason that no soldier will follow them into battle, or treat them as superiors. In no part of the world where the negro has been colonized, does he show so high a degree of domesticity and capacity for civilization as in the United States, where for three hundred years he has been in daily contact with a high type of white manhood. From the very outset he adopted the white man's dress, language, and religion. So long as the white man asserted his ascendancy, lived on his plantation, and looked after his negroes, they gave him not merely their labor, but the tribute of a loyalty touching in its childish completeness. The negro adopted not merely the name of his master, but assumed among his fellows the relative rank which that master held among neighboring planters. The keynote to the negro's character is his inherited tribal instinct. He does not care for political institutions in general—his whole being yearns for a chief, a leader, a master. It was my fortune shortly after the Civil War to visit some relatives who owned large plantations in Maryland. As I had been brought up in New England, I assumed, of course, that when the slaves were emancipated they would all promptly run away to the North, or, if they stayed, would band together in hos-

tile league against their old masters. But my young preconceptions were violently jarred when in this northernmost of the slave States I discovered that the negroes not only had not run away, but, on the contrary, did not appreciate the political rights that had been so suddenly thrust upon them.

When news of President Lincoln's proclamation arrived, my kinsman, who was an arch "rebel," went out to his negro cabins and announced the fact to his blacks. "Now, boys—you're all free—go along—I don't want you any more—get out!"

But they laughed in his face—they knew him for a man of wit and humor. They thought this another of his jokes.

Not only did they not leave, but to this day they or their descendants are on the place, and cannot yet understand why so much blood and treasure should have been wasted down South to upset things that needed only a little modifying to make them satisfactory.

What I found among the plantations of Maryland, I also found further south in every State from Virginia to Texas—the same black man holding for his master the same feudal feeling that characterizes the Kaffir of South Africa.

This feeling makes the negro one of the best of soldiers, at least in the opinion of his white officers. During the Spanish War there was but one voice in the matter, the voice of praise for the black man as a soldier in the ranks. He needs the constant example and leadership of the white officer, but under him he will do anything that can be reasonably demanded. In

the butchery that marked the progress up San Juan Hill the negro regiments under West Point captains showed steadiness and courage. Since that war the papers have been so busy with the praises of "political" war heroes, that the Regulars have been ignored. Indeed, though the war is now two years ended, I can scarcely recall the mention of any West Point graduates—they are buried under a mass of politicians and newspaper correspondents.

The negro makes a good soldier because he possesses the cardinal virtue of the private in the ranks—loyalty to the person of his chief. The negro soldier cares not a snap for the red tape of the War Office—the captain is his code. If he does wrong, he would rather take a flogging from his captain than have a court-martial and be acquitted. When the captain is on furlough, the negro company is like a family without a head. I have a friend who left his black regiment in Texas and came to New York on furlough to visit his family. Not many days after his arrival, there appeared at his door one of his troop, who announced that he had come to stay, "He belonged to Massa John's troop!"

That was quite enough in his eyes—and that of the family. This black trooper stayed there, made himself useful in the kitchen, bragged in the servants' hall about the bravery of his chief, and, when the captain's leave was up, the black man also went away.

The moving forces of this world cannot be put into the scales and weighed. Great wars have been waged under the inspiration of emotions without any more foundation than fairy stories. Loyalty, respect for parents, patriotism, religion—these are the forces that

560320

move the world, not factory-wheels and banking concerns. The negro is a mighty force, and he can be led by a thread in the hands of the man that knows him. To-day this force is wasted to a large extent; the negro is thrown out into the street; his leaders have abandoned him; he is in America exposed to the capricious discipline of the white mob.*

What I have said of the negro as an American soldier is no less true of him in the British army. In the West Indies, British Guiana, and South Africa, I have seen excellent negro troops, and the British officers in command have spoken to me of their men with the same affection as have West Pointers. It is under discipline that the negro shows to the best advantage —discipline of a great plantation, of a vast summer hotel, of a railway sleeping-car service, but chief of all, the army; for military discipline suits the negro to an exceptional extent. He loves the pomp and circumstance of it; the solemn parade, the music, the swagger, and the serving of a chief.

In South Africa black troops were not used to any large extent by the British, unless for mounted police work. But those that I did see in Natal and among the Basuto, were on a par with the best of the United States or the West Indies. The English officers spoke of them in the same affectionate manner, and for the same reasons.

While I was at Maseru polo was in progress, and, as there happened to be vacancies among the white officers, black troopers were called upon to fill their

* In 1899 there were eighty-four negro lynchings recorded. For many years lynchings in the United States have averaged between one and two hundred annually, the large majority being negroes.

places, that the play might not be spoiled. These were men born in savagery, bred up to steal and murder—who had never worn more dress than a snuff spoon through the ear up to the time of England's taking charge of them. And yet here they were in the rough and tumble of a polo game, playing with their conquerors as children with their parents, at least on the field of sport.

The negroes of Basutoland felt proud when allowed to play with the white chiefs. It was beautiful to watch the glow of pride on the faces of these natives when called upon in a manner so flattering to their vanity.

In my journey through Basutoland the British Governor gave me as guide, protector, interpreter, and escort, a member of his military force, who wore the British uniform and cocked his forage cap over his ear in a manner quite as "knowing" as Tommy Atkins in Hyde Park. We went to Taba Basio to see Masupa, the son of Moshesh, who in his day was the most powerful chief in South Africa.

Our escort was of the family of Moshesh and received semi-royal honors from the natives whom we met on the way. But the honors he paid to his own native King were scant compared to those which he delighted in offering to the white man. His black majesty, King Masupa, was slightly drunk when I had the honor of a presentation to him. He was surrounded by his warriors, and talked very freely of the pleasure he would have in fighting against the Boers! Cheap talk this! for the Boers had thrashed the Basuto on many occasions, and all the power these blacks now

have is what is loaned to them by British prestige. When Masupa was told that I wished to carry away a picture of him, he leaped up, ran to his hut, and disappeared. I thought this very strange. Perhaps he was angry—perhaps he was preparing an ambush for me! Thinking it well to be certain on such a point, I followed and found him rummaging in a big chest among a lot of cast-off clothing. There were coats that had been discarded by ship's stewards, consuls, or British generals; it mattered little to Masupa, so long as some brass buttons or bits of gold lace were left. His chiefs held up first one coat and then another. Finally he settled upon one that might have been worn by a Portuguese Admiral—the cloth could hardly be seen for the amount of faded gold lace upon it. First, however, he put on a shabby red flannel shirt to which he sought to add a paper collar. The studs bothered him very much—they were even more troublesome to his suite. One chief after another tried his fingers at these strange and elusive articles—but the result was torture to the King. The room had only the light from a small door, and was nearly dark. The small space was crowded with very greasy, naked chiefs who tried their hands and fingers ineffectually at getting the collar properly adjusted to the neck of their King. They pinched his skin until it bled. The chief never flinched. His Royal honor was at stake. They tore collar after collar, and the day was drawing to its close. At last, after much grunting, royalty issued from that dirty hovel—every inch a king, as African kings go, dressed in the cast-off clothing of Europeans, with a stovepipe hat on his head, and in his right hand

the emblem of his savagery, the Kaffir knob-kirrie or war club.

That is an epitome of the African when left to his own devices. There was the King, and at my side was the black private in a British cavalry troop. That private was the superior of his King in every essential. Masupa is allowed to reign because for the moment he has his uses!

And here we have a lesson in colonial administration. Basutoland, containing fighting negroes which are acknowledged as the best in Africa—some 250,000 in number—is governed by a half dozen Englishmen who have not even a body-guard of white troops to protect them in case of a riot.

This country is far away from railways and newspapers; at the time of my visit there were no British garrisons within hundreds of miles; the Governor and his wife were completely isolated; yet they assured me they felt themselves as secure, day and night, as though in lodgings on Piccadilly.

The Basuto honor Sir Godfrey Lagden because in their eyes he represents justice, courage, and the great far-away white Queen whom their imagination endows with supernatural powers. If a Basuto chief misbehaves, the white Governor has no need to bring in white soldiers for the sake of punishing the offender. It is enough for him to call a council of chiefs to lay the matter before them. By tact he secures their support, and they help him to punish the malefactor in a manner which the natives themselves recognize as suitable.

No one dreams, in Basutoland, of a general mas-

sacre of whites by blacks—least of all of a massacre of English. Nor have the American negroes shown a disposition, even in their days of slavery, to rise and attack the whites. They have been often sorely provoked, and now and then there has been rioting, but in general, wherever negroes have shown hostility to white man's rule it has sprung from good reasons—usually cruelty linked with incapacity.

Another black king whom I had the pleasure of knowing was Ja Ja, who had been transferred from the African West Coast to St. Vincent in the West Indies in punishment for some raiding he had done in his native country. Ja Ja had his wife with him, and lived in a very comfortable bungalow looking out over the Caribbean Sea. He had a negro servant to wait on him, and the British Government allowed him a handsome salary. He lived in comfort far surpassing that of his royal cousin Masupa. Ja Ja told me his tale—assured me of his innocence—and begged me to intercede with the United States Government to have him reinstated in Africa. His intellectual calibre was that of the average sleeping-car porter, and it was hard to determine which was the more grotesque, his playing the king in Africa or his royal pretensions in St. Vincent.

I cannot claim large acquaintance with African royalty. Masupa and Ja Ja, and a few Swazi and Maloboks whom I met casually, close my list. These few were all good specimens of physical manhood—the best of the blacks. What can we, in all fairness, predicate of a race among whom these are types of leadership? We keep repeating to ourselves that the black

man is equal to the white—that he only lacks opportunity—that he has not yet had time to develop, etc. But is it fair to ask, "How much time must we give him? What opportunities does he yet lack?"

My experience is probably that of most Americans. At the school where I fitted for college (the Academy of Norwich, Conn.) there was a negro girl in the same class. She dressed as well as the others, and received the same attention from the teachers. I never heard of any slight put upon her; on the contrary, she was an object of great interest to all the town, for the public sentiment of the place was strongly in favor of proving the superior capacity of the negro. At Yale University was also a negro student in my year. I could discover no forces at work calculated to discourage him from aspiring to the highest professional positions at the bar or in literature, in the pulpit or any other of the liberal walks of life. On the contrary, if a negro happened to rise a small bit above the common level, there was a disposition to make much of him, to show him off as proof of what the race could do.

We have a knowledge of the African as far back as we have a knowledge of any human race, and from the earliest historical times to this day, from Herodotus to Uncle Remus, we find the same helpless darky—the delight of children, inconsequent, shiftless, melodious, loyal, fond of color, delighting in sunshine, and shy of consecutive labor.

Northern educators who have honestly striven to see the best of the negro, and professors at colleges, including West Point, have assured me that the capacity of the negro for intellectual work is very limited; that

they proceed rapidly in the early stages, when memory, or rather mimicry, counts for much. They frequently surpass white children of the same age in languages. But soon they commence to hesitate in their progress; their minds become clouded; mathematical reasoning stops them; the white children then gain rapidly, and, by the age of seventeen, the negro is left hopelessly behind.

No one doubts that negroes can make a passable show as preachers, lawyers, doctors, editors, poets, and such. Judging by the feeble showing of some of our white acquaintances in these professions, we almost feel inclined to reach a helping hand to the arboreal portion of the animal kingdom. But when the black man has done his best in the intellectual walks of life, he has after all only reached the level of an inferior white man.

Darwinism is the fashion of the day, but it does not show us that in the last 10,000 years the black man or the white has changed one iota of his physical or intellectual capacity. Nations have come forward; others have declined, according to laws connected with morals and political economy; but the highest type of our day, and the highest type of any previous generation, do not differ sufficiently for us to draw the conclusion that mankind has varied more than is involved in one man having the use of a telephone and a hundred-ton gun, against the other who had but a javelin and a canoe paddle. This view may be wrong, but it is at least founded on better legal evidence than the one that accuses my ancestor of being an ape.

Spain has solved much of her negro question by intermarriage with Africans. The Frenchman in Mar-

tinique and Guadelupe has also produced a bountiful bastard breed. The Anglo-Saxon and the Boer of South Africa are the only peoples that have kept their blood untainted—and this is one secret of their power over native races.

In Cuba we have accepted responsibility for more negroes, in addition to the ten million or so in our own country, and the world is interested to see with what success we shall meet this new burden.

Our first duty is to recognize the truth, that the negro is not the equal of the white man.

Our former slave States have been compelled by military force to subscribe to a monstrous lie as the price of political existence; and the result has been that in more than one of our black States the law is nullified, and young men are demoralized by seeing the law daily set aside by respectable white people. Such action is full of danger for the future. It needs scant knowledge to point out that the generation which treats with contempt one law, may, in the next generation, be satisfied with no law at all. A republic that has not respect for the law is in danger; for there is nothing between us and the mob if we have shaken the general confidence in legal remedies.

It is therefore our duty to revise the laws which determine the present status of the negro. This country was founded as a white man's country—not merely Illinois and New York, but Louisiana and Missouri as well. It is our duty to regard the negro not merely from the stand-point of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but from a broad study of him in the past four hundred years—in Africa, in the West Indies, and in the United States.

We need legislation that will obviate much of the brutality and the lynching that now disgrace certain sections of our country. We have not been successful in the governing of inferior races, because we have pretended that they were our equals. It will appear from an impartial study of the subject that the negroes of this country are, in part, reverting to their original savage state—to devil worship. This has taken place in Hayti, and other parts of the West Indies, and shows us that the negro takes on the outward forms of the white man's religion for so long as the influence of the dominating race is upon him: but as soon as that support is withdrawn he lapses back to the more congenial rites of his ancestors.

Livingstone, the great missionary, tells us that in descending the Zambesi he came upon negro kraals in regions that had been occupied by Portuguese missionaries two or three centuries previously. These blacks could make the sign of the cross; and that was all that remained of the mission work. With the departure of the white priest, the white man's religion had gone also, and to-day the Kaffirs of that neighborhood are as savage in their rites as any others. At least, so I have been assured by Dr. Carl Peters, who was recently there.

Our law should recognize the negroes as minors, as wards of the nation. No negro should be allowed to mortgage his property or to contract debt beyond a very small amount. Every opportunity should be open to him for education, but the franchise should not be granted to him, or anyone else, unless he can prove a certain amount of property. Indeed it is hard

for me to understand the justice of permitting the man who has nothing, to vote away the earnings of the man who has. I should as soon invite the longshoremen to elect our naval officers; or select the presidents of our colleges from unsuccessful Freshmen. The business of government is very largely that of raising money by taxation and spending it for the good of the community. The man who has earned money is more likely to spend it wisely than the tramp, or the man who does not care to work for the future.

Far be it from me to wish a re-establishment of slavery to its former extent. But to-day the so-called free African is no less a slave than he was fifty years ago. He is a slave to the weaknesses that make him at present the lowest thing in the scale of American citizenship. He does not now fear the flogging of the overseer, but he is the slave of the money-lender; the slave of the corner grocer; the slave of the man who advances him whiskey and gives him long credit. The Shylock fraternity has swarmed down over the South since the close of the Civil War and exploited the small negro proprietor much as it has the peasantry of Russia, Roumania, and Hungary. Their methods are the same the world over—they first open a shop where they supply groceries and whiskey at lower rates than any honest competitor can afford. Then they coax the negroes to postpone the day of settlement, an easy matter among a race of big children. Then they sell them various other things—anything, in fact, from a sham diamond ring to a mule—always assuring the credulous blacks that they may pay at any time.

Then comes a bad crop—a sudden scarcity of money

—a fall in values—a time when the negro is in particular distress. Then is the opportunity for which Shylock has long been waiting. He presents his *little bill!* The happy-go-lucky, shiftless black man, of course cannot pay it, and finds himself facing bankruptcy. Shylock draws a long face and says he must have money at once—or be ruined; and the upshot is that the negro deeds over all his little property to his friend the money-lender and takes in return a mortgage, in which he promises to pay annually a large amount of money. In order to make that sure he promises his usurious friend that he will never buy his supplies from any other place, and, moreover, that all the cotton or tobacco he may raise in the year shall be sent to him, and only to him, to be sold on commission! Thus, under legal forms, the money-lender of another race enters, takes the place of the white planter, and puts upon the black man a slavery as complete as was ever devised in the days of " Uncle Tom's Cabin."

IX

OFFICIAL GERMAN COLONIZATION

"Great Britain may therefore be, not inaptly, described as a fortified outpost of the Anglo-Saxon Race, overlooking the Eastern Continent and resting upon America."—BROOK ADAMS, *"America's Economic Supremacy," 1900.*

The German in Kiao Chow—German East Africa—West Indies and United States

UP to the moment of writing, Germany has sent out into the world more colonists than any other country save Great Britain. The notable feature of this movement, however, is that the German, as a colonist, prefers almost any flag to his own.

This is not because the German does not love his Emperor, his language, his customs, and the thousand little things that constitute the Fatherland. It is not wholly true that he expatriates himself in order to escape military service, for that service is not more unpopular than most other personal taxes. But the German loves liberty, and he realizes that, in colonies at least, liberty is essential to progress. The German Government hampers colonial enterprise by a multiplicity of official limitations which weigh upon the pioneer merchant or planter, and that is why, in spite of more than a million square miles of colonial posses-

sions, the children of the German Empire persist in founding their new homes not in Kiao Chow or Kameroons, but in Australia, Argentine, Sumatra, Canada, and Texas.

In 1898, on a North German Lloyd steamer bound for the China seas, were seventeen German merchants. Kiao Chow had then been one year under the German flag, and German papers which reflect Government opinion had laid so much stress upon the commercial nature of that colony, that a stranger might have thought it fair to assume that some, at least, of these seventeen merchants were bound for this incipient Hamburg of Shantung.

Two of them did go there to look about, but they were so discouraged by the attitude of the officials that they returned home. The rest found more comfort under the Dutch or the British flag. A wealthy German planter who had large plantations in Sumatra got off at Singapore. I took him one day greatly to task for not assisting in the development of German East Africa instead of bringing his capital and intelligence to the advancement of a rival colony. Said my German friend:

"I did try to settle in German East Africa. But I was not made welcome. I was choked by red tape. I was not regarded as an intelligent member of the community, but as one who was to be ordered about by officials—as though I were a peasant recruit.

"No! it is impossible yet to do anything in a German colony—there is too much government. Instead of getting the best man and paying him a high salary, they pay a dozen men shabbily, and get but the com-

mon run of officials, and you can't ask for anything worse than that, at least in the tropics. Why! the German Government does not pay the governor of a colony as much as I pay an overseer! My manager would not change places with the Governor of East Africa!"

This gentleman is well known in Berlin as a wealthy and public-spirited Christian. He echoes the sentiments of many Germans competent to express an opinion in such a matter.

Among my fellow-passengers were several going to Hong-Kong. When I twitted one of them for not going to Kiao Chow, I got practically the same answer. Said one, "Why should I go to Kiao Chow? I have more political and personal liberty in Hong-Kong under the British flag than under my own. In Hong-Kong I am somebody—in Kiao Chow I am but a 'common civilian.' In Hong-Kong German interests are respected, and Germans have a voice. In the directory of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, Germans are represented as well as English. No, sir, I love my country, but my patriotism is not strong enough to carry me to Kiao Chow."

Of course, therefore, I visited Kiao Chow; for I wished to see on the spot whether my German friends of the North German Lloyd had been exaggerating.

My reception on the part of the Governor and officials generally was cordial, and everything was done to make my stay agreeable. I lay stress upon this, for one's views are frequently modified by personal trifles.

To be sure, being merely a civilian, I was not permitted to enter the Governor's palace by the main en-

trance; but was, by the sentinel, sent around to the side door. At the time I did not know that any invidious distinction was being made, and so I had nothing to worry about. The Governor invited me to his table, and his official aides asked me to dine at their mess. No governor was ever more painstaking or conscientious than this particular one. By this time he has probably died of the fever or been replaced; for in 1898 the colony was so unhealthy that I could scarce hear of anyone who had not suffered from dysentery or malarial fever, or both. This governor was much worried over many things—the walls of his palace were green with mould, the furniture which he had brought out at great cost from Berlin was ungumming itself under the influence of moisture; he was a physical wreck by reason of the unsanitary state of his quarters, and, while shivering with the damp, he pictured in glowing colors Kiao Chow as the great future sanatorium of the Far East! I did not smile—it was too pathetic!

Then he poured into my ears some of his cares of state. I had hoped to hear him discourse on the problems arising from adapting European legal methods to Chinese needs; possibly to frontier disputes, custom-house difficulties, military capacity of the Celestials, a hundred problems of absorbing interest to one in his position, fresh from the atmosphere of Berlin or Kiel!

But no; his official mind was occupied by consideration of how to punish a Chinese scullery-boy who had inadvertently washed the dishes in the bath-tub. I told the Governor that in China there were so many

worse ways of cleaning dishes that I would leave the matter to a local court, and think no more about it. He was shocked at my superficiality.

And just here let me point out the difference between the official and the normal mind.

To the official mind, perspective or relative importance does not exist. For him every telegram takes its turn, whether it refers to a ship sinking in sight of port, or an accumulation of ashes in the dustbin. My friend, the Governor, worried more over that scullery episode than Moltke over the capture of Louis Napoleon.

On the occasion of my visit to Kiao Chow I found five merchants as against 1,500 soldiers or officials. This to me was depressing. I should have preferred five soldiers and 1,500 colonists. But the Governor thought otherwise. He could not understand what these merchants meant by bothering him with questions about the place. He did not want them, they only added to his worries. On the occasion of my visit the Government had announced the first sale of land to take place in a few days, and German merchants in other ports of China had shown considerable patriotic desire to invest money for the benefit of the colony. But few knew anything about the place. All were curious to know if there were such a thing as a hotel, whether they might sleep on board a ship in port, whether there would be tents procurable. Nothing seemed to me more reasonable than that. Throughout the civilized world, when one man invites another to come to an inaccessible region and purchase from him —whether horses or land—the law of hospitality, if not

good policy, demands that no pains should be spared in entertaining the prospective purchaser.

In Kiao Chow, however, this law was reversed, perhaps in deference to Chinese topsy-turvy principles. This governor resented what he was pleased to regard as the insolence of German merchants, who, just think of it! had the audacity to imagine that he, an imperial official, should waste his time in looking after such a thing as commerce! Nobody wanted these merchants any way; they only made trouble!

And this was the beginning of Germany's first colony.

The best sites have been secured for barracks, the officers have installed themselves as in a military cantonment, and if by chance a misguided merchant should venture to settle in the place, he is regarded as an intruder—is not even admitted as a member of the social organizations patronized by the military aristocracy.*

There was one exception at Kiao Chow. One merchant did belong to the club—but, as has probably

* From a letter dated Kiao Chow, October 11, 1898, I extract these words, prefacing that the writer is eminently trustworthy :

"The German Government has purchased at a low rate all the land in this vicinity, so that all buyers must secure their lots directly from the government.

"The government therefore has a complete monopoly and withholds or sells as may seem most advantageous.

"The first sale took place on Monday, October 3, 1898, as per programme There were about forty bidders present, all of whom, with one exception (a Swede), were Germans.

"Outside of this number were also eight or ten Chinese merchants.

"Blocks of land fronting the future Bund (water-front drive) and containing about half an acre each, sold for from $3,000 to $6,000 (Mexican) according to location.

"One large block of about 1½ acres in extent was sold to a Chinese merchant for $6,250 (Mexican)."

already been guessed, he was a money-lender, and was elected by his creditors.

Much of the misery in Kiao Chow resulted from home-sickness and inexperience, but still more from inexplicable incapacity. For instance, the water was unfit to drink—at least for Europeans. The men were pretty generally suffering from diseases directly connected with tainted water, and yet there were no distilling machines in operation—not even the warships in the harbor were used for this humane purpose. It was natural for me to feel that the German ships of war which I had met in August of 1898 in Philippine waters might have been better employed in distilling water for the suffering soldiers at Kiao Chow. Such work may not appear glorious—but it saves precious lives.

Not more than one hundred miles away, at Wei-hai-Wei, Admiral Seymour had also founded a colony of Englishmen. It was but six months old—half as old as the German—yet the English had wholesome water to drink, and, consequently, there was no unusual amount of disease. While the German Admiral was fretting, the Englishman kept his men cheerful and strong by encouraging outdoor sports.

Kiao Chow is a poor thing, as ports go. It will cost millions of dollars before ships can anchor with safety, let alone discharge cargo in ordinary weather. It is inferior to Wei-hai-Wei, and it is difficult to understand what induced Germany to take such a place for such a purpose.

During my visit, there was not a single vessel in port that was not there on Government account or under

subsidy of the German Government. I saw an American four-masted schooner from Oregon bump her bottom to pieces, because, in spite of her captain's representations, she was assigned by the Governor's orders to an unsafe anchorage. The approaches to Kiao Chow were so badly charted that the captain of the German mail steamer had to go a hundred miles out of his course on the short run from Shanghai. Physical defects can be readily repaired, money and energy can build harbor-walls, sink artesian wells, and complete charts. But officialism is the vice that to-day affects the growth of Kiao Chow; the inability of the official mind to perceive that a colony must, in order to prosper, be governed in the interest of the colonists, and not merely of the officials.

The seizure of Kiao Chow, like that of South America by Spain, was ostensibly from religious motives. Two Roman Catholics, missionaries, had been murdered by a Chinese mob somewhere in the interior, where missionaries are particularly requested not to penetrate. The German Government did not wait until an explanation or the usual reparation could be offered, but immediately dispatched a squadron to take possession of Kiao Chow. The Chinese commander of the port, when he saw the squadron enter, thought it had come on a friendly visit, and prepared to receive the landing party with sweetmeats and other evidence of kind intentions. But his friendly offices were not accepted, the place was soon occupied by German marines, the Chinese flag hauled down, the German placed in its stead, the peaceful Chinese population dispossessed of their ancestral homes, and the territory

annexed to that of the German Empire *—" leased," is the more polite term.

There have been people murdered in other countries besides China—in the United States, for instance. Would it seem right that a country should, because one of her subjects had been murdered in Alaska, bombard Washington or New York or New Orleans without warning? Would not reparation have been demanded in the first instance, and war declared afterward? The seizure of Kiao Chow took place in a time of profound peace, under no adequate provocation. It was an act of war, and, though China could not at the time resent it by force of arms, we may rest assured that it was an act which went far to rouse in her people the resentment that in 1900 sustained the so-called " Boxer " movement.

Germany sends forth her children by the hundreds of thousands to strengthen the white man's dominion over the earth, and the colonies which receive them are grateful for this increase. But official Germany calls them unpatriotic and preaches the duty of colon-

* The German Emperor will be blessed by generations unborn for having made the first application of Henry George's theory regarding land tenure. In Kiao Chow the Government has distinctly set its face against speculation in land value. Whoever buys a parcel of land is liable to have it repurchased by the Government at the end of a limited term of years, and whatever increase in value it may have acquired is looked upon as the property, not of the man who first purchased it, but of the community through whose industry the unearned increment has come into existence.

Australia has only partially recognized the justice of the Henry George doctrine in this matter. The United States has as yet made no sign that she means to apply it either in the Philippines or Cuba. At present, therefore, the two most advanced colonies in the way of land legislation are New Zealand and Kiao Chow, the one the most advanced of democracies, ths other a mere military government.

izing only under the German flag! The German citizen is called upon to pay heavy tribute for naval and military expenditure, ostensibly to protect German commerce and German colonies. But the practical colonist smiles at these pretexts, they are mainly political humbug. German commerce and German emigration took very good care of itself before ever a colony belonged to Germany. The industrious German, like the Swede, the Norwegian, the Swiss, the Italian, spreads himself over the face of the earth, without a thought as to whether he has a big navy or army at home. He emigrates to-day in order to better himself. If his country offers him a welcome he returns to spend his fortune there; if not, he spends it in some other place. The German who has accumulated a fortune in Milwaukee or Melbourne will spend it in Berlin or New York or London, according to his taste. He will certainly not take his money to Berlin, if there he is confronted with the same species of official and military caste that excludes his fellow-merchants from the club of Kiao Chow.

The history of German colonization is a short one—a thing of yesterday. After the Franco-German War the then Prime Minister, Bismarck, embarked upon a series of domestic measures which in nearly every case were either failures or at least diminished his prestige. Socialism increased immensely under his ungenerous administration, his quarrel with the Pope ended in compromise, his persecution of the Poles made him no friends even in Russia; with the persecution of Danes he had but scant success. Finally, like many another perplexed statesman, he took up foreign ventures, in

the hopes of drawing away the attention of his fellow-countrymen from the faults he committed at home.

Colonial societies were formed, mainly in inland towns. The official press persistently dwelt upon the glorious future that might be expected if the hundreds of thousands of Germans could be diverted to German colonial soil. Finally, about 1884, the German flag was hoisted over a large number of very hot sand strips, and the German Empire entered upon its career of alleged colonization.

In times past Germans have made colonial efforts, but they have all failed. Charles V. gave a trading license for practically the whole of Venezuela (in 1528) to a German Company, which promised at one time to develop into a species of "Chartered Company." But the privilege was withdrawn in 1550, as the Germans had accomplished nothing to warrant a continuance. The Great Elector of Brandenburg entertained colonial schemes, and Germans under his auspices are said to have founded trading stations in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa. For the sake of finding traces of this Brandenburg settlement, which was upon the island of St. Thomas, I sailed entirely around the island, but not only could find no trace of it myself, but could find no one who had ever heard of such a settlement. German colonization in America has never partaken of the pioneer character, like that of the Boers in South Africa, or the English in New England. The misrule of petty German princes drove many families to this country as early as the eighteenth century, but in no case did they do more than settle among people who had already done the preliminary

work of establishing order in a new land. We cannot determine with exactitude the number of men who deserted from the regiments sold to George III. by German princes during the American War (1776–1783). We know that King George was bound to pay a given sum for all those that were killed, and it was to the obvious advantage of the German princes that as many as possible should remain in America. Desertion from the British ranks was assisted in those days by scattering leaflets, which informed the German mercenaries that if they would leave the ranks and throw in their lot with the colonists they should receive land and be otherwise well treated. There is good reason to suppose that many out of the 40,000 who came to this country as soldiers remained to become American citizens.

The great European revolution of 1848 furnished another contingent of emigrants to this country—notable not merely for numbers, but for the high average of education represented by the political refugees. These, through their connection with the press of Europe, were in a position to furnish accounts of the United States which awakened a yet wider desire to emigrate to the New World. The opening of California with her wealth of precious metals, the enormous expansion of new territory beyond the Mississippi, the opportunities of acquiring farms for the asking—these causes, uniting with the establishment of steam navigation on the Atlantic and a daily cheapening of the cost of transportation, created a stream of German emigration which was pretty constant during the second half of the nineteenth century.

These emigrants have not been wholly lost to Germany. On the contrary, they have carried with them a love of the old Fatherland, much as that love has been strained by harsh government. When they make a fortune their thoughts turn naturally to Germany, to the land of their ancestors—the home of their Schiller and Goethe, their Bluecher and their Ernst Moritz Arndt.

That to-day German trade is so great as to support the two largest steamship lines in the world is owing largely to the Germans that have settled at the ends of those lines. All the million square miles of colonial Germany are as nothing compared to any one of a dozen American cities—not merely as regards trade, but as regards Germans controlling that trade. Official Germany desires to divert Germans from America, where they are happy, and plant them in official colonies, where they are sure to be wretched. There is nothing new in this, but the time has gone by when colonies can be planted in such a manner. The colony that succeeds to-day is not the one in which are the largest number of soldiers and officials, but the one that gives the colonists the widest opportunities, not merely for earning a living, but for living in liberty while earning. The English colonies offer this attraction to the German; and the Yankee welcomes him cordially. There is scarcely an American town in which Germans do not figure among the leaders of political, social, or commercial activity. At Yale, in my day, I can recall few professors or tutors that had not studied at a German University. German thought, German industry — these have leavened

America; yet Germany reaps her reward as well, though she seems unconscious of it. It is not a reward in the shape of a German flag flying over the Capitol at Washington, or another slice of map painted in German color. Her triumph is nobler than this. Germany can rejoice in the thought that the thousands whom she has driven beyond her borders for a living have found under the American flag opportunities that were denied at home; her children have been well looked after; they have been allowed to speak their mother tongue and to practise religion after their own fashion. They have secured the same rights as the people among whom they have cast their lot. While official Germany has persecuted Poles, Danes, and Frenchmen for cultivating their own language, the United States has done the reverse, and the result has been that Germans find it agreeable to learn English as quickly as possible.

When in 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers reached Massachusetts, in a ship not bigger than a Gloucester fishing schooner of to-day, they fell on their knees, thanked God for their safety, and then set to work building—first homes, then churches, then schools.

When I happened to be in Kiao Chow, not even the soldiers had barracks fit to keep out the rain; two buildings of mud fit for cow-stables represented the hotel accommodation. There was no wharf for landing general stores, no storehouses for the custom house. There was no water fit to drink, and no means of procuring any. Labor was almost impossible to procure, even for the Government, and I found the head of a great German manufacturing house painting

the shutters of his hut because he could find no one to do the job for him.

Yet in such an hour official Germany was employing a long train of coolies for the purpose of erecting—what do you suppose? A distilling plant? A recreation ground for the men? A church?

None of these!

These precious coolies were employed in erecting a monument to Admiral Diedrichs, who had seized the place twelve months before!

X

COLONIAL PORTUGAL IN OUR TIME

"God sifted a whole nation (England) that he might send choice grain into the wilderness. (New England, 1620.)"—WILLIAM STOUGHTON, Election Sermon, 1688.

Some Personal Notes on Delagoa Bay—Macao—The Moluccas—The Portuguese Slave-trade and Missionary Enterprise

THE Portuguese have in Delagoa Bay the best—I had almost said the only—first-class harbor between the Zambesi and Cape Town. It is the nearest port for the Transvaal gold-fields, and, under ordinary conditions, the visitor would be justified in expecting here a settlement rivalling Cape Town in commercial activity. For more than four centuries Portugal has enjoyed possession of these coasts, and here, if anywhere, Providence seems to have thrown together pretty much all the conditions of colonial success—save the one without which no community can prosper, not even at Delagoa Bay—I mean honest government.

On the occasion of my visit (1896) the approaches to the harbor were so marked by the authorities, that mariners who knew the place treated it as one where charts ceased to have value. The signs which in other ports help the navigator to his anchorage are here

regarded as snares for the unwary. Buoys were sometimes placed correctly, sometimes not—and sometimes they disappeared mysteriously. The commander of a mail-steamer requires reasonable certainty in these matters, and prefers many hours' delay rather than the chance of going to pieces on an uncharted bank. Shortly before my arrival, an American four-masted sailing-ship had gone ashore in water marked abundant by the symbols of Portuguese maritime administration. The captain of that ship was on his *first* voyage to Portuguese East Africa, or he would have known better than to trust anything but his lead-line.

Merchants on shore told me of a Portuguese governor who, in an outburst of ambition, induced his Government to furnish a light-ship that might simplify exit and entrance during the night. In the course of time this useful vessel arrived, and it was hailed by the trading community as the dawn of a new era, worthy of the nation which had produced a Vasco da Gama.

The Governor not only recognized the value of a light-ship at night, but utilized it also by day as well, for cargo purposes. This craft—half lighter, half light-ship—gave unbounded satisfaction to *official* Portugal.

Lighterage rates were high, and the Governor soon had the satisfaction of learning that he had outdistanced all other maritime countries by making his light-house service not merely inexpensive, but actually a source of profit. The day seemed to have dawned when the Nore Light-ship would commence to earn its living by taking bricks from Southend to the Medway, or the Sandy Hook light operate as an excursion barge between Coney Island and Long Branch.

Our thrifty Governor of Delagoa Bay, however, had barely time to receive the thanks of his Government, before a succession of wrecks off the port warned him that his invention lacked one or two features to make it complete. The beach combers and wrecking companies had no fault to find, but the owners of ships complained because the light-ship, when it finished its work as a lighter, was wont to anchor in that part of the bay which was most convenient for the next day's job. The triumph of the Governor was complete so long as the sun was shining, but when ships after dark sailed in by the light of a jack o'lantern, the result was more startling than satisfactory.

The law compelled me to land at the custom-house. The same law had forbidden an enterprising American company from building a wharf at which ships could have loaded and unloaded. To-day passengers and goods are first dumped over the side in small boats, then rowed ashore to the sandy beach, then once more unloaded, then transported to the custom-house and there inspected. Then they are sent off by rail, to escape death and demurrage; for Delagoa means death to all but those who thrive on swamp microbes.

On landing I found myself walking amidst what seemed to be the ruins of some vast "department store" of a "universal provider." A cyclone seemed to have suddenly blown away roof, sides, and supports, and spattered the sands of East Africa with samples of nearly every commodity known to man or woman.

There were bags of rice, whose contents were mingling with the leakings of petroleum kegs; Waterbury clocks, electrical machinery, ladies' bonnets, boots and

shoes, cigars, patent medicines—these and others too many to mention were scattered about in most distracting profusion. Amidst this wreck of material civilization there strolled listlessly many ginger-colored manikins representing the Rule of Portugal at this port. There were also big naked black porters of the Zulu type, who made the Portuguese officials look even smaller.

The ginger-colored officials and their black porters could afford to smile at the commercial havoc round about them. The one who did not smile, however, was the white merchant seeking distractedly amidst the sand-swept spaces of this so-called custom-house for the different parts of a steam-engine, a hoisting gear, or the contents of a new drug-store. The many little Portuguese officials were living mainly upon illegal fees extracted from these wretched white merchants of Johannesburg. The Transvaal Government was also a good customer of the Delagoa Bay officials, who, in consideration of money paid, connived at extensive importation of Boer War material which was ambiguously labelled: "Machinery"—and which made itself felt in the winter of 1899-1900.

During my stay, the Foreign Minister of the Transvaal, Dr. Leyds, appeared mysteriously one evening by train from Pretoria, pulled out at once to a German man o' war which had arrived that morning by a curious coincidence, and the next morning early returned to the Boer capital. No papers mentioned this strange visit. There was merely an official paragraph in his Government organ stating that Dr. Leyds had left town for his health!

Yet Delagoa Bay is not by nature doomed to be a white man's terror. To-day it is pestilential merely because it is Portuguese. The port of Durban, which the British once regarded as dangerous to health, to-day is not merely a good all-round place of residence for the white man, but is frequented as a health resort by visitors from other parts of South Africa. Anglo-Saxon enterprise has drained its swamps, built broad macadamized roads, introduced a sewage system and provided plenty of good drinking water. Durban by nature is a much poorer port than Delagoa, but thanks to good administration she has in forty years accomplished more than Portugal in four hundred.

It would be a blessing to every white man in South Africa if to-day England would administer Delagoa Bay in trust for the commerce of the world, as she governs Hong-Kong and Singapore. The German and Boer merchants yearn for this no less than the American and the English, but official red tape and national jealousies intervene.

In Delagoa Bay I found only a few houses fit for residence, and they were, as might be expected, the official residences of consuls or high Portuguese officials. The rest of the town was a shabby gathering, measured even by the low standards of African coast towns. I was shown an official map of the place which depicted broad and extensive boulevards, public parks with fountains, handsome embankments along the cool river front, and public buildings on a scale to rival those of Cape Town. This map was intended for Lisbon and Lisbon only. In South Africa it was regarded as a joke on the part of the Governor; for it reminded

one of the famous city of Eden described by Dickens in " Martin Chuzzlewit."

Though this country is populated by an excellent race of negroes, labor of any kind was difficult to obtain because of the bad reputation of the Portuguese. Every road leading to the town was infested by dram shops; and beyond debauching them and taxing them, I could discover no interest taken by the Government in a race singularly helpless and remarkably amenable to white man's influence.

The Roman Church did much to strengthen Portugal in Africa. Her missionaries organized the natives into missions and encouraged respect for Portuguese law long after Portugal had ceased to show herself capable of enforcing it. But as the Church sank in public esteem in Europe, her powers diminished in the colonies, and throughout the eighteenth century one can mark a steady decline of clerical as well as political influence on the part of Portugal.

The loss of all her missionary prestige has been attributed by competent judges (notably by Theall) to the fact that in Africa, at least, the Roman Church admitted negroes to Holy Orders for the purpose of sending them as missionaries to their fellow blacks. The experiment was disastrous, for in the great majority of cases the native proved incapable of resisting the many temptations surrounding a celibate clothed with the powers of priesthood.

As early as 1464 negroes were sold as slaves in Lisbon; and though at various times the Church and the Government have condemned it in the abstract, Portugal has tolerated slavery in her colonies, if not at

home, from her earliest intercourse with the black man to our day. And, unfortunately for that country, the blood of her children has become so mingled with that of natives that to-day the name Portuguese carries with it no race distinction. Throughout the colonial world, all who think themselves a peg above mere natives and obviously cannot claim to be white, are entered by courtesy as Portuguese.

Poor little Macao, at the very gates of Canton, was the first European settlement in China—the port from which started a glorious train of missionaries and ambassadors, who first opened the Chinese world to European civilization; poor little Macao lives to-day by nibbling the crumbs that fall from the tables of the neighboring Englishman at Hong-Kong. Her streets are deserted but for a few Chinamen, a few tourists, a few officials, and a large number of mulatto-looking nuns and priests who seem half alive. There are also some little Portuguese soldiers who guard a little fort and mount guard at the palace of a little governor, and carry guns many sizes too big for them, and look altogether barely equal to the Chinese coolies along the water front—man for man. The commerce of the Port has gone, driven away by bad government. It is Delagoa Bay all over again, in so far as in both places man has done what he could to destroy what the Creator had given him to cultivate.

During my visit to Macao (1898) there was momentary prosperity, owing to the large number of priests that had taken refuge there from the wrath of the Filippinos. They created a boom in hair restorers as well, for they intended to go back as soon as their ton-

sures should have ceased to betray them to the followers of Aguinaldo.

As the traveller of to-day wanders about the little peninsula of Macao and sees it garrisoned by a breed of man compared with whom the Chinaman appears to be a warrior, it is indeed hard to appreciate that so far back as 1520—one hundred years before the settlement of New England—the name of Portugal was mighty throughout the eastern world, from Cape of Good Hope to India, and from India to the Spice Islands, as far as New Guinea.

The famous Spice Islands, lying between Singapore and New Guinea, were particular objects of Portuguese attention, not only because of the high price which their products commanded throughout Europe, but because of the opportunity for missionary enterprise. It was to acquire these islands that Magellan, after vainly importuning the Government of Lisbon, succeeded finally in persuading Spain to support him in his enterprise. It was on this journey that he first discovered the Southern Cape of South America, and, though he lost his own life in the Philippines, some of his men made the first circumnavigation of the globe, with a cargo of spices which paid for the expedition six times what it originally cost.

When I sailed (1876) through the famous islands that inspired the journey of this great navigator, I looked in vain for traces of Portuguese Christianity, or even government. Among the Moluccas, naked savages armed with spears and poisoned arrows swarmed about our ship, offering us, as their most precious article of commerce, dozens of chocolate-colored babies.

Nothing is more pathetic under any circumstances than a baby, but a canoe full of babies—far away from land, offered for sale by savage brutes at prices varying from the price of a turkey to that of a pig—this made a sad epitome of Portuguese Rule!

That was in the heart of the Portuguese Moluccas, after four centuries of mission work. The natives with whom I came in contact had in many instances been wounded by poisoned arrows, for their bodies showed the frightful marks left by the knife. They had cut the mortifying flesh clean out as though it had been the decayed part of an apple.

These islands are still a favorite resort of pirates, and the ship I sailed on was prepared to fight if circumstances demanded. She mounted two pieces of artillery, besides a full complement of rifles, pistols, and cutlasses.

Now that the United States flag is at Manila, it may reasonably be expected that a serious effort will be made to establish commercial security throughout that part of the world. Holland, it is true, has large interests in the neighborhood, notably Java, but she has so far shown little inclination to become a water policeman beyond her own immediate front door. We may confidently look forward to the time in the near future when the United States of Australia will not merely fall heir to the colonial posts of Portugal in the Far East, but exercise throughout the waters of the East Indies a " Monroe Doctrine " analogous to that which Uncle Sam maintains in the Caribbean Sea.

XI

THE FIRST YEARS OF PORTUGUESE GREATNESS

"Notre (France) politique continentale, sous peine de ne nous valoir que des déboires, doit être desormais essentiellement défensive. C'est en dehors de l'Europe que nous pouvons satisfaire nos légitimes instincts d'expansions. Nous devons travailler à la fondation d'un grand Empire Africain, et d'un moindre Asiatique."—LEROY BEAULIEU, "de la Colonization," ed. 1891, p. ix.

Early Explorers—Henry the Navigator—Albuquerque—Relations With Africa and the Far East

THE early years of Portuguese exploration, conquest, and missionary enterprise read almost like a fairy tale, so crowded are they with dazzling feats performed by a handful of men against what appear to be gigantic odds. What has become of those heroes? The boundaries of Portugal are to-day what they were then; the Church that inspired missionary zeal is, if possible, richer and more powerful to-day than when St. Francis Xavier landed in Macao; she yet holds vast unexplored territories keenly coveted by other countries, yet from day to day her power slips from her grasp like a sword from the hand of a dying man.

Portugal, at the accession of Queen Elizabeth, included the whole coast of Africa from Morocco around

the Cape to the Red Sea; India from the mouth of the Indus to that of the Ganges; the richest islands of the Malay Archipelago, and a fortified station at the very gates of Canton. This takes no note of Brazil, a vast empire by itself. Looked at on the map, the colonial power of Portugal seemed to embrace everything worth having, excepting what Spain claimed in America and the Philippines. She appeared to be a power to whom could be compared only the England of to-day, in the extent of her possessions and the enterprise of her people.

And it was by the son of an English woman that she was thrust into the front rank of nations. Henry, *the Navigator*, as this Portuguese prince was called, was born in 1394. His mother was Philippa, sister of the English Henry IV. He grew up in the midst of a generation which was just resting from more than a century of warfare against the Moors, a struggle that enlisted the savagery of religious zeal no less than the love of plunder. It was a time when local liberty still existed and when promotion came to others than mere favorites of the Court and the Church. Portugal was but an insignificant part of the Iberian Peninsula and her population was only 1,000,000; but big men are not necessarily the product of big countries, for in that case Russia would be the nursery of European heroes.

This remarkable prince did not himself take part in the expeditions, but from a secluded workshop at Cape St. Vincent he inspired the men whom he fitted out for distant enterprises, and himself raised the funds and calculated the chances of success from a profound study

of all the information about the world and its products which was then accessible.

In early days the Far East was a vague country, to which Christians had access only through Venetian and Genoese traders, who sailed to the ends of the Mediterranean, to Constantinople, to Egypt, and there exchanged the wares of Europe for products which had been brought by caravans across China, or on Arab dhows from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

Nothing very distinct was known of the Far East, but that little was calculated to create a strong desire for nearer acquaintance. Early travellers reported fabulous wealth, and that, combined with the fact that this wealth was being appropriated exclusively by infidels, was enough to give the Church, also, a lively interest in the question.

The Turks were then the terror of all Christian nations, from Vienna to Lisbon, and the Church regarded with particular favor any person or government that accomplished anything calculated to injure Mohammedan influence. Therefore the idea of seeking access to the Far East by way of the African shores was one particularly congenial to the people of that time, for the reason that all the approaches to the treasures of India were guarded by the Arabians, who recognized the Sultan as the head of their Church.

History delights in telling of heroic deeds, and we are all inclined to give the hero his due. But heroes must have money in order to fit out the expeditions necessary for the exhibition of their peculiar virtues. Expeditions are costly things, and even Portugal of the fifteenth century, backed as it was with the wealth of

the Church, could not afford to send out exploring-ships that did not come back with produce enough to pay expenses. Much as we to-day glory in the deeds of our pioneering ancestors, we may as well recognize the truth that the early navigators and explorers did next to nothing that was not directly connected with the procuring of pecuniary profit.

Prince Henry was forty-seven years old before his efforts for discovering the sea route to India met with any success. He had made a few attempts to work his way down the African coast, but found no great encouragement until 1441, when his ships got well within the tropics on the Guinea coast and laid the foundation of his country's greatness by kidnapping some native chiefs. These were subsequently ransomed for a handsome cargo of slaves, gold dust, and other precious things, and on returning to Lisbon, the people, from the King down, became enthusiastic in the cause of an exploration which promised kindred results. The Pope cheerfully gave his blessing to the enterprise, and, furthermore, gave Portugal a monopoly of all trade round Africa to India. The slave-trade was found to be the most profitable element of the early ventures, and from this date cargoes of negroes were sold in Portugal, the proceeds of which enriched the Church as well as the heroes, who needed the money for new conquests. Discovery was the best paying investment of the day, particularly the discovery of negroes.

In 1446 trade was established with the African coast near Cape Verde on an island called Arguim, the same which two hundred years later was occupied by Prussians from Brandenburg—but not for long.

In 1487 the Cape of Good Hope was rounded, and further voyages received still more ample government support, from the fact that in 1492 the voyage of Columbus created a well-grounded fear that the Spaniards might dispute the control of the Eastern trade. At one time, Portugal fitted out a great fleet for the purpose of preventing Spain from sending ships across the western ocean, for that was then presumed to be another way to the Far East. The Papal Bull of 1493, which divided the new world in half between these two people, did not satisfy the Portuguese, and they sent an ultimatum to Madrid insisting that the world should be divided not into eastern and western halves, but into *northern and southern*—the south to belong to Portugal, the north to Spain. Had the Pope adopted this view, Cortés and Pizarro might have secured Massachusetts Bay and Virginia instead of Mexico and Peru, and Portugal might have colonized Australia! South Africa would now be talking Portuguese and Canada would be talking Spanish!

The Great Prince Henry died in 1460, but the evil genius which presided over Portugal would have it that another great man, the noble Albuquerque, should take up his work. This pioneer is conspicuous in Portuguese history because he was honest in his official relations. Six years after the discovery of America, Vasco da Gama anchored a Portuguese fleet in a harbor of India, and within a few years Albuquerque had completed the work of that navigator by establishing the right to trade at pretty nearly every port of the coast.

The King, by virtue of this, took the title which must

have sounded large even to people of that day—"Lord of Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce over Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and China."

This was mainly "bunkum," for all the conquest consisted in the right to establish factories or trading stations. At Macao the Portuguese were regarded as vassals of the Chinese Emperor, paying tribute annually.

In 1510 Albuquerque, after great difficulties, secured Goa, on the West Coast of India, as a harbor for Portugal. Some six thousand Arabians who had settled there, were by him put to death, and he divided their confiscated property among his friends, the new settlers,—compelling them at the same time to marry natives and identify themselves with the country. This method had a certain immediate advantage, but the result was not calculated to dignify the white man in the eyes of the people he had conquered. The native was elevated a very little bit; the white man was degraded. Hence it is that to-day throughout the East, Goa is a by-word for a mixed breed, part Indian, part negro, part white, which furnishes ships-stewards, barbers, and a class of nondescript menials who are regarded with more pity than respect—a people with neither pride of ancestry nor hope in posterity.

Henry died at the age of sixty-six, Albuquerque at sixty-three. They are the two great names of Portuguese history—with perhaps one other—that of the poet Camoens. Albuquerque, like Camoens,* died in

* In Macao I was shown a beautiful garden and grotto overlooking the sea, where this poet is said to have written a portion of the *Lusiad*, a national epic glorifying the early Portuguese navigators. This poem, a wearisome copy of Homeric methods, is yet interesting from having been

poverty, if not disgrace—both were honest men, and both made enemies by trying to stem the tide of official corruption.

Albuquerque died in Goa, in 1515. With him died the spirit that made his country great; his loss was never replaced. The career of Portugal went on for a while under the impulse which he had imparted, but the corruption which he had sought to suppress gained the upper hand, until her rule soon became little more than despotism tempered by corruption.

produced in part so near to the equator. Macaulay, Kipling, Stevenson —a few names only occur to one in this connection; it would be interesting to discuss at length the effect of the tropics upon the intellectual capacity of the white man.

XII

THE COLONIAL BREAK-UP OF PORTUGAL

"The judgment of history is that France lost Canada through the policy of religious exclusiveness which her rulers pursued."—Cf. PARKMAN'S "Montcalm and Wolfe," 333, viii.

St. Francis Xavier—Jesuits in China—Official Corruption—Military Decadence

THE regeneration of the Papacy which followed close upon the heels of the Reformation of Martin Luther was felt in the Indies no less than in America. Goa was the metropolitan city of the Portuguese East Indies, and here in 1542 landed *the* missionary *par excellence*, whose life has earned for him the title of Saint Francis Xavier. He was the first Jesuit in the Far East, and for so long as his spirit controlled the clerical administration, European culture, if not Christianity, spread with extraordinary rapidity. The Jesuit believed in persuasion. He was prepared to compromise, if necessary, in order to secure an intellectual ascendancy over those whom he desired ultimately to convert. In the Orient he met scholars that by no means acknowledged the superiority of the white man, save in the mere matter of brute force; and as for his religion, it presented few advantages over their own. The Jesuits recognized that if Christianity was to make progress, particularly

among people so scholarly and tenacious as the Chinese, the ascendancy of the white man's civilization must be demonstrated. Every effort was therefore made to gain access to the rulers, to win their confidence by imparting instruction in mathematics, astronomy, and other sciences. Whether the court of China adopted Christianity to-day or to-morrow, or a hundred years hence, was of minor consideration to the Jesuit Fathers—they were preparing the ground for ultimate harvest.

In the history of Portuguese colonization the only exception to their chronic state of administrative corruption and failure is the work done by Jesuits. The very fact of their expulsion from Goa and Macao, in 1768, is evidence that they were not parties to the vicious administration. It was the excellence of Jesuit missionary work in India and China, no less than in Paraguay and Mexico, that united against this order the vindictive hatred not merely of colonial officials, but of rival orders.

Goa is now a dead city like Macao, existing because England is her neighbor and gives employment to most of her population. It had at one time thirty churches and 30,000 priests, and was a mighty seat of commerce before the British Lion had learned to swim. But from the moment that Portuguese soldiers and sailors had to fight against the white man instead of against negroes and the degenerate people of East India, Portugal commenced to go down, down, down, until even the Chinaman and the Mahratta treated it with contempt. Goa to-day is visited only out of curiosity—to see the burial place of St. Francis Xavier.

In 1595 the merchants of Amsterdam sent their first fleet to the East Indies, and in 1600 the English East India Company established stations in Sumatra and Java. These were "merchant adventurers," and they asked of the Portuguese merely the right to trade on equal terms. But the Portuguese insisted on absolute monopoly, and so, until their possessions were reduced to a mere handful of feeble stations, they continued to waste what little money they had, in a warfare which ultimately destroyed their prestige among the natives.

In India government positions were offered for sale, plundering expeditions were organized against helpless natives, even the monasteries were called upon for contributions; but all in vain. As fast as Portugal sent forth ships, they were seized and destroyed by the enemy.

At the very beginning she produced a few strong governors like Albuquerque; but after his death the Government adopted the "Spoils" system, of allowing colonial officials only a term of three years of office. The reason for this was that the king, or the party in power, desired frequent means of rewarding political or personal friends.

It is hard to fix upon any one date more important than another in the long down-hill progress of colonial Portugal. In 1640 Goa was not able to send any ships home from sheer lack of men and money. Yet at that time there were *more priests than white inhabitants* in the colony.

Two years after the Puritans landed in Massachusetts Bay, Portugal lost Ormuz and with it the trade

of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. She gave letters of marque to any ships which desired to embark in privateering against her enemies, but there were no takers. In her desperate straits she forbade the erection of any monasteries. Her soldiers were deserting and turning monks—driven to extremes by the Government's inability either to feed or pay them. Brass guns were stolen from her forts with such frequency that iron guns were substituted. Even for the trade between Goa and neighboring points in the East Indies, the Portuguese flag offered so little security that her merchants chartered English ships. In 1661 the most frivolous of the Stuarts did his country enormous service—unintentionally, of course—by wedding a Portuguese princess, a part of whose dowry was Bombay. At that time, this was considered as of less importance than the 2,000,000 of cruzados that went with it, for Charles always needed money and preferred one cruzado in hand to all of India that could not be hypothecated. When Charles died, his widow, Catharine of Bragança, retired to a house which is still one of the interesting features of Chelsea—now occupied by an American family. Considering that Bombay was the means of England's ultimately acquiring all of India, it would seem fitting to-day that this house be purchased and preserved as a monument for future generations.

Portugal in the Far East furnished little more of interest after this. Bombay, under English rule, at once commenced to flourish and to attract to itself new commerce.

Macao sustained herself for a time by the opium

trade, but when England (in 1841) settled at Hong Kong, almost within sight, the principal Macao merchants moved to the British island, and those who did not, either went home or became monks. In the year 1860 the coolie trade with the United States made its head-quarters at Macao, but after the close of the American Civil War, even that little " boom " stopped; and since then all that has kept Macao alive has beeen a few gambling tables, in connection with a big hotel.

On the occasion of my visit the harbor of Macao had so shallowed through neglect, that the commerce of the port had sunk to what might be expected at a neglected way-station near an important market.

XIII

PORTUGAL IN AMERICA

"But scarcely any man, however sagacious, would have thought it possible that a trading company (East India Company) separated from India by 15,000 miles of sea, and possessing in India only a few acres for purposes of commerce, would, in less than a hundred years, spread its empire from Cape Comorin to the eternal snow of the Himalayas; would compel Mahratta and Mahommedan to forget their mutual feuds in common subjection; would tame down even those wild races which had resisted the most powerful of the Moguls; and, having united under its laws 100,000,000 of subjects, would carry its victorious arms far to the east of the Burrampooter, and far to the west of Hydaspes, dictate terms of peace at the gates of Ava, and seat its vassal on the throne of Candahar."
—MACAULAY "Clive."

Founding of Brazil—Jesuit Missions—Criminals

IN 1500 a strong fleet under Cabral * sailed from the Tagus with the intention of conquering more of India. They were forced westward, and sighted, to their great surprise, the coast of South America. According to the quaint custom of the time, a Portuguese priest delivered a long sermon to a crowd of curious natives who understood not a word, and this meant that Brazil was claimed by the Pope of Rome. Then

* It is not known of Cabral exactly when he was born, or in what year he died; indeed little of him has come down in history save his brief but heroic period, when he annexed Brazil and made a successful voyage to the East Indies.

a notice board was set up, announcing that temporal control was claimed by the King of Portugal. We may infer that colonization pure and simple was not wholly popular at that time, for the reason that of the whole expedition no one chose to settle here excepting two criminals condemned to penal servitude for life!

In those days geography was at best a hazy subject, and even the Pope had to make some daring guesses when he drew the line between the Eastern and Western World. It had been his intention to give the whole of the Western Continent to Spain, and he therefore named a longitude which, in the latitude of Lisbon, seemed to be equidistant between Europe and America. But the well-meaning pontiff learned too late, that the easternmost point of South America was almost on the same meridian as the Azore Islands. At that time, however, Spain's power was abundantly taxed elsewhere, and Portugal herself attached small importance to Brazil, save as a station where her ships might refresh themselves on their way to the Cape. A few years later Spain comforted herself to some extent by seizing the Philippines (1521), which were obviously within Portuguese jurisdiction. Though at that time this excited some geographical controversy, no definite conclusion was reached, because of the confusing evidence as to where they really were. Spain treated them as an annex of Mexico, in spite of the fact that the longitude of Manila is nearly that of Peking. It is no small credit to the Church that it was strong enough in that age to keep the peace between these two colonizing forces.

In the year 1530, about thirty years after its dis-

covery, Portugal took steps to colonize Brazil. Great baronial estates were marked out, running parallel from the coast like the great *seigneuries* which border the St. Lawrence River. These were called *donatarios*, and became practically little colonial kingdoms or chartered companies, whose rulers did pretty much what they chose, although nominally subject to the laws of the mother country. These tracts were given away to those who proved that they had the necessary capital. Portugal reserved to herself a certain share in the profits, but otherwise practically relieved herself of responsibility so far as the internal administration was concerned. One-fifth of all precious metals and one-tenth of the natural products of the soil were reserved to the Crown. But it is not worth while enumerating the details of the compact between the Crown and these colonial chiefs, because there was no adequate machinery for protecting the Government with respect to her part of the bargain. The governors of these great tracts, called *capitanias*, were given a free hand as regards subletting or selling to individual settlers, making internal improvements and, above all, making the natives work for the white man. It is interesting to note that this form of colonization, with all its faults, managed to introduce a certain degree of local self-government, which at that time was so rare that it gave Brazil a relative advantage of great importance. For almost two centuries—at least until 1700, when gold was discovered—Portugal allowed Brazil to go her own way, much as England neglected her New England colonies, and for the same reasons. Although Brazil is now independent, it must be recorded to the

credit of little Portugal that it was she and not Spain who planted in the western world a colony, not only the largest in area, but the richest and, relatively speaking, the best governed. The separation from the mother country in 1828 occurred without violence, when the population of Brazil, as well as her trade, largely exceeded that of the mother country. That this was the case is due largely to the liberty which the colonists originally secured to themselves, to the agricultural nature of their occupation, to the fact that the colonists came to found a permanent home. It is fortunate for Brazil that Portugal was so weak!

Of course she passed, or perpetuated, pretty much the same laws as did Spain, regarding the exclusion of foreigners from her trade, punishment of heretics, and the other measures of intolerance which characterize those years of monopoly and bigotry. But the harshness of this legislation was enormously mitigated by the regard for pecuniary success which animated the chiefs of the great "chartered companies." None but Catholics were admitted under Portuguese law, but where a *Crown* official would have handed a questionable colonist over to the Inquisition, the agent of a *donatario* comforted himself with the reflection that the money of a heretic weighed just as much as that of a Papist. Liberty gained a still further start in Brazil from the fact that in a few of the great *donatarios* original promoters were shipwrecked, or for some other reason failed to take possession of their estates, and, consequently, communities of "squatters" formed rude republics without any reference to other law than what they made for themselves. If the rest of Spanish-

America were not so wretched to contemplate, from the stand-point of human development, little could be said for Brazil. Of the fifteen original baronial grants, three only showed any signs of progress at the middle of the sixteenth century—at which time the total population of all Brazil, including the blacks, was only 5,000 souls, less than the number of emigrants who sometimes land in a single week in New York. The mother-country now and then showed her interest by unloading criminals there—the largest cargo, four hundred—arriving in 1549.

In 1549 arrived the first of the many Jesuits, and with them came new life into Brazil. Through their influence the colonists, who had been living rather recklessly with Indian women, were induced to marry and bring up their children in regular ways; Portuguese white girls were brought over and married to settlers; schools were established, and a check was placed upon a condition of life which in a few years would have dragged the white man down to the level of the native. From this day until 1767, when the Jesuits were expelled, they exerted a strong educational influence upon the colony, and while they were pretty generally disliked because of their opposition to slavery, yet even their enemies conceded that it was to their missions among the Indians that the white man owed the security in which he was able to work profitably. The Jesuits secured the passage of many laws regulating, if not abolishing, the enslaving of Indians, and these, though they were not strictly enforced, did much to discourage the employment of "natives" on estates. But the result was only to make slave-raiding the more

profitable in Africa, for it is curious that the same Church which protected the natives of Brazil should have treated with indifference those of Mozambique and the Guinea Coast. Brazil, like every other American colony, was at constant war with itself over the treatment of natives. The planters unanimous on one side, a certain section of the priesthood and the home government on the other. Thanks to the indifference or connivance of Crown colonial officials, slavery had many centuries of triumph, for it is only in our day that the equality of all men before the law has been acknowledged throughout the Spanish and Portuguese world.

The study of colonies is one that cannot be made merely from books and official reports. The laws of Portugal and the letters of successive governors do not prepare the traveller for the political debauchery that oppresses Delagoa Bay, and the degenerate desuetude that characterizes Macao. Nor does Portuguese history stoop to notice the mighty trifles which in time made Brazil a strong nation.

XIV

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOER

JULIAN RALPH, "At Pretoria," p. 17, *says of the Boer: "All his attributes are those of the clever stalker of wild and savage game."*

Conflict between Dutch East India Company and the Boers—Attitude of England Toward the Boers—Future of South Africa

THE nineteenth century has known the Boer of South Africa mainly through his efforts to avoid British jurisdiction at the centre of South Africa. His efforts in this direction have been characterized by so much bravery, moral virtue, and religious piety, that he has succeeded in drawing to his side the sympathies of continental Europe as against the one country whose flag represents freedom of commerce, religious tolerance, and local self-government.

It is a sad reflection that political and religious intolerance should have been the mainspring of movements which have done great good to our race. The religious bigotry of France sent forth the Huguenots; the petty princes of Germany drove the most enterprising of their people to America; Brazil was leavened by a nucleus of Portuguese Jews who were outlaws in their own country; the first Englishmen to settle New England abandoned their country in order to escape a tyrannical Church government. And if to-

day the white man has planted his foot securely upon the high central plateau of the great black continent, we must seek the cause in the intolerance which characterized the rule, not of England, but of her predecessor, the famous Dutch East India Company. In the cases of Spain, Portugal, and Holland, three countries whose colonial expansion was abnormally rapid and whose decline appears at first sight equally remarkable, certain elements are striking in the very beginning of their career. Spain and Portugal developed their greatest strength at a time when national and religious feeling had been stirred to the utmost by generations of warfare against the common enemy of their country and their religion.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century, Philip II., though acknowledged as the richest and most powerful of kings, found that his most mighty Armada was chased into fragments by a handful of English fishing boats armed with men like Drake and Hawkins. In the Netherlands his troops, reputed invincible, were repeatedly baffled by Dutchmen, whose country on the map hardly shows land enough to make the canals worth digging.

The years which saw Spain and Portugal rich in soldiers but poor in liberty, found little Holland an insignificant state in what pertains to pomp and circumstance of government, but invincible in the qualities of civic and commercial rectitude, religious tolerance, and aptitude for navigation. Her few square miles of bog and sand dunes, peopled by a handful of amphibious heretics, staggered the humanity of that day by the ease with which they held their own against the

mighty ships of Spain and Portugal. Little by little Dutchmen learned the secrets of the Far East; learned the relative prices of spices and silks, and established peaceful relations with native rulers. Portugal's unpopularity was Holland's opportunity. Her leading merchants wisely concluded that they might profit by Spanish and Portuguese failure; contest the commerce of the world, not as conquerors or even monopolists, but merely as traders who would fight only when themselves attacked.

In 1602, therefore, was formed that famous Dutch East India Company, which embodied the highest commercial spirit of the age and was a huge step in advance of anything conceived in Spain or Portugal. It was to some extent a national institution, its shares being held by the different chambers of commerce throughout the country. From the beginning it reflected the correct mercantile habits of the nation, and gained its ascendancy in the Far East by constantly holding commercial honor high. The clerks and agents of this company were held to strict accountability, were forbidden to trade on their own account and, above all, were forbidden to approach the natives in any other capacity than merchants. They sent no missionaries, and did not, in the beginning, even care to build forts. The trade they offered was so valuable that Eastern merchants found it to their interest to cultivate Dutchmen in proportion to their dislike of Portugal and Spain. In Japan the story is still current that Dutch traders were admitted when the Portuguese had been driven out, because when interrogated regarding the religion which the friars had made odious, the new-

comers answered that they were not Roman Catholics, "*they were Dutchmen!*"

The awakening of Holland as a colonial power was under conditions somewhat analogous to those under which Spain and Portugal produced her heroes. At the end of the sixteenth century the Dutch had emerged from a period of warfare against a political and religious domination which they detested, and were in exactly that state of national exaltation which fits men for enterprises of a daring nature.

At this time England and Holland had a common bond in hatred of Spain and the Papacy, and neither country had yet developed strength enough to make her progress seem a danger to that of the other.

Modern economists have had much to say against privileged trading companies, no doubt influenced by the fact that nearly all of them have ended in bankruptcy, owing to corruption and mismanagement.

The Dutch East India Company did not live to see the end of the eighteenth century, though it lived too long for its reputation; yet with all the faults of its late years, it accomplished a task at the beginning that would have been almost impossible without such an organization. The fitting out of a merchant ship three hundred years ago was almost as much of a venture as in our day the journey of Stanley across Africa. To-day the trading-ship captain has a chart of the seas he proposes to navigate; in every port he finds a consul who watches the interest of his flag; his cargo is consigned to an agent who unloads the vessel for him, loads it again, and settles all accounts with the owners. He finds assistance not merely at the hands of his own

countrymen, but from those of every other nation, and, in short, the trade to the Far East to-day resembles more a yacht cruise in one's own waters than the voyages we are considering when the Dutch East India Company was formed.

There were then almost no charts or light-houses or consuls or agents of any kind, to help the mariner in difficulty. If his ship was wrecked, the crew, as well as the cargo, were deemed the property of those into whose hands they fell. Dutch and English sailors were put to death or enslaved when they fell into Spanish or Portuguese hands—indeed in those days the white man fared better at the hands of the Japanese and Chinese coasting population, than at those of his fellow-Christians on the shores of Europe. In those days not only was war a trade, but trade itself was war, and costly as all war must be. Trade, therefore, had to be organized and treated as a form of war. Dutch merchants, before the founding of the company, had no means of regulating the interval between cargoes. A ship might enter an Eastern port after a costly journey and find that one or more ships had preceded her and overstocked the market; whereas, had those vessels come at regular intervals, each might have realized fair profit.

The Dutch East India Company was, therefore, nothing more than a practical application of commercial principles to a commercial question far beyond the capacity of a small corporation. We see the same sort of thing every day in America under the name of a "trust," which unites under one control a number of industrial enterprises of analogous character for the

purpose of economy in administration and, consequently, immunity from competition.

The original monopoly of the Dutch East India Company was a "trust" in which the chief trading communities were represented as share-owners. This trust was national to the extent that it was subject to government inspection and was the standard-bearer of Dutch power in the Eastern world. If ever there was such a thing as a beneficent monopoly it was the Dutch East India Company, so long as it was administered according to the spirit of those who framed its original constitution.

But Holland, unfortunately for her, did not live up to the constitution of her great monopoly. Her progress in the Far East was so rapid, the resistance of Spain and Portugal so feeble, that little by little she abandoned those liberal trading principles which had animated her at the outset, and entered upon a policy of exclusion which not merely involved her in war with England, but lost her the good-will of the natives, who had been her chief support from the very beginning.

She began to pass harsh laws, to limit the planting of spice-trees in order that the price might remain high—her inspectors made annual tours in order to destroy all plants in excess of those allowed by law, natives were forbidden to trade with other than Dutchmen, and they were forced to sell their products at prices that were not fixed with reference to the producers.

To enforce these laws, which recalled the tyranny of Spain and Portugal, the Dutch had necessarily to

revert to the same means—costly military establishments—forts and garrisons. Thus the profits of the company became more and more swallowed up in cost of administration.

Then too, little by little, a large permanent staff of officials grew up to watch over the enlarged administrative area, and with this force was introduced the same sort of corruption which afflicted Spain and Portugal. The original constitution of the company contemplated only trade, and in the earlier years the servants of the company were mainly sailors and clerks, with a few agents at main distributing points. But when the company departed from this principle in order to impose laws upon people with whom they had originally sought only the right to exchange European goods for an equivalent in spices, then a new departure was made—trade expansion became "empire"—a very different thing, as we shall see later on.

From 1700 on, the company, alarmed by the waning in profits, sought to improve matters by changing her officials more frequently—but the result was even worse, for the man who expected to remain but three years at his post was equally disposed to make his fortune before returning home. Clerks who left Holland on a small weekly salary returned rich men. This condition was scandalous, but the Government proved unequal to the task of introducing a reform. It is only after studying the failures of Spain and Portugal and Holland in this direction that one can appreciate England, which has commissioned many privileged companies; has checked them when they have gone wrong, called them to account without in-

terfering with their commercial usefulness, and shown the world that she can produce administrators like Cecil Rhodes and Warren Hastings without endangering the liberties of her people at home—or the rights of her colonists abroad.

The Dutch paid their officials poorly—and in consequence they secured men who attempted to make money in other ways.

To-day Germany pays her officials also very little, but this is the day of telegraphs and fast steamers —when officials at Kiao Chow or Dar es Salaam can be checked from Berlin almost as easily as though they were in Posen or Metz. But in the seventeenth century the Governor at Batavia, on a salary of 12,000 gulden, had little to fear during his term of office. There was no regular post, and all his brother officials were practically fellow-conspirators, leagued against the natives for purposes of gain. The Dutch settlements in the East Indies soon offered little advantage over those of Portugal, save in the facts that the Dutch did not interfere with native religion, and did not practise slavery to any great extent. The policy of the East India Company became more and more tyrannical and narrow, but, as its activity was limited mainly to gathering the fruits of spice-trees, there was no occasion for the employment of large bodies of slaves, as in the plantations and mines of the Portuguese and Spanish colonies. The Dutch required but a small number of servants, for domestic purposes, and slavery under such conditions caused but slight complaint. Holland attached much importance to the Cape as a station where her ships might refresh themselves on

the way to and from Java, but the Dutch East India Company, far from showing a desire to colonize the place, passed regulations which made the life of a white colonist almost intolerable. Nothing, perhaps, illustrates more completely the relative insignificance of the Cape Colony in the eyes of the Dutch than that it was made a mere appanage of Java. A crime committed at Cape Town had to be decided, when appealed, at Batavia, not at Amsterdam. It is from this long connection with Java that to-day we see so many Malays about the streets of Cape Town, though they are practically unknown in the interior or farther up the coast.

But in spite of the selfishness that characterized the Dutch East India Company toward the latter half of the seventeenth century, so excellent was the climate at this place that a thin stream of emigration found its way thither, partly Dutch, partly French Protestants—and these were from the outset at war with the repressive measures of the Dutch Government. Thus, naturally, and almost imperceptibly, was bred a race roughly analogous to the American "Frontiersman" who chafed under the restraints of old-world legislation, and whose progress was marked by perpetual warfare with natives and wild beasts. The Great Trek of 1836 would have been impossible but for the preceding generations of discontented colonists, who ended the dominion of their legal rulers by settling on the fringes of civilization and becoming a law unto themselves and to the natives who came within range of their rifles. These Boers were like the American backwoodsmen, tough in fibre, lawless as

regards the law of men whom they did not acknowledge, but devout Puritans as regards the law of God—at least that portion of it which they regarded as peculiarly suited to their requirements. Their life was not favorable to the founding of schools and churches. They became nomads—living in a huge tented ox-wagon, or "prairie-schooner," as it would be called in America. To-day, in spite of the railway, these great family ox-wagons may still be seen, drawing the Boers farther and farther from the civilization they detest. That movement must proceed as it did in America, until the "cow-boy" finds no more frontier, and must perforce accommodate himself to civilization as best he can. The spirit of the frontiersman is a strange thing, and must be understood if the history of South Africa is to be intelligible. Blood counts for much, and the Boer could not show his present tenacity of purpose did he not acknowledge his Dutch and Huguenot ancestry. But the Dutchman of Amsterdam can no more understand the Boer than could the cultivated New Englander understand the people of his own race who lived by choice a life of savagery beyond the Mississippi fifty years ago. Legislators of to-day commit the common mistake of regarding the De Wets and Cronjes and Krugers as Europeans who in our day have become rebels. We are apt to think of them as of the emigrants who land in New York, and in a few months become voters or anarchists. We cannot accustom ourselves to the historic evolution of a man who has been two hundred years an outlaw—who has been suckled on principles which we count as treasonable, but which his leaders regard as conform-

ity to the will of God. It is the Boer and not the Englishman who conquered the upland of South Africa; he it is who represents white aristocracy from the Zambesi to Cape Town; he regards himself as the superior man, physically and morally, and he resents scornfully the pretension of any government toward suzerainty over him. In a rough way his case bears analogy to that of the strange community of English Boers who, with a peculiar religion, hardy constitutions, and boundless ignorance, penetrated the American desert and created a splendid isolation for themselves in Utah. These people asked no favors of the United States, save to be let alone; they occupied land which was of no value save through the irrigation which they introduced; they minded their own business, assisted in spreading the white race amidst savage tribes, and, with the one exception of polygamy, did nothing to excite the ill-will of the paramount government.

But precious metals were discovered in their neighborhood, the New England Yankee knocked at the Mormon gates; he was refused admission—so he went in without. The fight commenced, and now the Mormon figures in American political life just as any other white man, no more and no less. The Mormon had thought himself as strong physically, as he conceived himself to be theologically infallible. When his mistake was demonstrated, he conformed to the new order of things; and so will the Boer.

As one who has been hospitably entertained by the Boers in lonely farm-houses, who has found among them men of rounded culture, of honorable instincts,

and fine physical courage, the subject is for me not an easy one to treat without causing misunderstanding. In situations that are paradoxical, it is hard to make any statement not open to contradiction. There are so many different kinds of Boers, that in using the word I am conscious that it comprises almost as much variety as the word Englishman—which includes the Piccadilly dandy and the East End costermonger.

The Boer most in evidence of late is he of the Kruger * type—the man who hugs the memory of Slaagter's Nek. The average Englishman knows no more of Slaagter's Nek than he does of Nathan Hale, the Yale graduate whose hanging during the Revolutionary War determined the execution of Major André. But every American school-boy reveres the memory of Nathan Hale, and the Kruger Boer holds in sacred recollection the martyrs of Slaagter's Nek.

The story in a nutshell is that the English Government, in 1815, condemned to death and hanged half a dozen Boers who had defied the authority of the English courts and had been guilty of rebellion against the Crown. The case was perfectly clear—quite as clear as that of Jameson in 1896—but a large part of Boer public sentiment, even while deprecating the action of the rebels, refused to admit the right of England to govern the colony which Holland had ceded to her in the year of Waterloo. The Boers did not read much, and cared little for the opinion of

* In the spelling of Kruger I am following the orthography employed by the late President himself in my presence. Why the English and American press persists in putting two dots over the u I cannot understand.—P. B.

learned jurists. They believed, with the late Henry George, that land should be the property of those who made good use of it, and in their opinion it was they and not the English who were improving the soil of South Africa. Thus from the very beginning, British expansion in South Africa caused a succession of conflicts with the Boers, who, though overborne by numbers, always retired—undismayed, if not undefeated.

In the early days—before 1815—the Dutch Government disliked the Boer, and persecuted him more than ever did the English in the succeeding years. But that fact has been lost sight of nowadays, when the Dutch of Holland seek to demonstrate that the Boer is their kith and kin. The German now speaks in the most affectionate way of his cousin, the Boer, for it is the fashion to pretend that the Boers would naturally welcome German or Dutch control in South Africa. But this view is entertained by people who take counsel of their hopes rather than of history. The Boer dislikes the Hollander cordially—their ways are very far apart, and the supercilious clerk of Rotterdam excites only contempt in Pretoria. He was tolerated because Dr. Leyds declared him necessary.

As for the official German, the Boer of South Africa knows him as a neighbor far more dangerous than England. Efforts were made after the Jameson Raid to trek away into German West Africa, but those who took part in this came back so much discouraged that they effectually put an end to all desire of nearer acquaintance with their cousins from Berlin. Indeed, contact with official Germany has done much to reconcile the Boer to his lot under the English flag.

The Boer of the Kruger type, who has been the foremost in ambushing the advance column of English progress, is grossly misrepresented when credited with a preference among European governments. He distrusts them all equally. He looks upon the man of modern Europe as the Puritans of the Restoration looked upon frivolous cavaliers.

Of all Holland's great colonial empire South Africa is the only land where the white man has bred a strong race, and where Dutch is spoken. To be sure, the Dutch of South Africa is not intelligible to a classically bred professor of Leyden—it bears the same relation to the mother-tongue as does the jargon of German-Switzerland to the academical accents of Hanover or Bremen. Each can understand the other, after a preliminary course of misunderstanding—much as Spaniards get along with Portuguese, or Norwegians with Danes. The Dutch tongue may live for some time yet as a secondary language in certain portions of the country, but every Boer recognizes, even to-day, that English is necessary for him, if he wishes to move out into the broad current of modern life; and thus without any special legislation on the subject, Dutch will become obsolete. The Huguenots gave up their speech for Dutch, the Boers will surrender theirs for English.

A learned German official recently justified the exclusion of Boers from German West Africa on the ground that it would be a national disgrace if Dutch prevailed in a German colony!

The Germans are not the only ones who have sought to compel language to follow the flag, and

they will probably recognize their mistake as others have had to—too late. The Government of Paul Kruger made desperate efforts, in 1896, to drive English out of the Transvaal schools and to substitute Dutch in its stead, but the result was that Boers sent their children to the Orange Free State, where more liberal maxims prevailed.

It is no small praise to the Dutch character to recall that Boers and Anglo-Saxons are the only colonists that have kept their blood pure. The Portuguese and Spaniards not merely tolerated the abominable practice of cohabitation with negroes, they even encouraged it as a means of more rapidly producing a population calculated to withstand tropical climates.

In early New England, as among the Boers, the Bible was at the bottom of this disinclination to mingle with the native. The Boer looked upon the Kaffir as the Englishman of 1620 looked upon the red Indian, as one of the heathen tribes which they, as a chosen people, were called upon to exterminate, after the example set by Joshua, and, indeed, Joshua reminds me much of Paul Kruger.

XV

THE DUTCH COLONIST OF TO-DAY

"They (the American backwoodsmen of 1776) were relentless, revengeful, suspicious, knowing neither ruth nor pity; they were also upright, resolute, and fearless; loyal to their friends and devoted to their country."—ROOSEVELT, "Winning of the West," I., 133.

Traces of Holland in New York—Transvaal—British Guiana—Contrast of Boer and Dutchman

IF any general proposition regarding colonies could be maintained, it would possibly be that colonial prosperity follows colonial liberty. Sometimes liberty in the colonies has preceded liberty in the mother-country. The advantage which Holland originally possessed (1600) over her Spanish and Portuguese rivals was largely due to greater commercial liberality. So long as she had no other rivals her relative superiority remained, but she clung to her system long after it had proved inferior to that of England.

Yet the traveller to-day marvels at the permanent impression left by the early Dutch upon colonies which have long ceased to be theirs. Even to-day the most substantial buildings in the Hudson River Valley are massive stone farm-houses recalling the government of the Dutch East India Company, which in 1621 occupied New York as a trading post. But

the Dutchman of New York was no match for the Yankee from Connecticut and Massachusetts—no chartered company could hold its own against such competition. The Swedes who had planted colonies in Delaware and New Jersey shared the same fate. It was no act of government that killed these colonial efforts, for at that time New York presented but slight strategic importance either to the soldier or the trader. The Dutch and Swedish colonists remained and flourished, but their children preferred the English language, for purely practical reasons. Dutch dominion in North America is now recalled to the tourist only by such names as " Kaater's Kill Clove; " " Spuyten Duyvil; " " Hoboken; " " Harlem," etc.

At the Cape of Good Hope, Dutch occupation is at once suggested by the many massive quaint gables that adorn the residences of former proprietors from Amsterdam and The Hague. These buildings, of which, perhaps, that of the Constantia estate is the most interesting example, were eminently suited to English requirements, and the style has been perpetuated over a large portion of the Cape Colony. There is a grand yet cosy atmosphere about these estates; magnificent straight avenues of shade-trees; gardens surrounded by massive hedges, and a cultivation strangely minute when compared to the slovenly agriculture of the Transvaal.

If a stranger, without previous knowledge, were to inspect the Boer Republics from a balloon, he would conclude that he was in a land of American cow-boys, to judge from the architecture prevailing. The separation of the Boer from his mother-country is much

more complete than the separation of the Cape Town Englishman from the Cape Town Dutchman. One might roughly draw an analogy by saying that the American from Boston has more in common with an Englishman than with a cow-boy of Arizona, or an old-time miner of California. The Bostonian has propagated on American soil the institutions and social forms of his English ancestors. But the same American, moving into the Far West, is compelled, for the sake of mere existence, to improvise a new society, new means of self-protection, and even new implements for his daily work. One generation of such life has produced in America a race of men speaking a slang of their own; familiar with Indian and Mexican peculiarities; holding a strange code of political if not of moral ethics; full of violent contrasts—bravery and bragging; profanity and piety; tenderness and cruelty; generous in hospitality, yet handling a revolver with fatal facility. Place the American frontiersman in a Boston drawing-room and you have a contrast no less startling than had you introduced a Chinaman. Introduce the conventional Englishman of education into the same drawing-room, and by comparison the difference is scarcely worth noting. The Bostonian and the man of London will have a thousand points of sympathetic contact in literature, art, municipal problems, social evolution, administrative reforms, international politics, and the endless chain of interests that bind together the great commercial cities of the world. The same Bostonian would listen with bulging eyes and distracted ears to his kinsman from the foot-hills of the Rocky Moun-

tains. He would marvel at a jargon, part Spanish, part Indian, part American; an etymology and grammar of racy recklessness, and a range of ideas wholly outside of anything dreamed of in the academic routine of our venerable colleges.

The same contrast is afforded by a study of the actual Boer of Pretoria and the actual Dutchman of Amsterdam or even Cape Town. When Paul Kruger paid his first visit to the British Governor-General at the Cape, local rumor said that the single concession he made to European civilization was to remove his boots when invading the linen sheets of his host. This story is not necessarily true, but its currency in Cape Town indicates the local feeling regarding the relative civilization of the Transvaal Boer and the old country Dutch.

At the Cape I recall with infinite gratitude a Dutch Colonial Dame—a charming widow—whose house was a rendezvous for the most interesting social elements, English no less than Dutch. She showed me a house full of rare Dutch tiles and porcelain ware, delicate wood-carvings, and a few well-chosen studies by Dutch masters. She spoke French, German, and English as well as she did Dutch, and in her company it seemed that I was in the house of an Amsterdam merchant prince, rather than 6,000 miles away among people who glory in the name of Boer. Her service was performed by tidily uniformed servants; her table appointments left nothing to be desired.

From the drawing-room of this lady to that of the Governor-General was a step that did not perceptibly change one's social surroundings. The important in-

habitants of Cape Town, whether English or Dutch by extraction, viewed social and even political obligations from very much the same point of view. There was a general consensus of opinion that on the whole the English Government was about the best that the colony could wish and that, while there was plenty of occasion for grumbling in local matters, all were practically united on the broad question of the flag that was to dominate.

The Boer of Cape Town looked upon the Boer of the Transvaal as a species of anachronistic cow-boy, who had his rough virtues, but must perforce yield to the advancing tide of railway progress. The idea that South Africa should ever become a Dutch community under Transvaal leadership was no more seriously entertained in 1896, in Cape Town, than in America that the government should pass under the yoke of Mormonism.

In the parlors of Cape Town, Paul Kruger is an anomaly no less strange than the Arizona "cow-puncher" in a Beacon Street Club. Paul Kruger represents the Boer who has spent his life in an ox-wagon; to whom civilization has appeared mainly as a constraint upon liberty. Circumstances have forced him now to live under a roof, and to conform somewhat to the habits of white men in other parts of the world, but all this he does with manifest reluctance and to the smallest possible extent.

When I first had the honor of visiting this strange man, he had outside of his house an encampment of mounted burghers by way of military escort; at the same time there was not even a black girl to open his

front door. His house was not merely conspicuous by its shabbiness, but much more so by the evidence of neglect on the part of its occupiers. It looked to me as though the President wished for private reasons to advertise his indifference to civilized habits, in the same way that some representatives of labor think it well to roll up their shirt-sleeves before mounting the platform.

Paul Kruger at the head of the Transvaal in 1896 was as strange a sight as Mr. Richard Croker would be as President of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Holland has left a deep impression at Cape Town, but her footprints can be scarcely recognized in the alleged Republic beyond the Vaal River.

In South America the Dutch had once a grand colonial opportunity in what is now British Guiana, a colony which to-day, in spite of the low price of sugar, forms an important element of the English Colonial Empire. Demerara is a clean and busy town, cut up by straight canals full of splendid water-lilies, some of them so big that a baby could float away on one. Even to-day, though the Dutch language is no longer heard, Dutch law prevails, and also Dutch tidiness and Dutch love for flower-gardens and canals. Under British auspices and freedom British Guiana has made progress, but Dutch Guiana next door has not proved so successful, in spite of the fact that both colonies have practically the same soil and climate.*

* In 1890 British Guiana exported to the extent of more than $12,000,000, while the exports of Dutch Guiana amounted to less than $2,000,000. The revenues of the British colony for 1890 were almost $3,000,000, while in the neighboring Dutch colony they were but $617,000.

English has practically driven out the Dutch language, even in Dutch Guiana.

While at Demerara, the present Auditor General, Mr. Darnell Davis, expressed himself as quite satisfied with Guiana as a place in which to bring up white children, and he pointed to many instances in support of his statement. He himself is a good illustration of the fact that even in the tropics the white man may develop high literary activity.

The poverty of Dutch Guiana consisted not in the fact that the English flag supplanted that of Holland, but that English energy, common-sense, and good government took the place of an administration conceived in the spirit of monopoly.

In the Far East to-day the Dutch have a magnificent empire, but administrative short-sightedness has done much to limit their development of her islands there.

The years most fortunate for Java were those during the Napoleonic wars, when an English Governor reformed her colonial administration in the spirit of greater commercial liberty. This was the famous Sir Stamford Raffles, the founder of Singapore.

When the English surrendered Java in 1816, even the Dutch Government realized that it could not return wholly to the antiquated system of exclusion that had characterized the previous administration, and an effort was made at something in the nature of a compromise. Reforms were tolerated which would have seemed revolutionary in the seventeenth century, but which in our own seem strangely inadequate. Slavery was nominally forbidden, but a species of servitude existed which amounted pretty much to the same thing. The whole island was over-governed, and the

administration encouraged the exploiting of the colony for the white official, with scant regard for the colonist, whether white, yellow, or brown. Java presents to-day a magnificent picture of superficially successful colonization.

XVI

THE BOER AT HOME

"*The struggle (1776–1783) was a revolt against the whole mental attitude of Britain in regard to America, rather than against any one special act or set of acts.*"—ROOSEVELT, "Winning of the West," I., p. 37.

Domestic Life of the Boer To-day—Comparison between South Africa and North America

THERE are Boers and Boers. Here is mine. At the close of day, shortly after the Jameson Raid, we reached the Caledon River, which separates Basutoland from the Orange Free State. The river was swollen, and the leaders of my Cape cart floundered amidst the bowlders at the bottom of this rapid stream. The water rose above the floor of our vehicle, and for a moment it looked as though we might be swept away—horses, wagon, baggage, and all. While matters were at their worst, there appeared on the other side of the stream the figure of a long-bearded horseman, one arm waving up into the blazing sunset like a benevolent semaphore to a ship in distress. We followed his mute directions, and soon our four plucky ponies were scrambling up the steep bank—in safety, it is true, yet so banged about were we that, after escaping disaster by water, it looked as though we were reserved for a general smash in the ruts and gullies of the veldt.

It was a venerable Boer who had signalled us to a safe crossing, and when we were face to face he inspected us critically, and asked the usual questions as to whence we had come, whither we were going, who we were, and of what nation. My companion was English, I was American, and we had come from breaking bread with the Governor of a British Protectorate. The Jameson Raid was fresh in all men's minds, and we were asking hospitality of a Boer. He wasted few words, gave an ambiguous grunt by way of telling us that we might put up at his ranch, and galloped away to tell his wife that two "tenderfeet" were on the way and she must grind a bit more coffee.

So we steered slowly in his wake across country on the open prairie, along a trail where the horses had to pick their way as they would in the foot-hills of Colorado. From an elevation the African veldt seems one vast, smooth plain, but the rider feels the gullies and other pitfalls which may break his springs or his horses' legs, albeit too insignificant for notice at a distance. The lonesome prairie was relieved here and there by strange, flat-topped, isolated mounds rising straight up out of the dead level of endless desolation, suggesting, in the deep glow of the dying sun, monster coffins resting upon a burning crust. The effect was powerful, for in Africa the sky seems nearer, the stars shine more intensely, and the setting sun burns so fiercely that the shadows of rocks and square-topped mountains run along to the eastward like streams of liquid black. Things far away seemed close at hand, and it was a long stretch of bumping to us before we reached the cabin whose wreath of

smoke from the hospitable chimney we had followed for many miles. It was a cold reception that we got, measured by the forms laid down at dancing-school, but so far as practical details were concerned it was beyond praise. The long-bearded Boer fetched his lantern and showed us a shed where our cattle could find shelter for the night. Of course we did the manual work ourselves, in which we had silent but effective assistance from our host. After "outspanning," rubbing the horses down, and giving them a good measure of oats from the stores of our host, we were led to the pump, where we washed our hands before entering the house to make the acquaintance of his family.

Anyone who has seen the pioneer ranchman's home in the Wild West of America can readily picture to himself the sort of home a Boer farmer would have in a country where roads and even bridges are wanting; where land is cheap but everything else is dear; where houses are many miles apart; where black labor is both scarce and bad; where the white man is thrown upon his own resources to an extent wholly unknown in Europe or the settled sections of America. These surroundings are not conducive to grand pianos, billiard-tables, oil paintings, or even books. No postman raps at the ranch door, and to go shopping means the loss of a full day with a team of horses. Under such conditions men read few books, but they read them often; small-talk does not flourish, but men's minds are tempered in the fire of silence and concentrated thought. The Boer who led us into his house had come to this country as a child, with the

Great Trek of 1836; his ancestors had come to the Cape a hundred and fifty years before that.

As he opened the door of his cabin we were greeted by his stolid and rotund wife and a flaxen-haired and very pretty daughter about eighteen years old. They did not smile or tell the conventional lie that they were delighted to see us, but each shook hands with us by way of letting us know that they intended, for that night at least, to spare us the discomfort of sleeping out on the prairie.

Nothing was said on either side, and we sat on chairs which were backed up against the wall, while mother and daughter laid the cloth—a nice clean one—and prepared supper. Several rifles were on pegs above the door; some pictures taken from Christmas numbers of illustrated weeklies brightened the walls; there was a vast, florid, old-fashioned Dutch clock, and in one corner of the room an American parlor organ of very small size. Among the few books were a Dutch Bible, Longfellow's poems, and a Shakespeare, besides a few books on cattle diseases, horse-breaking, and one or two religious books whose names I forget. Dutch was the language of the family, but all were familiar with English as well. Two or three young Boers joined the party, and these also sat silently about the room, much as though it was a corpse we were expecting, instead of a very welcome supper.

Slowly the Boer mind was absorbing us; for the Africander gives his confidence to few, and where he gives it, there it remains. I knew them well enough to know that this process of mental digestion ought

not to be disturbed, so I played Quaker mee 'n a manner designed to create the impression t this was exactly the sort of social hilarity to whic. I was accustomed at home.

The supper was delicious; there was plenty of milk and bread, meat, and stewed fruit. I drank bout a bucket of milk, and this seemed to reassure my host, whose idea of the Outlander was of one who required " fire-water " with his food. Of course there was coffee, which, however, I did not touch. As the meal progressed, the family waxed communicative, and the old lady's heart softened when my friend informed her that I had not merely sung in the choir of my college, but had actually experimented once with Sunday-school teaching. From that moment I felt that the prodigal son could give me no further points. I felt as though I owned the place, and the daughter grew beautiful as she became unconscious of herself and joined in the chaff and laughter. With the old man I talked politics, including the Jameson Raid, and with the daughter I sang simple songs—German Volkslieder and negro melodies. At about nine o'clock the long-bearded Boer pulled the great Bible from its shelf, and with a deep, earnest voice read some verses from the Old Testament. It was about Joshua smiting the Outlanders of Palestine and fighting savagely for the preservation of a peculiar religion. I do not know whether my host selected this particular chapter for the benefit of his guests, or whether it just happened that we came in for a text which appeared to have a strange significance at that moment—for had I not been but a few days before with the leaders of

the [illegible]ander movement?—all of them jailed up in Pret[illegible]!

After the Bible-reading, a hymn was sung, and then the whole family knelt in prayer, following the strong words of this grand old apostle as he appealed to the throne of God for guidance in the perplexities of life.

This is the Boer, thought I, that people in England do not see much of. He does not play at politics; he does not button-hole newspaper men; he is rarely heard save in the midst of his family. He owns no gold-mines, and is happy to grow up and die in the peaceful enjoyment of the little which Providence has allowed him to have. Such men love peace—but when they fight they keep at it a long time.

That night I slept on a hard bed, but it was clean, with white cotton sheets. The floor of my bedroom was mother earth, and the walls and ceiling were rough enough. In the morning a towel was given to me and the neighborhood of the pump was indicated —and my wash was none the worse for being in the open air.

There was plenty of roughness in these Boers, but no coarseness. Their speech was elementary, but with them I felt a wholesome nearness to nature and to things real. Civilization is a polite word for a monstrous mass of shams, and when things shall be straightened out at the Judgment Day, I make no doubt that there will be a surprise in store for those who are now satisfied that they are more civilized than my Boer friend on the borders of Basutoland.

The good people gave us coffee before we started next morning, and begged us to stop with them when

next we travelled that road. We tried to pay for our entertainment—the mere idea was an offence to them. Of course we paid for what forage our four horses had consumed—that was quite another sort of transaction; but so far as the inside of the Boer's house was concerned, we entered it as guests, and we left it as members of his family.

I have been the guest in this fashion of many Boers —in the Transvaal as well as in the Orange Free State. There may be worse Boers and there may be better. It is not my purpose to generalize—I tell merely what I saw.

XVII

THE SCANDINAVIAN COLONIST

"The Tropics will become more and more the source of food supply for the world."—JOSIAH STRONG, "Expansion," p. 42, ed. 1900.

Denmark in the West Indies—A Canoe Cruise Round St. Thomas—Negroes in Santa Cruz

DENMARK, Norway, and Sweden—and we ought to include Finland as a former Swedish province, though not of Scandinavian origin—these countries with a common religion, contiguous territory, common love for the sea, offer something of a paradox in colonial history. Each of these countries sends forth each year a large number of her children to the United States, where they command better remuneration than those of any other nation. The best ships of the world are glad to have among their crew the element they represent, and the Norwegians have almost a monopoly in the manning of American yachts. Throughout the world, Scandinavians are met with wherever men are required who combine personal courage, education, and fidelity. They seem to have all the virtues which fit men to found and carry on colonies, yet they have none of their own worth mentioning.

Norway, which has shown perhaps the least ambi-

tion to possess colonies, is a practical democracy like Switzerland. The less democratic Denmark and the comparatively aristocratic Sweden have made one or two efforts of insignificant character.

On a cruise through the West Indies, not long since, I fell in with an intelligent and prosperous Scotch planter, who had been home on his holiday and was returning to his estates on the Danish island of Santa Cruz. Of the many planters I had met among the Antilles he was one of the few who had nothing to complain of, yet he was *not* under the English flag, and was on an island which had suffered by the abolition of slavery, quite as much as any other. He asked me to come and pay him a visit, promising me at the same time that I should on the spot find an answer to many questions which vexed me. But he advised me first to visit St. Thomas, the chief Danish island. So we parted to meet again in a few weeks.

At St. Thomas I unshipped my little cruising canoe for a circumnavigation—to discover what there was Danish about the place. There was a little pink fort with a handful of fair-haired, blue-eyed soldiers and officials, some working in a vegetable garden, and evidently strangers in the place. I had to pay a tax of $2 for the right to leave the harbor, and for this I got a pass in the Danish language. But aside from this there was scant evidence of Scandinavian influence in the place.

On the streets were English signs, and the Anglo-Saxon had stamped his impress everywhere, not by act of government, but by the obvious desire of the community. At the boat-landing I accosted a vener-

able negro fisherman for particulars about the coast. He spoke only English; told me his name was "Uncle Ned," and offered to pilot me all the way round, to say nothing of acting as steward, cook, or general utility man. But when he saw my craft, which had a beam of thirty inches and weighed eighty pounds net, he shook his woolly head solemnly, and said that: "De good God won't nebber forgib you for tempting Providence in dat yere fiddle-box."

However, his love of praise won the day, and he fitted out his boat with $2-worth of bananas, cocoanuts, rice, sugar, chickens—in fact a good supply for a week. It was worth the journey to see Uncle Ned throw his head in the air, and patronize his fellow-blacks, and expatiate upon the canoe, which he described to his fellows as an "American submarine torpedo boat." For the sake of peace I had warned him not to touch it for fear of an explosion, and even to-day I am not penitent for that departure from truth.

The chief port of St. Thomas is the ideal refuge for the pirate and smuggler, for it is divided by a long narrow island, the land end of which is separated from the main island by such shallow water that only coasting craft can get from one side to the other. And thus were the pursuing men-of-war decoyed in the olden days. They chased their light-draught enemy into port at St. Thomas, and while they followed him in on one side of the long narrow dividing island, the cunning freebooter slipped out at the other side, by a passage impassable to a man-of-war. Out through this channel I went, and I could take soundings with my double-bladed paddle.

Uncle Ned was right—Providence took her revenge—and a squall capsized the canoe. But no harm was done, for she was righted again and finished the circumnavigation. Each night we slept out in our respective boats, and Uncle Ned proved himself a master-cook, particularly with boiled chicken and rice stewed up with a species of curry sauce. This black man watched over me as though I had been his baby, and over a camp-fire, on the edge of a coral reef, he gave vent to his aspirations, which were to be an Englishman under the Stars and Stripes. As to the details of this proposition, he was not particular—his political philosophy went no further than observing that English and Americans spoke the same language, had money to spend, and gave the negro, on the whole, a pretty good time. As to the Dane, Uncle Ned bore him no ill-will, but, from his point of view, the Anglo-Saxon brought prosperity.

My cruise was instructive in so far as it proved, at least to my own satisfaction, the very small impression produced in this place by a government representing one of the most vigorous branches of the European family.

Denmark has been for many years ready to sell this island to the United States, and at one time (1870) General Grant had arranged the purchase for $7,000,000. The Danish King published a pathetic farewell address to his loyal and dearly beloved subjects in the West Indies. The bargain was on the point of being consummated, and the loyal subjects had become scandalously jubilant over the prospect of ceasing to be Danish, when the American Senate

refused consent, and the West Indian blacks who had bought American flags furled them up against a better day.

Let us recall also that two centuries ago the Great Elector of Brandenburg, whose descendant now occupies the Imperial Throne of Germany, colonized St. Thomas. Of this occupation I could find no visible trace in 1890.

The Danish Government has not succeeded in the West Indies—it has made its colonial experiment, and is now quite willing that others should take over the unprofitable venture. Had she many islands like England, things might have turned out better, for the cost of administration would not have been relatively so heavy. Many of England's islands are unprofitable, but she has so many successful ones that she can afford a few failures. Her operations may be compared to those of a great steamship company which can afford to have a wreck now and then and treat her losses with equanimity. Denmark is in the position of a shipping firm with but one or two vessels—the loss of one means almost ruin.

From a commercial point of view it is desirable that all the West Indian islands be under one flag. The territories are so small, that one governor and staff could do the work now laid upon several. A judge to-day could hold court in several islands, where in past times the absence of steam would have made such an operation difficult—not to say dangerous. It is England which to-day gives the most satisfactory government in the West Indies, and, speaking purely from the stand-point of political economy, it is reason-

able to think that the colonists of the French, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish West Indies would be better off, as planters and merchants, for a change to the Union Jack. Aside from England, the French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe are the only ones in which the home government has made a deep impression by means of religion and language, but not so deep but that the colonists would very soon be satisfied with an administration that cost them less money, guaranteed them local liberty in the way of language and religion, and, better than all, promised them a better market for their produce.

Since the abolition of slavery and the adoption of free trade in England, the English West Indies have not been prosperous—indeed many plantations have been abandoned completely. No doubt the past generation of planters grew up with bad business methods —they expected that sugar would always remain high, they lived too much away from their estates, and no business can prosper that does not receive personal attention. The price of sugar went down, and there was not on hand a breed of planters qualified to meet the new economic situation created by bounties to beet-root sugar on the continent of Europe. The estates were mortgaged—new machinery was not used, and planters trusted to a change of luck rather than to their own efforts.

Then to aggravate a situation already bad enough, the official administration was very costly—even though efficient. A little West India island with no more territory than a big farm and no revenue worth mentioning, was weighted with an official staff that

would have sufficed for an East Indian state as large as France—and equally populous.

Little impoverished islands persisted in living as though they expected each day a restoration of their pristine importance. They had lost much of their commercial as well as their strategic value in the eyes of the mother-country, and were, consequently, regarded as merely tiresome when they persisted in complaints for redress. The British press was too busy chronicling progress at the Antipodes in Africa and India to give much time to a question that was very complicated, and promised to excite very little public interest.

And so it happens that the British West Indies today look less to London for prosperity, and more to New York. What the Briton wants is liberty and self-government. He will take a plantation in Sumatra or a ranch in Texas, so long as his rights are respected and there are prospects of doing well. So far as the West Indies are concerned, he will settle in Cuba as cheerfully as in Jamaica. No man moves his domicile so easily as does the Anglo-Saxon—and no man holds so tightly to his nationality. If the Anglo-Saxon drifts readily to the British flag, it is because that flag represents liberty and good government. He settles under other flags whenever they promise him equal advantages.

XVIII

SOME NOTES FROM THE DANISH WEST INDIES MADE IN SANTA CRUZ

"We (the United States) could not view an interposition for oppressing them (the Spanish-American Republics) or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. . . . The American continents should no longer be subjects for any new European colonial settlements." [PRESIDENT MONROE, 1822.]

Influence of English Language—A Successful Planter—How to Treat the Blacks

ON the night of February 9, 1889, after a day in St. Thomas, I jumped into my canoe *Caribbee* and paddled off to a rakish-looking fore-and-aft schooner of forty-nine tons bound for Santa Cruz, another Danish island. The night was lighted by brilliant stars. The moon, young but precocious, like most things in the tropics, shone upon the well-flattened sails of the schooner as strongly as would a full-grown moon in our less luxuriant north.

The rakish-looking craft was the *Vigilant*—famous not merely by reason of her great age, but as having achieved renown in the various rôles of pirate, privateer, slaver, man-of-war, and lastly, mail packet. Although it was recorded that she was built in Baltimore in 1790, she is to-day one of the fastest boats

of her size in these waters, making her forty-mile run from port to port usually in four hours, and with the punctuality of a steamer. She is of great beam, and illustrates how the principles governing ship-building in the last century differed, in the United States, but little from those of to-day. On remarking to the negro captain upon the perfect manner in which his sails set, he told me that they were of cotton and made in New York. This *Vigilant* is much of a pet in Caribbean waters, and her captain is as proud of his little craft as any North Atlantic skipper of his 18,000 tonner. Before I had been an hour on board passengers and crew had laid before me the fullest evidence, direct and circumstantial, touching the political, social, and historical value of the *Vigilant*. The Danish Governor always travelled in her when visiting Santa Cruz, and occupied usually the middle "Dog House" on the starboard side. Lest it be assumed that kennels are here substituted for cabins, let me explain that the term "Dog House" is applied to a species of chicken-coop about six feet long, thirty inches wide and thirty-six inches high, in which the most favored of the passengers spend the night. These sleeping-boxes are lashed securely to the poop rail, and form six sleeping compartments of the most desirable kind, owing to the ventilation secured by means of lattice work, which faces, of course, away from the rail. The schooner provides a mattress, two little pillows, and a sheet; passengers are not expected to undress beyond slipping off their shoes and coat, the latter being then thrown about the shoulders. Lying thus in a "Dog House," as in a palanquin, one can chat with the captain until sleep comes, or be enter-

tained by observing how the vessel is worked, for the sliding doors can be opened to such an extent as to give one the feeling of sleeping on the deck, protected by a wooden canopy on three sides.

In 1825 the *Vigilant* first took her place in history. It seems that the Danish Government had despatched a war-vessel to hunt down a Spanish pirate who made a business of cruising between St. Thomas and Porto Rico, much to the discouragement of honest sailors trading in these waters. But the clumsy Danish warrior was too big and too slow to follow the Spaniard in the intricate channels and over the shallows which the pirate knew by heart, and people began to lose faith in the power of the Danish Navy to protect them. In this hour of darkness, however, as on most occasions of the same kind, a young deliverer sprang up in the shape of a gallant Danish officer, who submitted a scheme for beating this Spanish freebooter at his own game. Picking out thirty men with a taste for the sport, he sailed away from Santa Cruz with this same little forty-nine-tonner, and in a few hours sighted the pirate. The *Vigilant* was, of course, mistaken for a merchantman, as she sailed along the mountainous shores of St. Thomas, keeping her crew well out of sight, and raising in the Spaniard's mind the prospect of a short and easy struggle. Local history says that when the pirate ran alongside and her crew were in the act of boarding, the gallant Norsemen sprang up as one man and delivered a volley so galling that the enemy was demoralized and routed, with slaughter so great that the Spanish deck ran with blood for several minutes after the fight was done.

From this time on the *Vigilant* has never ceased to

be highly respectable, and has entwined herself to such a degree in the affections of the people, that when, in 1876, she disappeared in eleven fathoms of water by reason of a hurricane, nothing would do but have her fished up and once more sent shuttling up and down between St. Thomas and Santa Cruz—a journey she makes so regularly and methodically as to give rise to a plausible superstition, that she finds her own way over the intervening forty miles without compass, chart, or rudder, and that she would speedily pass into dissolution should any irreverent owner seek to force her to run elsewhere than on her present route.

My fare between the two islands was $2.50, or ten shillings, which included the use of one of the dog houses. Even at this price I am told that the packet would not pay expenses but for a government mail subsidy. In addition to the fare, each passenger is forced to get a passport at a charge of thirty-two cents, a strange rule when it is remembered that both islands are under the same governor.

At nine o'clock of the morning following my arrival in Christianstaedt, I took my seat in the " Royal Danish Mail Coach," for a ride of about twelve miles, to visit my Scotch friend.

The custom-house flanked one side of the square from which we started. Close to this was a miniature fortress painted pink, opposite to which was the Caribbean Sea. To get my ticket for the mail I went before a flaxen-haired Danish official, who pocketed a dollar, and in return stamped me a piece of cardboard entitling me to a seat. Of the West Indies no islands can show cleaner towns, more polite negroes, or better evidences of good government than those of Den-

mark. Despotism is the rule, but it is the despotism of a gentle master rather than that of an "overseer." Its laws read as though conceived in the dark ages, but being applied with intelligence and promptness, they excite little dissatisfaction. Responsibilities are laid upon planters, such as inspecting highways, preventing smuggling, taking a part in legislation, burdens not only heavy in themselves, but carrying penalties with them if neglected; yet my Scotch friend, who had lived here thirty-three years, defended the laws most stoutly as being the foundation of what prosperity they enjoyed.

He is full of energy and good sense. He applies to his planting principles common in other industrial pursuits, and consequently has little fault to find. Every other year he makes a run to Europe for seven or eight months, by this means invigorating both body and mind, so as to resist the effect which perpetual summer is apt to have upon even the strongest constitutions. He is reputed rich, his estate bears at least evidence that he is not in need of capital; he understands his people, and they in turn bear goodwill in their eyes when they see him; he understands thoroughly the laws under which he lives and accepts with cheerfulness the varied duties which the Danish Government forces upon him. Especially does he select for praise the statute which places a heavy tax, some $700 a year, I think, upon those who attempt to play the rôle of absentee landlord. Much of the prosperity of Santa Cruz my friend traced to the fact that the estates are blessed with the presence of those who own them; that these owners are not able to foist their local responsibilities upon mercenary agents; that the

negroes are in daily contact with the men most deeply concerned in the welfare of the island, and consequently less apt to suffer from neglect or harshness. To this absentee law my Scotch friend attributed the fact that no other of the West Indies could show so healthy a state of feeling between black and white as Santa Cruz.

The negro, thought my friend, must not be bullied, neither must he be given a free rein. You must have your orders strictly carried out, but, on the other hand, you must be considerate in framing these orders. When the black mother is nursing her child, and the father has a sore foot, then is the time to visit them and show kindly feeling. The negro cares less for money than the white man, but attaches greater importance to sentiment.

The Royal Danish Mail Coach had its official character stamped behind in Scandinavian script, and before starting the mail-bags were carefully locked into the rear box by a fair-haired officer of the Government. A few limp-looking soldiers belonging to the pink fort across the way, continued to throw over the scene a suggestion of Danish rule in the Caribbean Sea, which suggestion might easily have been strengthened by the presence of a Danish uniform on the box seat. But our driver was not even a Dane; worse than that, he could speak not a word of Scandinavian, was black as tar, and looked as though just from a Carolina cotton-field.

With a crack of his long-lashed " bull-whacker," our vehicle left the pretty square; and flaxen soldiers, officials, pink fort, and the vision of Denmark immediately faded along with them. Our " Royal Mail " was

a Yankee "rockaway" country wagon; our team was made up of one little mule and one horse to match; no one that we met spoke anything but English; the currency was dollars and cents; the plantations that we passed were for the most part owned by English, Irish, and Scotch, and the local names had little in them to suggest any but British or American ownership.

Our black driver of the Royal Postwagon told me about the general riot in 1878, in which the blacks gutted the towns and burnt most of the plantations—not, so far as I could gather, from any conspiracy, but rather from a universal feeling of being unjustly treated, which needed only a little rum, a little mob, and a little talk, to develop into a little riot for whose suppression the little Danish garrison proved totally inadequate.

This riot was the legitimate outgrowth of one in 1848, which ran its course much in the same way and marks the year in which slavery was abolished in the Danish West Indies. The abolition of slavery, however, did little for the comfort of the blacks, for the law compelled them to work for ten cents a day and to remain under yearly contracts at that rate on their respective estates. They had some of the appearance of making their own bargains, but, practically, were little better off than before, although the estates furnished them privileges that represented more than their wages, such as free hospital service, the right to keep pigs, chickens, and cows at the expense of their employer, the right to cut cane for themselves, as well as some much-prized rum and cane-juice. Added to

this the old people were looked after so long as they lived.

The riots of 1848 abolished slavery in name; in 1878 the riots led to the abolition of fixed rates of pay and annual contract, leaving the negro free to sell his labor in the highest market, and, on the other hand, releasing the employer from many expensive burdens which formerly accompanied the forced-service system. To-day the negro can claim no wages, he must take what is offered, and the employer, on the other hand, is freed from the necessity of providing what may be called "Extras" for his hands. The whites in 1878 thought they were ruined. The blacks thought the day of jubilee had come. It soon transpired that the planters had joined in a labor "pool," binding themselves to pay but twenty cents a day; and the blacks wakened from their riotous debauch to find that while their wages seemed larger in coin, they were smaller when measured by the comforts procured by a day of labor.

My Scotch friend was wise as well as energetic, and while he paid, of course, only the wages agreed upon by the Planters' Union, he managed to secure at the hands of his black workingmen and women, good work cheerfully performed. And the reasons were—first, he looked after them well, saw that their cabins did not leak, and that their little grievances were promptly attended to. Secondly, he allowed them little indulgences in the line of sugar-juice, rum, free pasture, right of trading, etc., so that the wages on his plantation represented, according to his calculation, a trifle over thirty cents a day.

The negro needs guidance, for he is an imitator; he needs sympathy, for he lacks the power to stand alone, and, like most children, he needs at times parental correction to remind him that authority is lodged in superior intelligence. Unite these forces, as in Santa Cruz, and you have a black population in whose midst the white man can enjoy life. On the other hand, throw them over to a caricature of parliamentary government as in Hayti, and you produce a black people not pleasing to any well-wisher of the race.

I saw in town here a document which suggests that the blacks of bygone days must have been "hard cases," indeed, if the laws touching their punishment bear any relation to their disposition to sin. In 1733 a placard was issued by the Royal Council affecting Danish islands, from which I copied these provisions:

1. The leader of runaway slaves shall be pinched three times with red-hot iron, and then hung.

2. Each other runaway slave shall lose one leg, or if the owner pardon him, shall lose one ear, and receive one hundred and fifty stripes.

3. Any slave being aware of the intention of others to run away and not giving information, shall be burned in the forehead and receive one hundred stripes. . . .

9. One white person shall be sufficient witness against a slave; and if a slave be suspected of a crime, he can be tried by torture . . . etc.

The mild rule under which the Santa Cruz blacks now earn their thirty cents a day, may lead them to look upon such provisions of law as intended merely to frighten, never to be put into execution; and let us

hope that these bloody laws were never called into use. But such as they are, they illustrate here, as similar ones did in the Southern States of North America, what brutal instincts are aroused by such an institution as slavery. And all the more striking is this illustration when we remember that the men who made these cruel ordinances were descended from the liberty-loving Norsemen, the men who planted the seed of self-government in every country that now enjoys its blessings. A young Danish physician named Isert, who visited Santa Cruz in 1787, tells in his diary how a slave belonging to a neighbor had broken some article of household use; that to punish him for this offence his mistress ordered him stripped naked and hung up by his wrists to a nail. She then took a needle, and for the space of one hour amused herself by slowly passing it in and out of all parts of his flesh, while the poor devil shrieked until the neighborhood could no longer endure the sound, and the tigress was by them induced to give up her sport.

What Isert saw in Santa Cruz in the nature of cruelty to slaves surpasses anything in " Uncle Tom's Cabin," and must have made his book very unwelcome to the planters of that island. He tells of slaves that were flogged until their flesh broke, when the wounds would be rubbed with pepper and salt, leaving behind them pains as enduring as they were acute, and scars that went with them to their last day on earth.*

* Governor Iverson was the first representative of Danish authority in these islands. In 1672, the year he arrived, he issued rules for the government of his islands that leave no doubt as to his ideas of personal authority and accountability. Even then, there was the little pink fort to which all came who wanted a passport. The fine for leaving the

On reaching the half-way point of our journey, a shady spot, we handed our team to a cheery black hostler, who in return gave us his fresh pair. On again we went, the bull-whacker cracking about the little beasts as it probably cracked fifty years ago about the father of the present driver. It is on this account, perhaps, that negroes show such delight in cracking whips, even when no animal is in sight. In Antigua I noticed that the old negress who acted as overseer to a party of black girls in the field carried in her hand a long lash fastened to a handle as long as one's arm. She vociferated energetically, urged them to their work by loud threats and wordy encouragement —acted at times to me as though she meant to lay the lash across the backs of one of her people—but the owner of the plantation assured me that her lash was regarded by herself and her co-workers as merely emblematic of office.

My twelve miles seemed short, and in due time I was deposited with my luggage at a cross road where my friend's Yankee buggy awaited me, for the mile or so to his house. The road through the length of Santa Cruz, that is to say, fifteen miles, is macadamized, of good width and sheltered by a succession of

island then was five hundred pounds of tobacco, and the man who assisted the fugitive was made responsible for all his debts. But Iverson was, for all that, a God-fearing man, for he ordered all his Danish subjects, under penalty of twenty-five pounds of tobacco, to attend divine worship, in the little pink fort, every Sunday morning; nor did he except foreigners, for they suffered the same penalty if they did not turn up at the afternoon service.

In those days every householder was bound, on a penalty of one hundred pounds of tobacco, to "keep in his house, for himself and every man in his service, a sword with a belt, and a gun with sufficient powder and ball."

graceful cocoa-nut trees whose tops wave in the trade-wind as though fanning the traveller below. From this main road, a smaller but equally well-laid one led through field after field of tall rich sugar-cane, to Litchfield plantation. When I first saw the cane, I was reminded of Indian corn (maize), the cane being, however, more luxuriant in foliage. Each in its way is the noblest product of its respective latitude, and neither, I am sure, can feel hurt at the family resemblance to which I refer.

My Scotch friend received me at the steps and led me into the broad hall-way of his home, through which one looked to the south over the Caribbean Sea, and to the northward toward the volcanic peaks that face the Atlantic. Through all the rooms of the house passed the air in gentle circulation, giving refreshing sleep at night, that blessing which makes any heat by day supportable. Life on a plantation is comparatively dull save to one interested in the working of it, and the fields of cane which to my friend were books full of thrilling stories, to me represented little beyond a pleasant patch of healthy-looking green. We rode about his acres, inspected his boiling vats, saw the cane crushed, watched the juice pour out, felt the heat of the boiler fires, admired the cleanliness of the machinery, and made the round of the negro cabins.

As we rode over a piece of pasture-land, I was struck by two brilliant plants that reared their heads about eighteen inches from the ground, bearing flowers of lemon and crimson color. All about them the grass had been closely cropped by the browsing animals, who, however, seemed to know by instinct that these

plants were not to be disturbed. "The negroes know it well," said my friend, "for they are good hands at poisoning." Then he called out to a passing laborer to tell him the name of that flower. The man promptly said "Bechuana," adding that I must not touch it. It was the deadly ipecacuanha which I subsequently noticed in St. Thomas.

The Dominican missionary, Labat, writing in 1699 from the islands, tells the following to illustrate the negroes' familiarity with the art of poisoning—a tale which is capped by some recounted by Canon Kingsley from Trinidad.

A slave belonging to a neighbor of the priest, when on his death-bed asked for his master in order to confess to him that he had poisoned some thirty of his fellow blacks, and in this way. One of his nails he allowed to grow longer than the others, and under this one he secreted the juice of a poisonous plant, which was done by simply scratching it with his nail. Then he invited his victim to drink a glass of rum with him, the first glass of which went well enough. When he filled his glass the second time, however, he held the poisoned nail in the tumbler sufficiently deep to allow the liquor to be permeated with it, and gave this to the unsuspecting guest, who in less than two hours from the time of drinking died in horrible convulsions. Labat declined to name the plant whose effect was so deadly, though he made experiments with it that satisfied him of its power—no doubt this same ipecacuanha.

The little town of Frederikstaedt, at the western end of the island, had little beyond the name to suggest

the country to which it owed allegiance—and very much to proclaim it as belonging to England or the United States. American paper dollars passed current; our purchases in the market were at the rate of so many cents, not so many krone or gulden; the vehicles that scurried about were from New England; the horses might have come straight from Texas, so much were they like mustangs; the shops appeared to have been supplied from London. The one hotel in the place was in its interior economy the counterpart of what one might have found in any small town in Canada. The inhabitants—negroes, of course, for of whites there were so few as to be hardly worth mentioning—might have been picked up in Louisiana or Georgia, dress and all; and their houses had little to distinguish them from what their black brethren in the States would have built.

Many of the houses were of solid masonry, after a fashion common in Spanish America and the tropics generally, looking cool in the hottest days by reason of the free play given to air and the ample shade beneath their picturesque arches. A squad or two of fresh-faced Scandinavian soldiers garrisoned the fort of Frederikstaedt, high-cheeked, healthy-looking boys, some of whom were digging in the garrison garden as we strolled by; suggesting, however, the inmates of a besieged enclosure rather than soldiers in control of a colony. The black policemen wore Danish helmets, but their speech was English, while the occasional official notices that ran in the name of the King of Denmark, were in English! The negroes talk only English.

The women of Santa Cruz are like antique goddesses of Ethiopia. They march along the highway with a freedom of step, a grace of poise, an elasticity and erectness of carriage, a dignity of presence that makes one stop and wonder if there can be many of this heroic build. Our feeble products of super-civilization would see in these artless children of the tropics a beauty unobstructed by interference of vulgar fashion. Their feet are bare and their light skirts are lifted to a point slightly above their knees by tucking them, as did the Spartan girls of old, deftly up into the zone that encircles the body. Shapelier feet and ankles were never seen than those that carried these breezy ebony maidens, their skirts swinging merrily about them as they sang their way to town carrying on their heads pretty baskets filled with fruit. The carrying of weights on the head operates for these daughters of the new world as for those of Italy. It accustoms them to hold their heads well; to throw their shoulders back; to expand their chest; to carry their spinal forces perpendicularly, and to attain that which athletes acquire only by patient training—the art of walking from the hips. Their life is naturally an out-door one; the cost of their clothing for a year is probably less than a few pairs of gloves for one of our girls; their head-dress is the picturesque bandanna; they happily don't appear to know what corsets are meant for, and consequently they furnish to-day a picture of health, fine lines of figure, and general appearance of "style," that could not be matched in Mayfair, though the winsome ladies of Tokio approach them in grace of carriage.

XIX

THE CHINAMAN AS COLONIST

"As the only people (the Chinese) who remain effective and ambitious in tropical climes we need their help in our new (colonial) undertaking, but we also need great caution in handling and guiding them."—PROFESSOR WILLIAMS of Yale, "The Problem of Chinese Immigration in Farther Asia." Washington, 1900.

His Increase in the United States and Australia—Singapore—Hong Kong—Industrial Value

THE national flag of China is rarely if ever displayed in the ports of the white man or even his colonies. Yet it is hard to name a country wherein the Chinaman is not profitably engaged in a variety of occupations ranging from a wash-tub to a banking-house. Hong-Kong, which was but a pestilential desert when England first occupied it (1841), is now one of the half dozen great seaports of the world, so crowded with Chinese that a large share of the population drips over the sea-wall into thousands of sampans (small native boats).

Singapore, another island which England occupied only eighty years ago, as a part of the Malay Peninsula, has attracted a teeming Chinese population, which has not merely asserted its superiority over the native of East India, but is competing successfully with merchants of our race. Such has been the stimulating ef-

fect of British administration that the Chinaman, who in Peking and Canton conceals his wealth, makes such a display of it in Singapore and Hong-Kong as to astonish new arrivals. It is no uncommon thing at Singapore to meet on the Drive Chinese merchants, taking their evening airing in perfectly appointed European carriages, drawn by costly and well-harnessed horses, and with coachmen and footmen in livery on the box. The same men would in their own country crouch in the back of a springless two-wheeled cart and simulate poverty. In Java and the Philippines, though Dutch and Spaniards have passed successive laws discouraging to Chinese settlement, neither government has more than temporarily checked emigration from the Celestial Empire. In Batavia, as in Manila, Chinese competition affects nearly every branch of human industry, from day labor in the plantation to the chartering of freight steamers.

The United States has not legislated liberally for the Chinese, and therefore the development of the Philippines will probably remain less satisfactory than that of corresponding English territory in those regions.

Throughout the East Indies and the hundreds of islands north of Australia, between the Indian Ocean and the shores of South America, the Chinese are spreading themselves in proportion as they are not forbidden by superior force. Like the Jews, they show good or bad qualities according to the administration of the country they select. It is no mere accident that the best type of Jew is to be found in England and the vilest in Russia. Did we take advantage of this warn-

ing, Manila would soon attract as good Chinamen as Singapore, and San Francisco would have as respectable a Chinese quarter as Hong-Kong.

Australia shares with the United States—in part, at least—a frank hostility to Chinese immigration, although neither country can execute its own laws on the subject to their full extent.

The Chinaman has a quality which makes him in many respects the best colonist in the world. I refer to his extraordinary capacity to endure extremes of heat and cold.

When the Pei-ho River is frozen tight and European gun-boats are locked fast at Tien-tsin; when the north wind from across the Mongolian Desert produces a temperature suggesting that of Dakota in January; when all who can do so wrap themselves in furs, and the long camel-trains from beyond the Great Wall move like a mass of frosted figures—throughout such winters the Chinese coolie, in his cotton quilting, labors from morning until night, or squats in the street beside his little stall, making no more of his Siberian winter than the Russian moujik in his coat of sheepskin.

The Chinaman on the Canton River under a tropical sun astonishes the white sailor by labor so energetic and so persistent as to appear incredible in any human creature. Summer and winter, near the equator or the arctic circle, all weathers seem alike to the Chinaman. I have seen them in July and August at Singapore and Hong-Kong, and in the winter season in Canada and Corea, in South America at the mouth of the Orinoco and in the Red Sea in the stoke-hole

of a mail-steamer. Where the white man shrivels up with the cold or turns limp with the heat, John Chinaman jogs along with a big load on his back, crooning a sort of a sing-song and wondering why other people do not take life easily. On my first journey from Hong-Kong to San Francisco, in 1876, our ship carried 2,000 Chinamen, and the captain assured me that they were cleaner in their personal habits, gave him infinitely less trouble, than twenty Irishmen. In 1898 we had a deck load of some 1,500 Chinese returning from Singapore to Hong-Kong, and so clean and quiet were they that their existence was hardly suspected by the white passengers on the upper deck. They did their own cooking in their own way, slept on their mats, kept the decks scrupulously clean, and did not quarrel. I am inclined to think that these passengers in three days did not dirty the ship so much as would have done steerage passengers from Queenstown in half an hour. In that same year one of the splendid ships of the "Empress" Line, which carried me from Yokohama to Vancouver, had about 1,000 Chinese forward, and these were, according to law, fumigated on arrival in Canada. It was a ridiculous precaution in the opinion of the captain as well as of those who knew the Chinese. If any fumigation of emigrants were justified, it was not on the Pacific Slope, but in New York or Montreal—against our fellow Christians!

In the United States we have found the Chinaman an industrial blessing—nay, an industrial necessity. In the construction of our first railway, joining Atlantic and Pacific, he came under contract to work

as a coolie in shovelling dirt and lifting rails and sleepers. It was expected that on the completion of his term he would disappear along with the caboose of the construction train. But we miscalculated completely the intelligence of our guest, and in a few years the mining camps of California were enriched by a new race whose prosperity in American soil was checked only by occasional mob violence. Often have I seen in the California of twenty-five years ago the Chinaman working over diggings which white men regarded as exhausted. They grew rich by working at occupations which seemed undignified to the newly arrived emigrant from Ireland. Officers of the United States Army stationed in our remote territories have assured me that they would have had to do their own house-work but for John Chinaman. He occupied the ground which no other emigrant could occupy so well—turning his hand to raising vegetables, waiting at table, cooking the dinner, or taking the baby out for an airing.

But the political influence of San Francisco labor unions was strong enough to get a law passed excluding the Chinese from the United States, or, at least, preventing any more from coming in.

Thanks, however, to the laxity of our frontier officials, the Chinese have trickled in over the 3,000 miles of northern frontier so successfully that to-day there is hardly a hamlet in the United States where one or more Chinamen are not earning a competency—at least at the wash-tub. Here is a colonization less than half a century old, vigorously discouraged by the Government of the United States and wholly unsupported

by the home government, proceeding silently, steadily, and irresistibly upon a career of industrial conquest, the extent of which is practically the whole earth. There are Chinamen in the West Indies and in South America, as well as in Canada and the United States. On the Pacific they man English and American steamships from the steward's pantry to the stokehole. The North German Lloyd carries a fully equipped Chinese laundry from Bremen to Shanghai, as well as shifts of Chinese firemen. They would carry Chinese stewards as well did they not fear political opposition in Parliament instigated by the trade unions.

During the battle of Manila Bay the Chinamen who served under Admiral Dewey as firemen, stewards, etc., showed as much fighting zeal and courage as any blue jacket could wish. An American officer, who had some Chinamen under him employed during the battle in passing ammunition, told me these kept constantly exposing themselves in their eagerness to know how the fight was going on. They would keep popping up from below, shout out to the men at the guns: "Give them Hell, boys!" then disappear like prairie dogs, after more ammunition. Their zeal was no doubt stimulated by the fond anticipation that American administration in the Philippines would be more favorable to them than that of Spain.

The Chinaman is colonizing the world in the sense that the German has done so—he is the only man who appears to love work for its own sake.

The Chinaman resembles the German in his capacity to leave his country without worrying much in regard to religious observances. The Irish colonist's

first question is, how near the Roman Catholic Church may be. The Chinaman and the German care very little whether there is any church in the neighborhood —they don't even care much as to who is president or king.

In the summer of 1900 the streets of New York echoed to the howlings of a mob of white men who seized inoffensive negroes, beat them brutally, and in some instances left them for dead on the pavement. Such an outbreak is the manifestation of a race hatred which requires but a flimsy excuse to demonstrate that the equality of black and white is, in the United States at least, not a popular doctrine in all parts of the country. We have ourselves raised the negro question by declaring the black man equal to the white in political rights. The Chinaman we exclude completely from citizenship. There would be more sense in recognizing the Chinaman as our equal than the negro. But neither would be wise, or even expedient.

The Chinaman we have hitherto looked upon as a stranger who would soon return to his own country; whom we could, therefore, afford to ignore politically. Having no vote, our politicians have not bothered themselves on his behalf, and, having no political friends in the country, the mobs have felt that they could assault him with impunity. But mobs and political disabilities have alike failed to discourage him, and he is now an important economic element in the United States.

So far he has shown himself but timidly, and has but in few instances reared his head as an organizer of labor. On the Pacific Coast he figures extensively

in farming, and it is to him that California mainly owes her commanding position as a fruit producer.

In the near future we shall no doubt see him spreading over the plantations of the Southern States; cultivating the bottom-lands of our Gulf States; reviving agriculture in Mississippi and South Carolina; acquiring large estates; beating the negro at his own work, and, ultimately, making a New South of industrial and political security.

We have hitherto thought that negroes only could cultivate the bottom-lands of our Gulf States—we shall discover that the Chinaman can do so on better terms; that, though we may pay him more per day, we shall get a reward from his labor that will amply cover the increased outlay. In Natal, on the occasion of my visit, some 40,000 natives of India were engaged upon the sugar plantations. That was indeed carrying coals to Newcastle—to bring to the habitat of the negro, men of another race to work in the tropical sun on the low lands about Durban. Yet the Natal planters cheerfully paid the cost, because experience had taught them that they could not depend upon the negro for steady work—at least not under the political freedom and the other conditions prevailing in South Africa.

On a small island like Santa Cruz or Barbados in the West Indies, the negro who takes a contract to work for a specified term can be compelled to fulfil that contract, because there is nowhere near to which he can run away and support himself in idleness. The police would soon bring back a defaulting negro in such an island. But in Natal, the Kaffir who is tired

of work, slips off in a night and the next day is among his own people in Zululand, and can kick his heels in the sun while his wives pick bananas for him and get his dinner ready. In the United States we have no legal machinery by which a negro can be compelled to carry out a labor contract effectively; and, consequently, planting is not an ideal occupation for him who has to advance capital in an enterprise which at any moment may be seriously affected by a holiday—and his black workmen may select the harvest time for this recreation!

The Chinaman has the great merit of being indifferent to holidays, as he is to heat and cold. If he makes you a promise you may be sure that he will keep it. The manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank told me that on the Chinese coast he employed hundreds of Chinese who had ample opportunity for defrauding him if they chose, but that the idea of loss through Chinese dishonesty never entered his head or the head of any other white merchant. The Chinese have the notion of commercial honesty highly developed, and local companies are found who will insure you against all manner of dishonesty, from that of a scullery-boy to the irregularity of a bank cashier. If a Chinaman gives you his word on a bargain you may count upon him, even though the bargain prove unprofitable to him. Commercial honesty may not be the highest form of human honesty, but, such as it is, it is essentially Chinese.

The negro has no trace of this instinct. He may promise you solemnly to pick your cotton crop on a certain day, and at the time he means well by you;

but if on the morning of that day some whim calls him to the town—a dance, a cake-walk, or a picnic of some kind—the cotton crop may rot for all the thought he will give it until after he has exhausted his appetite for pleasure. With a Chinaman that cotton would have been his only thought until the last fluff had been picked.

So far the Chinaman is known on the Atlantic seaboard mainly as a laundryman—a day worker. In Hong-Kong he has, however, already established himself as a competitor to the white contractor for manufactured articles. He is already building steam-launches, to say nothing of repairing ships. At Shanghai the Chinaman is running steam cotton-mills, and at Macao I visited a silk-mill entirely peopled by Chinese—men, women, and children. The military necessities of the Chinese Empire are bound to increase the demand for local mechanics, and familiarity with steam machinery will, little by little, breed a mechanical class of laborers, who will threaten our machine shops quite as much as our laundries. In the interval between my first and second visit to China (twenty-three years) many changes had occurred, but almost exclusively under the shadow of the white man's settlements. It is not yet clear to what extent the mass of China is accessible to new ideas. The heads of manufacturing concerns in China, with whom I talked in 1898, were unanimous on the subject of the Chinaman as a rival mechanic. They regarded him as an excellent laborer under white guidance, but as a feeble creature when left to himself. The Chinaman is, indeed, too much of a machine himself ever to be a successful mechanic.

In America every mechanic worthy of the name is at the same time an inventor. In China the coolie works day in and day out, and all his life, without apparently reflecting upon the possibilities of his machine. To him all things are of the past—he has not yet come to regard his work as an opening to the future. In the dockyards of Hong-Kong the laborers are nearly all Chinese, and their wages a mere trifle compared to what an American would be earning on the Delaware; yet the English manager told me that this labor was so painfully mechanical, and required so much supervision, that its value was thereby much impaired. The white man got more money because he earned it. If the Chinese built a man-of-war to-day, the chances are that they would continue repeating the same type for the next fifty years, irrespective of any improvements that might have been made in the interval.

The triumph of Industrial China is a remote contingency. For the moment we have before us a pressing question, presented to us by newly acquired colonies. These are tropical countries in which the white man does not do good field labor, and in which the work of the black man is far from satisfactory. The Chinaman can do that work—he is doing corresponding work in British colonies—his work is satisfactory, and there is every reason for thinking that under proper restrictions he would prove as valuable to Cuba and Luzon as he has already proved to Singapore and Hong-Kong.

XX

OLD FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD

"A churchly and official race could not win America."—WOODROW WILSON, "Colonies and Nations."

Influences which Retarded Colonization in Canada—History of the Movement—Church and State

EVEN to-day there are few bits of the world more filled with surprises for the traveller than Lower Canada. Within a few hours from Boston or New York, we arrive, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the midst of a peasant population clustered in villages from the midst of each of which rises the shining tin roof of a Roman Catholic church. Instead of the lean Congregational minister hurrying in his light buggy, we raise our hat to "Monsieur le Curé," a rotund, genial old gentleman already familiar to us from the pages of "Evangeline." He travels in a solid old gig or "calèche," as the Canadians call it; his horse, a sleek, slow-gaited, much petted animal who shares with his master strong dislike for Yankee hurry and restlessness. In quaint old Quebec we put up at an inn in the Rue de la Montagne, where nearly every detail recalls the shores of Normandy, from the huge four-poster bed, to the conversation in the coffee-room.

Hence, down the majestic St. Lawrence and up to

the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, we are on the trail of Frenchmen, very little changed in their language, their religion, or even their customs. When they move to-day it is still with the priest as their path-finder, and their social organization bears upon it the stamp of weakness placed there by Louis XIV.

That monarch was the founder of modern Canada, thanks to the tact and courage of Champlain,* who, in 1628, secured a charter which was very liberal, for those times, of Richelieu and Louis XIII.

Up to this time Canada had attracted to itself merely a few adventurers who united the profession of arms with that of traffic with the Indians. A French writer of the times complained that while Maryland in the first twenty years of her settlement had attracted 12,000 Europeans, Canada in seven corresponding years, under an earlier charter, had a total population of only forty.

Yet Canada was a part of the French Crown in 1535, when a brave sailor of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier, sailed up the St. Lawrence and claimed for Francis I. the whole of the western world north of Mexico and Florida. At that time no English or Dutch interference was apprehended, and France was offered an opportunity vastly eclipsing anything ever offered by the Pope to Spain and Portugal. But, unfortunately,

* Champlain was born in France in 1567, and died at Quebec in 1635. Of him Parkman wrote, in his Pioneers of France: "Samuel de Champlain has been fitly called the Father of New France. In him were embodied her religious zeal and romantic spirit of adventure. Before the close of his career, purged of heresy, she took the posture which she held to the day of her death—in one hand the Crucifix, in the other the sword. His life, full of significance, is the true beginning of her eventful history."

the religious intolerance of the mother-country, which manifested itself in the bloody suppression of Protestantism, reflected itself in the measure taken for extending her colonial empire. The noble mind of Coligny * conceived the idea of opening the land of the New World to settlement by French refugees from political or religious persecution; but the Crown would not entertain any such plan, and, consequently, the vigorous Frenchmen who should have colonized Canada found their way ultimately, some to the Cape of Good Hope, and many more to the English colonies in America.

For nearly a century after the acquisition of Canada (1535-1628), Canadian history is superbly romantic, but colonially barren. France developed a large number of roving and reckless adventurers—men who had incurred legal disabilities; who chafed under home restrictions; whose creditors were pressing; who thirsted for glory—who possibly hoped for more favorable times should they absent themselves for a few years—this was the element which carried the French flag and the missionary cross far into the wilderness, and captivated the imagination of their compatriots by a chain of conquest so rapid as to rival that of the early Portuguese navigators. But it is one thing to plant sign-boards over the wilderness and quite another

*Admiral Coligny was born in 1517, and was murdered in Paris in the presence of the Duke of Guise in 1572—the first victim of the St. Bartholomew Massacre. The spirit which produced that horrible butchery is by no means dead. In Toulouse, a city in the south of France, there were riots in 1872 because the Republican Government attempted to prevent the citizens from celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of that disgraceful episode in Roman Catholic history. Paris has a monument to Coligny; it is carefully guarded against fanatical violence.

to plant colonies, and that explains why, after more than two centuries of French occupation, one battle on the heights of Quebec (1759) wrested this whole country from France, and turned her over as an additional asset of the Anglo-Saxon world.

Yet, at the opening of the seventeenth century, France had, on the maps at least, a larger colonial empire than either England or Holland. She had a splendid colonial outfit, so far as priests, soldiers, and sailors were concerned—she lacked only colonists. The French have ever shown a strong disinclination to leave their own country, and it is worth noting that the only people who in those days desired to emigrate were by law forbidden to do so—for the early charters carefully provided that only *good Catholics* should be tolerated in French colonies. Protestants were assumed to be disloyal to the Government. Thus, the very element which was the backbone of England beyond the ocean, was, by the Crown, forbidden to assist in building up a French empire in America.

When we reflect upon the excellent results which the few French colonists did achieve in Canada between the charter of 1628 and the death of Wolfe in 1759—that all this was accomplished in spite of a legislation which excluded the best French element from Canada—there is good ground for a Frenchman's thinking that, under a more liberal home government, French would have become the ruling language from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

Though the past cannot be altered, the lessons of the past, if taken to heart by Republican France, can undo much of what is now a drawback to her colonial

success. Richelieu, in 1628, introduced into Canada a religious domination, almost as oppressive as what existed at home, and parcelled the land out to French noblemen. Naturally, none but the serf-like peasants would permit themselves to be enrolled in a colonizing venture of this kind, and it required all the influence of the Crown, backed by that of the parish priests—to say nothing of local misery—in order to start the small stream of emigration whose results we now see on the lower St. Lawrence. A company which had the Canadian monopoly, engaged itself to send out three hundred colonists in 1628, and 4,000 more within the following fifteen years. Not only were the colonists to be Catholic, but there were to be at least three missionaries to every settlement.

The Church, however, not satisfied with ministering to the needs of its parishioners and converting Indians, immediately appropriated valuable land to itself, built monasteries and nunneries, and by exacting tithes, saddled the struggling peasants with still further burdens. From the outset, Canada presented a picture of feudal aristocracy and religious domination sustained by the labor of ignorant and industrious peasants. These had little in common with the adventurers who explored the great lakes or fought the Spaniards in the West Indies.

The early years of colonies are of infinite interest to us for the degree to which they reflect the qualities of the mother-country, and it is interesting to note how naturally a colony evolves according to the character of the first settlers, or of the administration which controlled its origin. We have seen how the Spaniards

crowded to the New World, thirsting merely for wealth and plunder, building monasteries and cities rather than establishing plantations; and reflecting throughout the Spanish Main the official centralization of Madrid. We have seen the superiority of Brazil growing out of the happy accident that a handful of refugee political prisoners and Jews organized self-government at a time when popular representation had long since ceased in the Iberian Peninsula. The rebellious Dutch and Huguenots of the Cape did more for the colonial glory of Holland than two centuries of her Great East India Company, and England's noblest colonial monument was reared not by a Clive or a Warren Hastings, a Drake or a Raleigh, but by a boat-load of Puritan rebels who accepted the risks of a settlement in the wilderness rather than surrender one tittle of controverted doctrine. We need not then be surprised if to-day the French in Canada represent the least enterprising white element in the northern half of America. They show still the effects of their early tutelage. In search of wages they cross the Canadian border into Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. They drift to the lowest level of the manufacturing population, along with the Irish and Italians, instead of to the top with the German, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon. The great tide of English colonization has swept up the St. Lawrence, past the monasteries of the clergy and the castles of *grands seigneurs*, beyond Quebec and Montreal, to Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and the Klondike. The French have followed timidly in the pay of the more adventurous Briton. But all hope of restoring Canada to France passed away

when it was clearly demonstrated that the Frenchman of Canada could not even spread himself abroad without the priest preceding him. No greater national contrast is offered by history than the helplessness of the French Canadian peasant, and the resourceful courage of the French Huguenot in South Africa.

France's day of greatest military glory followed, as did that of Spain, close upon the heels of a centralization which succeeded in effectually suppressing representative institutions. The France which had produced adventurers like Jacques Cartier was a France in which a certain degree of popular liberty permitted strong individual characters to develop and find public employment. With the consolidation of all political power in the hands of a monarch who was himself but an instrument of another political machine—the Papacy—free thought became rebellion, and free action was possible only to those who became buccaneers in the West Indies, or sought other adventure among the Indians of the Canadian Northwest.

Before the end of the seventeenth century, when Canada did not yet count 10,000 colonists, French adventurers had planted flags and military posts all the way from the St. Lawrence to the head waters of the Mississippi; and down that stream to the Gulf of Mexico—claiming it all in the name of the King of France. Yet, throughout that great sphere, there was not then a single settlement worthy to compare with the feeblest of Massachusetts.

Even in 1759 all Canada had but 82,000 white inhabitants—after two centuries of artificial and very costly "protection." At that rate it is pretty safe to

surmise that it would inevitably have fallen to the New England colonies or the United States, even without the blow which Wolfe administered in 1759.

The seizure of Canada by England proved of great benefit, for it immediately revived commerce, and gave the people more political liberty than they had ever known before. When the American War broke out in 1776, the French settlers repaid this good treatment by refusing to cast in their lot with the United States, and, consequently, when that war closed, Canada became a refuge to a large number of Americans who had remained loyal to the mother-country during the war.

Down to our day we find in Canada a large community speaking French and practising the Roman Catholic religion, without interference from the Protestant English Government. French is used in the Legislature, and the two languages are on a practical equality. The people of French descent cling to their language and religion with the tenacity of peasants—but they learn English in proportion as they develop enough intelligence to desire an improvement in their social position. The same transformation is progressing in Canada as in Dutch South Africa—English is supplanting all other languages, not because the police are interfering on its behalf, but because the people themselves, as they improve in education, realize that the English language is a more useful one.

XXI

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE IN THE WEST INDIES

"La guerre est la solution violente d'un problème économique ; la colonization en est la solution pacifique."—COLONEL MONTEIL. Extract from an address, 1898, Paris.

Liberty and Progress Due to the Freebooters—Martinique and Guadeloupe—Effect of Slavery

THE French colonists in Canada were much hampered by being from the outset smothered in priestly and administrative swaddling clothes. The French West India Islands, on the contrary, showed an extraordinary vitality and prosperity, owing to the large number of freebooters or buccaneers who composed the early settlements. At one time, San Domingo, while under French dominion, far exceeded Cuba in importance, and to-day, Martinique is the possession which Frenchmen regard with a just pride.*

* The spotted career of Hayti and San Domingo is illustrated by these dates: in 1492 it was discovered by Columbus; in 1493 was planted here the first Spanish colony. Its name was then Hispaniola. In 1697 it became French, after having for thirty years past been the chosen home of buccaneers. From 1790 to 1793 the blacks held a carnival of bloodshed by way of outdoing Paris; Toussaint Louverture became Negro Dictator, and in 1801 independence was proclaimed. From that time to this the island has been a byword for grotesque aping of white man's government. In 1844 San Domingo seceded and formed a second so-called Republic.

On the occasion of my first visit to that part of the world, Martinique was under quarantine because of yellow fever, so I landed at Guadeloupe, its sister island —a trifle larger.

Martinique enjoyed the blessing of having been seized by England during the wars against the French Revolution, and of having therefore escaped the political chaos which followed the violent emancipation of negroes ordered by the Revolutionary Government of Paris. Guadeloupe did suffer, because she was not seized by England. Indeed, there is an element of the comical in the colonial development of Latin colonies, when it appears that war has blessed them, only when it has involved the defeat of the mother-country! The prosperity of Manila commenced with the English occupation of 1762—and of Havana the same may be said. The commercial prosperity of Argentine dates from the English occupation of 1808, and if Martinique is to-day richer than Guadeloupe or Cayenne, it may be attributed to the fact that England occupied the one and not the other.

At Guadeloupe I made the acquaintance of negro democracy, which finds loud expression since the establishment of the French Republic in 1870.

A mulatto boatman had been using offensive French expressions to some fellow-passengers from New York who were disembarking and had entered rival boats for the purpose of being rowed ashore. At that time I was on crutches from an accident and remained aboard, but, observing the rudeness of this particular boatman, I called the attention of others to it, with the result that he secured no patronage from our steamer.

When I had returned to my long chair, and the after-deck was deserted of everyone but myself, there suddenly appeared at the head of the gangway the head of this same negro—he looked slyly to all sides —saw that I was alone—whipped out a knife, and made toward me with a springy step. Of course I was helpless, and my only hope lay in sparring for time —so I pretended that I rather enjoyed having my throat cut and lay back in my chair with my eyes fixed on the brute. I said nothing. He brandished the knife above his head and hissed at me: "*Je vais vous tuer!*"

"*Très bien!*" I said—"kill me—and then you'll be hanged!" My only hope lay in treating the matter as a joke—and, fortunately for me, this succeeded, for the man was in a passion, and on the spur of the moment might easily have been provoked into a reckless move which no cry or action of mine could have prevented. But the wave of fury passed away from him as rapidly as it had come; for the negro is the same in Guadeloupe as in Mozambique or Alabama. In two minutes from his rush at me, he was begging my forgiveness, and that I would not hand him over for punishment.

At that time I was in no mood for undertaking police reforms, so I exhausted my French vocabulary in a sermon on politeness, which my would-be murderer promised faithfully to take to heart. Then I went ashore with him, and hobbled about Pointe à Pitre—the chief town. It was a little negro Paris. The architecture and dress were characteristic of the mother-country. The colored women swept along the

streets in dresses suggesting the Empress Josephine, the long train hung over one arm, making a somewhat coquettish display of ankles, etc. The black women were singularly graceful and well dressed, comparing favorably with those in the English islands of Barbados and Antigua. But I saw mainly the result of unnatural alliances. Of course there was the inevitable kiosque with signs in French announcing dances, concerts, and the like; the streets were named as in Paris, and, of course, there were the familiar little tables under awnings outside of the cafés where *absinthe* and *sirop* were being sipped, and French newspapers were being read, and dominoes being played.

Of course I rested in this little Parisian oasis, and a kindly French Creole gentleman, who occupied the next table, opened conversation, the burden of which was, on his part, that the Republic was ruining France and her colonies by throwing political power too much into the hands of the negro. He told me that all whites thought as he did, that Guadeloupe, as well as Martinique, would soon revert to the savagery of Hayti and San Domingo, unless a stop were put upon popular franchise in a community where blacks outnumbered the whites.

"*Voyez-vous, monsieur,* we Creoles are not republican, but our government pretends that we are. A black republic is an absurdity—*voilà tout!*"

I then related my experience of the morning, at which he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "*Ma foi!*" "That is the logical outcome of black democracy." *

* Dr. DuBois, of the University of Pennsylvania, has made an exhaustive study of the negro in Philadelphia and also in other places further

My French friend had praise only for the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and I felt with him on this subject, whatever opinions I might entertain regarding the political and theological machinery of which they form a part.

When I hobbled up to the door of their institution I was welcomed by the Sisters, who were pure French. The Mother Superior introduced me to a shed under whose protection swarmed hundreds of pickaninnies, varying in shade from jet-black to the color of honey.

They were a delightful picture of chubby, irresponsible life—more amusing than a basket of kittens. They all talked French—at least such as were able to talk at all, and the Mother Superior put them through a little kindergarten drill for me, which consisted mainly in clapping their hands, singing French songs, and marching around like strings of ducklings. At this institution mothers, for a nominal sum per day, left their children to be fed, educated, and entertained, while they themselves went about their daily work.

To impress the children with a sense of duty, the Mother Superior, a sweet, gentle lady in appearance, illustrated once more the common saying that the Roman Church permits prevarication when it is done

south. He says: "The great deficiency of the negro is his small knowledge of the art of organized social life—that last expression of human culture. His development in group life was abruptly broken off by the slave-ship, directed into abnormal channels, and dwarfed by the Black Codes, and suddenly wrenched anew by the Emancipation Proclamation. He finds himself, therefore, peculiarly weak in that nice adaptation of individual life to the life of the group which is the essence of civilization. This is shown in the grosser forms of sexual immorality, disease, and crime, and also in the difficulty of race organization for common ends in economic or in intellectual lines."

in a worthy cause. She made an address in about these words:

"Little children, you must now be very good. This gentleman has come from far away to see you. If you are not good, he will carry you away to Monsieur de Bismarck."

The eyes of the little black tots "bugged out" portentously at this dreadful threat, and I could not but think, at the time, that M. de Bismarck's would have expanded equally, had I driven up to the *Reichskanzler Palais* in the Wilhelm Strasse with a *droschke* load of Guadeloupe pickaninnies by way of tribute!

But the lady's lie contained this truth: namely, the fact that the name of Bismarck had penetrated to the French Antilles as a bugaboo or Bogey Man wherewith black babies were frightened into obedience.

Guadeloupe and Martinique to-day send senators and deputies to the French Chamber, and mulattoes preach a dangerous democracy among their *concitoyens* of the plantations, whose conception of *égalité* is to make a division of the white man's property.

Thus much of personal note I have introduced here, merely to indicate the difference in spirit between the Frenchman in the West Indies and on the St. Lawrence. In both, his efforts have been marred by too free marriage or mingling with the natives—a mingling which has rather dragged down the white man than elevated the black. But in their origins, these French islands have a great advantage over Canada. The West Indies had, from the very beginning of Spanish Dominion, attracted the envious attention

not merely of rival governments, but of enterprising freebooters, notably French, Dutch, and English. The French Government, it is true, presented the picture of a monarchy gradually crushing out representative institutions, but this very process converted many of the small gentry into outlaws and adventurers. The wealth of the Spanish Main, the freedom of the life, the exaggerated stories regarding the ease of living, the delicious climate and the beauty of the women, all these conspired to draw to this part of the world a French element, which, under happier political conditions, would have produced eminent servants of the Crown.

These Frenchmen cared little for prying into the theology of their neighbors, and whatever their home government might enact in the way of laws against heresy, there was no power in the West Indies strong enough to execute them.

In 1625, almost contemporaneously with the formal colonization of the St. Lawrence, and within a few years of the Dutch occupation of New York, an adventurous nobleman of Normandy sailed from Dieppe with some fifty men and four pieces of artillery. He reached St. Kitts and returned to France with glowing accounts of what he had discovered. In 1626 Cardinal Richelieu granted to this adventurer both St. Kitts and Barbados, reserving for the Crown a tithe of the products for a period of twenty years. These islands at present are thoroughly English, so far as they are not United States in sentiment. But at that time they formed the basis of Louis XIV.'s West Indian Empire. The company was authorized to engage

emigrants, who were bound to serve three years, practically as white slaves. This was the formal constitution of France in the Antilles—an aristocracy of landlords, white serf-labor, and Crown-protection consisting of trade monopoly with the mother-country. But the progress under this system was very slow, and the people of St. Kitts would have starved to death at one time but for a passing Dutch ship loaded with food supply. The Dutch soon did all the trade of the island in spite of French penalties on the subject.

Smuggling in the West Indies, to say nothing of piracy, was immensely favored by the wonderfully fine weather prevailing most of the year; by the steadiness of the trade winds, and by the large number of harbors or refuges unknown to all save those who navigated constantly those waters. Small craft with a light draught, a relatively large spread of canvas, and a cargo of nothing but war material, and fighting men, had, among the Antilles, many advantages over the heavily laden deep-sea merchantman or man-of-war of those days. Spain, at the height of her power, found it impossible to suppress the buccaneers, and no other country had the same direct interest in such an object. The wealth of Spain and her European wars had created a class of adventurers whose piracy was condoned so long as it injured the enemy of the mother-country. Thus the West Indies became full of "honest" pirates who scuttled Spanish ships one day, carried on contraband trade the next, and ultimately squared accounts by dividing a portion of their plunder with the French Roman Catholic missionaries at whose hands they received the Sacrament.

That master missionary—the Dominican Father Labat—narrates somewhere in his delightful book on the West Indies, that, during his years in Guadeloupe and Martinique, he never had to spend a farthing on altar-cloths or other church decoration—he got all he wanted through pious pirates on their return from plundering expeditions along the Spanish Main.

Père Labat has left a memory dear to the French Creoles, and he is worshipped as a god by the blacks for the vast amount of good he did in his day—building churches and fortifications; encouraging trade, and, above all, by judiciously ignoring instructions from home.

The more intolerant France became, the more obstinately did the West Indian French make a virtue of nullifying acts of the home government. The law forbidding all but Catholics to colonize was repudiated by none more contemptuously than this Dominican father, who wrote in a famous letter that " he was quite indifferent whether his sugar-cane was grown by a Lutheran or a Catholic so long as it was good and white."

It was to a Jew (Da Costa) from Brazil, that the French West Indies owed the introduction of the sugar-cane, and the means of manufacturing it for consumption (1644). Respect for heretics was too deeply ingrafted among the orthodox Creoles of Martinique for them easily to adopt such narrow views as were current in Paris. Piracy, smuggling, and buccaneering proved for Louis XIV. a better colonial school than any ever divined for him by ministers of state or cardinals. His West Indian colonies thrived, not by reason of his protection, but in spite of it.

In 1635, one hundred years after the discovery of the St. Lawrence by Cartier, Louis XIII. sought still more minutely to regulate the condition of his West India Islands, and, above all, to maintain an exclusive trade there—which for obvious reasons was impossible.

He granted to the original company of 1626 an enlarged charter authorizing them to conquer the whole of the West Indies, and to administer it pretty much as they pleased, provided that only Frenchmen and Catholics be admitted, and that three missionaries be allotted to each settlement: that efforts be made to convert the natives, and that in the following twenty years 4,000 emigrants be colonized there from France.

The Christianizing clause was the signal for a general massacre of natives under the plea that they resisted missionary entreaty, and by 1642 the company announced that already 7,000 Frenchmen had colonized.

Thanks to the freedom that flourished, in spite of Louis, the population was of a most varied and useful kind, and under the influence of the local self-government of the buccaneers the Creole community rapidly fused into a body politic in which all did a share for the common good, and no one class lorded it over the rest.

There was from the outset an abundant supply of white labor, which consisted of the very unfortunate, who accepted three years of slavery as a means of securing ultimate independence under better political conditions. The dignity of white labor was recognized at the outset, but afterward, when the manufacture of sugar became the absorbing industry, and when all the plantations were given over to this one

industry, and when African negroes were introduced and made a part of the great industrial machine, and, above all, when the social position of a planter came to be measured by the number of slaves he possessed, then white labor ceased to be respectable, and blacks became the exclusive tillers of the soil.

The plough disappeared with the arrival of the negro and the sugar-mill—and while more money was made on the plantations, French writers lament the decay in political virtue which resulted from the accumulation of large fortunes in few hands.

Adam Smith, as well as others, noticed that in the French Islands slavery was less harsh than elsewhere. No doubt the Church must be credited with this blessed result, and in a second degree the fact that the French planter lived more intimately with the natives than did the Englishman.

XXII

THE WEST INDIES TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

De Pradt, Archbishop of Malines [*born 1759 and died 1837*], *in his work on colonies:*

"*Negro labor is indispensable in colonies.*

"*Either you must use negroes or abandon the colonies.*

"*I can no more think of San Domingo without negroes than Brie without plows.*"—Vol. I., p. 259.

Voyage of Père Labat—Extraordinary Luxury—Treatment of Natives

DOES anyone seek luxury of living on the high seas—let him not look for it on the modern steamer, but on sailing ships. Such has been my experience—which, if anybody question, let him consult the Dominican missionary (Labat) as to how he fared, in 1693, on his sixty days' voyage from France to the West Indies. He writes of the daily fare:

"When Mass was said, we sat down to breakfast. We had usually ham, or a '*pâté*' with a '*ragoût*,' or a '*fricassée*'; butter and cheese, and '*surtout de très bon vin*,' and bread, fresh morning and evening."

Dinner was served immediately after the observation at noon, and consisted of a "*grand potage avec le boulli qui était toujours d'une volaille, une poitrine de bœuf d'irlande, du petit salé, et du mouton, ou du*

veau frais, accompagné d'une fricassée de poulets, ou autre chose."

This was followed by "*un plat de rôti, deux ragoûts et deux salades; pour le dessert nous avons du fromage, quelques compôtes, des fruits crus, des marrons et des confitures.*"

Our epicure goes on to explain how it is that salad appears so often, by telling us that they had on board, . . . "*bonne provision de beteraves, de pourpier, de cresson, et de cornichons confits,*" and two big beds of "*chicorée sauvage en terre,*" which latter were deemed so precious that the captain ordered a sentinel to watch them day and night lest sailors or rats molested them. And when one box of salad was used up: "*Nous y semâmes des graines de laitues et de raves que nous y eumes le plaisir de voir croître et de manger avant d'arriver à la Martinique.*" "And thus it was," says he, "that we never wanted salad, a refreshing treat to which no one can be indifferent on long journeys." Amen, say I, and the echo of this Amen, I can imagine coming from every traveller who has sat down, day after day, to the steamer's meals of bad coffee, bad eggs, bad butter, bad potatoes, bad everything; and always apologized for by the stewards, on the ground that, "It's very hard to keep things fresh, etc.," a feeble bit of mendacity that deceives no one but him who is making his first voyage. Père Labat's supper was commonly, "*une grande soupe avec une poule dessus; deux plats de rôti, deux ragoûts, deux salades et le dessert.*" As the reverend gentleman has passed into history as an excellent judge of what should appear at table, it is worth add-

ing that, in his opinion, the meals were "*parfaitement bien servie et avec beaucoup de propriété.*" As there were twelve at table, the captain appointed their seats to them, in order that they might always have their own napkins, which we learn were changed *twice a week.*

Who would not to-day be satisfied with half the luxury accorded the poor missionary of two hundred years ago!

And as to wines—they lived in a community that even Horace could not have complained of; for each, with one exception, brought a goodly supply of his own. They tossed the keys of their wine-chests overboard and made a common cellar. Our apostolic epicure tells, with gusto, how they teased the *one exception* in their convivial twelve. He was the supercargo. One fine day the balance of the mess got into his wine-chest, drank up his stock, and refilled his flagons with salt-water!

Labat wasted no charity on the English and tells this story of their alleged barbarity, based upon the testimony of "*temoins oculaires et dignes de foi*"; that they were in the habit of executing such negroes and Indians as had offended them, by passing them through the crushers of the sugar-mill, as we pass wet garments through a clothes wringer—the victims being tortured, inch by inch, as the horrible cylinders revolved. "*Je ne sais si on peut inventer un supplice plus affreux!*"

"Say what you will of iron-works, glass-works, and other such industries," remarks this missionary, "there are none worse than a sugar-mill; for the first-

mentioned exact but twelve hours' work a day, but this last exacts eighteen, and of the six hours allowed these wretches, you must deduct the time for supper and frequently the time they have to spend in hunting crabs, for many masters give their slaves only a little *magnoc* flour."

Labat says that the slaves were called half an hour before day so as to be ready for morning prayers, which function sometimes required a considerable time, because in the "*maisons bien réglées on fait un petit Catechisme pour les nouveaux négres qu'on dispose au baptême, ou aux autres sacremens, quand ils sont baptisez.*"

Those who were to work at the sugar-works, either the furnaces, the boiling-house, or the mill, went there and remained until six o'clock at night, working continually, and not being allowed a single minute for meal time; whatever they got being gulped down in snatches while they continued their work, under the lash of the overseer.

The pious father not liking to have his slaves "*faibles et chancelans faute d'un petit sécours,*" sent them at noon a dish of farina mixed with bouillon, a piece of salt meat, and some vegetables, accompanying it with "*un coup d'eau de vie,*" by which, no doubt, he got better work from his hands.

He also fed all the little children at noon, relieving the parents of this necessity, so that when the day's work was over, the mothers had but to hunt their babes amidst the soft crushed cane, "*où ils les trouvaient endormis, pour les porter coucher à leurs cases.*"

Great indignation bursts from Père Labat, when he

tells his readers that silk culture had been abandoned in the West Indies in 1694, and abandoned simply because ants and other nuisances had fastened to the eggs and cocoons and injured them. "But," says he, "we could in the past, we can now, and it will always be easy in the future, to check this evil, and as we have found means of protecting many other things from the ravages of these pests, so shall we also protect the silkworm." And he foresees great profit from this culture, because the climate promises a continual crop, the mulberry-trees having always leaves, and the eggs, therefore, being able to hatch as soon as made. With bitterness, Labat tells how "*Le Sieur Piquet de la Celle Commis, Principal de la Compagnie de 1664*," joined with his wife, both being from Provence, in the making of silk, and did so well that he sent some skeins to Colbert, "*Ce Ministre incomparable*," who showed them to Louis XIV., with the result that the good colonists received from the Grand Monarch five hundred écus, equivalent to about 1,500 francs of modern money, which was primarily intended to encourage the Provençal couple in their good work and establish a valuable outlet for fresh capital and industry.

"Nothing in the world," says this Reverend Economist, "would have been better for the kingdom and our colonies, for we would then have found at home what we now get from strangers who *enrich themselves at our expense*."

In 1699 the tobacco-loving world was paralyzed by the conclusion reached by the Medical College of France, to wit, that the use of tobacco shortened life,

and, for the moment, those who lived by trading in this small vice, thought that they had nothing but bankruptcy before them. "For," says Labat, philosophically, "*tout le monde veut vivre, et comment espérer une longue vie après un arrest si solonnel?*"

But the general panic was allayed, according to our reverend historian, by calling the attention of the public to the singular fact, that the gentleman who sustained most conspicuously that tobacco was a deadly weed ignored in an equally striking manner the precepts he laid down for others. We are told that "*son nez n'était pas d'accord avec so langue: car on remarqua, que pendant tout le temps que l'acte dura, il eut toujours sa tabatière à la main, et ne cessa pas un moment de prendre du tabac.*"

With this, a reaction set in, and, to believe our clerical friend, the present use of tobacco is infantile compared to what prevailed in the golden age of French letters. People used the drug then "*avec une espèce de fureur, qui ne permit plus de distinguer ni les lieux, ni les temps, ni les âges, ni les sexes, ni les temperaments, ni les personnes.*" People indulged in snuff in walking, talking, eating—even at their prayers—and some were known to wake up in the night in order to have a pinch. People wondered they had lived so long without tobacco, and became convinced that they would die if they ceased to use it. "People went so far as to use snuff in church, in the very presence of God, whom one adores there, and the *Sacrifice redoubtable* which is offered there not being enough to inspire the proper respect and attention that believing Christians should have." Some Popes launched

Bulls at the practice, but it ended, needless to say, in Smoke!

Labat visited Grenada in 1700 on his way from Barbados, and the contrast to him was so painful that he could not but give vent to his disgust. "The English," he says, "are far ahead of us in taking advantage of their opportunities, and if Grenada belonged to them it would long ago have altered appearance and become a rich and mighty colony. Instead of this we have done nothing to take advantage of what we have here, and in spite of the many years we have been in possession, the country is still uncultivated, ill-populated, without comforts, without trade, poor, its houses, or I should say rather huts, badly built and worse furnished—in short, almost in the condition they were in originally (1650) when M. du Parquet bought the island from the Caribs."

The wine merchant in the reign of Louis XIV. appears to have had a conscience differing but slightly from that of his descendant, for Labat, who understood what a good cellar meant, says that no West Indian should buy Bordeaux wines from merely looking at the labels—he should taste them himself. The consumption of wine, he says, was enormous in his day, and he dares not repeat what the customs officers told him under this head, lest he be "suspected of exaggeration." He drank there not only the Bordeaux and Cahors brands, but also those of Provence, Languedoc, Italy, Spain, Madeira, Canary, Portugal, the Rhine, Neckar, Moselle, Burgundy, and Champagne —a goodly assortment for that day.

As to "*Eau-de-vie, et de toutes sortes de liqueurs*,"

both French and foreign, "*la consommation qui s'en fait passe l'imagination; tout le monde en veut boire, le prix est la dernière chose de quoi on s'informe!*"

This part of the world must have been the paradise of traders in 1694, for Labat wrote: "*Les toiles les plus fines, les plus belles mousselines, et les mieux travaillées, les perruques les plus à la mode, les chapeaux de castor, les bas de soye et de laine, les soulier, les bottines, les draps, de toute espèce, les étoffes de soye, d'or et d'argent, les galons d'or, les cannes, les tabatières et autres semblables bijoux; les dentelles les plus fines, les coiffures de femme, de quelque prix qu'elle puissent être, la vaisselle d'argent, les montres, les pierreries, en un mot, tout ce qui peut servir à l'habillement des hommes, à l'ameublement et ornement des maisons, et surtout aux parures des femmes; tout est bien vendu chèrement et promptement.*"

"For," continues our philosophic celibate, "the sex is the same all the world over; vain, wayward, ambitious. The tradespeople have no fear of losing when they sell to them for their particular purposes, for if their husbands are a little *difficile* on this point, *elles ont toutes naturellement des talens merveilleux pour les mettre à la raison, et quand cela manque, elles savent en perfection faire du sucre, de l'indigo, ou du cacao* de Lune *avec quoi elles contentent les marchands, qui accoutumés à ces manœuvres leur prêtent la main et leur gardent religieusement le secret.*"

This making of sugar, etc., *de Lune* was the expression in that day for making it illegally, or more plainly for stealing it, and the recording friar tells us that wives in the French islands never told their hus-

bands by any accident the real price of what they bought, but made up the difference to the tradespeople by conniving with them to steal from the plantation produce at night. The term "moonlighting," as used in the regions where illicit whiskey is made, helps one to appreciate the origin of the term.

Père Labat said, in 1700: "The air of St. Kitts is very pure, the result of which is that good blood is produced there, the complexion of the women is admirable and their features most regular. Both sexes are full of wit and vivacity, and they all have perfect figures." An old proverb had it that St. Kitts produced nobility; Guadelupe the bourgeois; soldiers in Martinique, and peasants in Grenada.

The monkeys that now form such a feature of the islands, notably in the ruins of old Fort Charles, are said to have had their beginning in a number of tame ones that were released from private dwellings in one of the numerous early wars. Even in Labat's time they were a great plague by their clever thieving, and when he went on a shooting party after them, he and his friends had some of the feelings associated with driving out a common enemy. But, in spite of their roguery, the priest's heart was touched when he found that he had shot a mother whose monkey baby clung to her neck even after she was dead and could with difficulty be removed. This little monkey was, however, taken home and turned out a delightful little companion.

His friend, Père Cabasson, had a monkey so devoted to him that he would never leave him, and when the Père had to go to his church service he would lock up

his monkey in his study to prevent his following. Once the monkey escaped, and having, it seems, concealed himself above the pulpit, did not show himself until the sermon commenced. Then coming out to the edge of the pulpit roof, he watched his master carefully and commenced to imitate his gestures—at which the congregation naturally laughed. Father Cabasson, who did not dream of the source of this entertainment, reproved them, at first in moderate tones; but finding that shouts of laughter grew in intensity as he progressed his displeasure took the shape of *sainte colère*, and he began a most energetic crusade against their want of respect for the word of God. His gestures grew more violent, so did the grimaces and postures of the monkey, and so did the laughter of his congregation. His attention was finally called to his monkey, and at this he could not help joining in the laugh with the rest. There was no means of getting at the animal, and he therefore, on the spot, dismissed the congregation: "*n'étant plus lui-même en état de le continuer, ni les auditeurs de l'écouter.*"

A priest so conversant with the world and the flesh as Father Labat can never fail to interest when describing social features of life. He was an admirer of the English in many respects—perhaps the best evidence we have of this is the detailed manner in which he tells his countrymen how British houses might be pillaged.

In St. Kitts he enjoyed English hospitality and carried away some impressions, such as that the good people here had handsome punch-bowls, understood the ingredients very well, and how to entertain their

friends about it—a feature of St. Kitts which years have in no wise dimmed.

The English ladies, he observed, carved with much skill and grace, and stimulated their guests to drink by setting them a good example in this respect. This I hope is exaggeration.

Of the men he says that, "As they are all rich they love to display their generous way of living, and have their cellars well stocked with a great variety of wines from the most distant corners of the earth."

He noticed at dinners that Englishmen treated their clergymen with scant consideration, and adds, "*Je ne sais si c'est par irréligion, ou si c'est la conduite des ministres qui leur attire ce mépris.*"

Of the adorable St. Kitts ladies he says, "*Les femmes Anglaises sont habillées à la Française, du moins leurs habillements en approchent beaucoup. Ils sont riches et magnifique et seraient d'un très bon goût, si elles n'y mettaient rien du leur; mais comme elles veulent toujours encherir sur les modes qui viennent de France, ces hors-d'œuvres gâtent toute la simetrie et le bon goût qui s'y trouverait sans cela.*"

He says also that he never in his life saw more *franges d'or, d'argent, et de soye qu'il y en avait sur ces dames*"—in fact he describes them as being decked in them from head to foot, although he admits that their linen is very fine—also their lace.

XXIII

COLONIAL FRANCE TO-DAY

"Everywhere in our [French] Colonies we have formed excellent native troops. In Algeria you have seen them. It is the same in Senegambia and the Soudan. They are loyal and admirable soldiers with whom I have made all my different expeditions. In Indo-China we have also had good results—notably with the Annamites and Tonquinese."—Extract from a letter by the eminent soldier and explorer COLONEL MONTEIL of the French army.

Desire for Colonies, Why Unsuccessful—Excellence as Missionaries, Italian Emigrants.

SINCE the Franco-German War the French nation has sought consolation in colonial expansion, and the French flag now flies over an immense area of northern and tropical Africa, Tonquin, and parts of Polynesia.* France now, as in the days of Champlain, shows no lack of venturesome spirits, and the annals of modern exploration contain few names more glorious than that of Colonel Monteil. But, though France in her colonies shows to-day greater liberality than in the time of Louis XIV., she yet reflects the failings of the mother country to an

* Colonial France means more than three and a half million of square miles, with more than 55,000,000 of inhabitants. This luxury cost France in 1898 more than $20,000,000. Germany owns about 1,000,000 square miles of colony with nearly 10,000,000 population, and this cost her in 1898 about $5,000,000. These sums may be regarded as the price per year of such colonial glory—for in neither case is the trade involved commensurate with the military and administrative cost.

extent which depresses her own most serious writers on the subject.

Leroy-Beaulieu, speaking of French Guiana and the penal colony which recently contained Captain Dreyfus, noted that in the forty-six years from 1817 to 1863, the Government had changed the official head of the settlement on an average more frequently than once in two years. Out of a budget of 1,000,000 francs, less than 100,000 was spent for the colony, all the remainder going into the pockets of officials.

In a population numbering only 20,000 altogether, 1,000 were Government officials—and this not counting soldiers and sailors.

"Not only was there no municipal or provincial representation; there was no press, and even the right of petition was refused to the inhabitants." ("*De la Colonisation*," p. 523.)

Next door to French Guiana was British Guiana flourishing under a healthy representative administration while Cayenne pined away under the suffocating influence of too much officialism.

The excellent roads which the French have built in Northern Africa, and, above all, the vast sums expended on railway construction and military effectiveness, prove that France is thoroughly in earnest from an administrative point of view. The general commanding the division of Oran told me that he regarded the railway as the main civilizing instrument of France, that we must have patience and faith in the future, that savage tribes who now prowled on the flanks of caravan columns would ultimately give up nomadic life and till the soil, when the locomotive should have

demonstrated that brigandage was no longer profitable or even possible.

The French nation has shown itself strangely susceptible to far-reaching projects and ideals far removed from mere gain. To the more sober Anglo-Saxon they sometimes appear visionary. It was at the despotic court of Louis XV. that republican philosophy became first fashionable in Europe—it was in the salons of the aristocrats that the guillotine of the Revolution was whetted.

Napoleon I. dazzled a people whom he enslaved by phrases and the dream of universal empire, while in our day Republican France hails the Russian Czar as protector. She develops vast military energy and popular enthusiasm in acquiring colonies which produce no revenue, but flatter the rising generation, who think that the size of a country is the measure of its importance. The French are proverbially reluctant to leave their country, even as tourists. Yet in no other country does the public mind occupy itself so much with the military and official side of colonization. The Frenchman, impatient of military routine at home, has but to plunge into the African wilderness, and plant the flag of his country in some lonely place, to be immediately recognized by the press as a notable person. Should it happen that the flag was inadvertently stuck into soil already occupied by England, and should his action be resented in London, he returns not merely a hero, but something of a martyr as well. On his way to Paris deputations from the various towns greet him with wreaths and brass bands. The press finds in his glorious failure a text from which to preach upon the

greed of "perfidious Albion," and thus new fuel is added to the popular fires of colonial zeal.

Northern Africa is dear to the Frenchman, for it represents the soil on which his armies have fought from the Pyramids to the Pillars of Hercules. He has done much for Egypt; notably was it a Frenchman who built the Suez Canal in 1869. But it was English shipping which made it profitable, and it was ultimately England to whom Egypt owed the capture of Khartoum, and good administration throughout the valley of the Nile.

Algiers is but a few hours' sail from the South of France, and Tunis not much further. Here is the field in which we might look for a prosperous French peasantry under climatic conditions but slightly different from those prevailing in Provence or Gascony. Yet to-day it is not the Frenchman, but the Italian and the Spaniard who furnish the language of the white man for this part of the world. There are French cafés in the towns, and the little round tables are occupied by French officials; French uniforms are on all sides, and the French flag waves over the Government buildings. That flag is a blessing to the country so far as it means good roads, efficient police, courts of justice, harbor works, and other necessary expenditure. But from a colonial point of view Spain and Italy are the countries directly benefited rather than France.

Italy to-day has no colonies, yet she is one of the most prolific of countries, and sends forth annually thousands of her hardy people to New York, Buenos Ayres, and Northern Africa, to say nothing of the large number who find temporary employment in France,

Switzerland, Hungary, and Austria. Many of her statesmen deplore this state of things, and dream of a better day when Italy shall have a colony of her own inhabited solely by Italians and governed exclusively by the home government.

It was this false point of view which encouraged that disastrous attempt against Abyssinia in 1896. It was the same false philosophy which made Bismarck discourage Germans from emigrating to America. Fortunately for Italy she has to-day neither the money nor the power to attempt Bismarckian schemes of colonization, much less to compete with France in the military administration of distant countries. She must perforce witness ship after ship load of her hardy peasantry sailing away to distant countries, carrying not merely their little savings, but their strong arms and future hopes.

Italy to-day pines for colonies and regrets that she cannot prevent emigration by the same measures which James I. used to discourage Puritans from leaving England.

But that which official Italy does not do to-day will in less than fifty years prove a greater blessing than anything we can possibly imagine her to have done through the instrumentality of her army or navy.

The Italy that is reproducing itself under the French flag in Africa, under the American flag on the banks of the Hudson, or in far-away settlements of South America—that is an Italy which in the next generation will help to build up the commerce of the mother country to a degree little dreamed of by those who now look upon every emigrant as a loss to the country of his birth.

France is doing a great work in the civilization of the world, notably among inferior races. Her missionaries are more successful than ours, and, whether in the backwoods of Canada, among the negroes of the West Indies, or in the Far East, the Frenchman has to a remarkable degree shown a capacity to live the life of the subject race, and acquire personal ascendancy over him.

The history of the French in India has been frequently noted by English historians as a notable instance of failure on the eve of a great triumph, for at one time France, with a handful of clever negotiators and enterprising soldiers, had apparently mastered the land of the Great Mogul.

Yet the French administration in India crumbled to pieces under the quick strokes of a handful of Englishmen with the same startling completeness which characterized her loss of Canada at about the same time (1759). And the reasons were roughly analogous—persisting to this day. The Frenchman is a brave soldier, and his fellow-citizens have a passion for detailed administration. They conquer and they govern, but they do not colonize. When they govern they govern too much. They are suspicious of native initiative and distrustful of colonial self-government.

It does, indeed, seem as though history rejoiced in paradoxes, when we have to note that the Scandinavians, the Germans, and the Italian people, without colonies worth mentioning, send forth annually a powerful stream of humanity to enrich other countries —and that France, with her vast colonial possessions, should show herself capable of producing nearly everything but colonies.

XXIV

THE SPREAD OF RUSSIA

"The Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in."

. . . . . .

"It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of western peoples, instead of the most westerly of easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle."—KIPLING, "The Man Who Was."

The Colonization of Siberia—Conflict Between China and Russia

RUSSIA resembles the United States in the extent to which she has spread her people and her institutions from sea to sea across a continent. But there the resemblance stops. Every foot of North American soil has been conquered by free men who have marked every stage of their progress by free schools and representative government. From the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay and from Newfoundland to the Golden Gate, the march of Anglo-Saxon colonization has been in this century one of human liberty and of English language and institutions. Liberty tempered by the common law has produced over this vast area a practical homogeneity of social and political life, unprecedented in the history of the world. Looked at from a distance—say the standpoint of the Russians—there is less dissimilarity

between Manitoba and Minnesota, New York and Ontario, than between almost any two of Russia's great provinces, which from an English or American point of view seem monotonously like one another.

The colonizing movement of Russia commenced three centuries ago and even earlier. Successive Muscovite emperors suppressed the independence of neighboring states, and then proceeded to spread religious and political orthodoxy by such brutal methods that the few who were able took refuge in the wilderness, banding themselves for offensive and defensive purposes.

In this way arose the Cossack communities which for generations maintained their liberties as against the home government, and proved a strong attraction to those who were compelled to fly from the injustice of their home government.

Peter the Great did not die till 1729, which shows us that up to that time the government of Russia had but little to distinguish it from that of semi-savage tribes, whose liberties are at the mercy of a monster — half monkey, half maniac — exercising authority through the superstitious reverence inspired by a cunning priesthood.

Step by step the Russian Empire has enlarged its area, and each successive step has been marked by the crushing out of national independence and personal liberty. Three European communities has Russia incorporated, and she has sought to drag each down to her own level—I refer to the Poles, the Finns, and the Germans of the Baltic Provinces. History furnishes few parallel examples of an inferior civiliza-

tion so situated geographically as to crush out in detail the superior civilization of so many neighboring communities. It was the good fortune of Russia to have as an ally in the crushing of Poland the cordial assistance of the Prussian Monarchy, through successive reigns, so that the refugee Poles, when defeated in their own country, found the frontiers of Prussia as inhospitable as those of Russia. Finland became a Russian province through a bargain with Napoleon the Great, and the German Provinces on the Baltic are being de-Germanized by Russian priests and policemen, because the German Empire is so busy maintaining its rights on the other side of the earth that it cannot feel its children tugging at the very skirts of the mother country.

For the colonization which Russia undertakes she has facilities of an exceptional kind. The mere fact that out of 100,000,000 Russians there are some 99,000,000 who can neither read nor write, is of incalculable value to an administration like that which the Holy Czar represents. The Russian peasant, as he crouches in the furrow munching his noon-day crust, resembles some animal just emerged from a burrow —essentially akin to the soil he inhabits. Of him pre-eminently are the words of Edwin Markham applicable when apostrophizing "The Man with a Hoe."

> "The emptiness of ages in his face,
> And on his back the burden of the world."

Russian history amply answers the poet's fierce query:

> "Whose was the hand that slanted back his brow?
> Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?"

With 99,000,000 of two-legged creatures on the social and intellectual level of domestic cattle, colonization on the Russian plan cannot fail to succeed. The priest gives the order in the name of the Czar, and whole families transport themselves to Siberia with as little concern for the future as a car-load of oxen on their way to Kansas City.

These colonists squat in the furrows of Siberia with the same rabbit-like fitness of color that they show in the fields about Moscow, or in the sandy wastes between Petersburg and Vilna. The parish priest goes with them, and the same communistic village community reproduces itself on the banks of the Amoor as on those of the Volga.

Russia is anything but an over-populated country,* and Siberia is not a California or a Johannesburg. The Czar has moved his people eastward for political and strategic reasons, because he required an army of occupation and the cheapest army was the one which handled the hoe as well as the rifle.

The aristocracy of this army consisted in fugitives from justice or criminals deported for political or other crimes. The total number it is no more possible to establish than the number of Americans who crossed the Mississippi River fifty years ago in search of Pike's Peak. It is sufficient, though, for us to know that more than 1,000,000 have been deported, according to official returns, since the beginning of that system, and that many more have gone thither of their own accord to escape the Metropolitan police. In the Rus-

* Russia controls about eight and a half millions of square miles and a population of nearly 130,000,000. Fortunately for civilization the power of an army is not measured by numbers only.

sian army it has been the rule to allow no Pole to rise to any position of importance so long as he remained in Poland. If he wishes to have a military career it must be far away, against Asiatic tribes where no love of his own people can interfere with the allegiance due to the Czar. The reason for this is to be sought in the fear of a Polish rising. Consequently Russian officers command in Poland, while Polish officers are to be found mainly to the eastward of the Black Sea.

The Czar is aided in his colonial work by being not merely the nominal, but the actual head of his Church. Every peasant's hut, every boat, the waiting-room of every railway station—indeed, nearly every available spot in the Russian Empire has an Eikon or religious tablet, dedicated to the Czar as the head of the Russian Church. In the upper walks of this Church are scholars and politicians of the first rank, and at the bottom is a priesthood closely in sympathy with peasant life and superstition. The parish priest of Russia knows a little more than the peasant—not much. He tills the ground like the peasant; enjoys his glass of brandy, and makes no pretension of belonging to a higher social stratum. Any superiority he arrogates is exclusively that of his license to perform clerical functions, and, above all, to get a few fees from the credulous by squirting holy water over pigs and cows in order to prevent disease.

In a third-class carriage on the way from Odessa to Kiev, I found myself once in the midst of a mixed company of peasants, two priests, and a partially intoxicated Polish pedler. The priests were communi-

cative and I asked them, since they understood no French or German, whether they could talk Latin? They shook their heads, and the Polish pedler then took off his hat, held it up to the forty-odd fellow-passengers, and shouted after the manner of a prestidigitator: "Is there anything in that hat?"

There was an answering shout of "No."

"Then my hat is just as full as a priest's head,"—at which there was a hearty laugh in which the priests joined!

A priesthood of this nature, whose grasp of civilization reaches little beyond a brandy bottle and an Eikon, has great advantages in certain forms of colonization over men who represent generations of mental and physical breeding.

To somewhat the same degree the Russian official, military and civil, lends himself readily to a life of rough frontier work among half-civilized natives. The Russian uniform frequently masks a man little better than a serf; for while Russia has in her military service, as in her Church, a small élite of highly presentable men, mainly of Polish or German ancestry, the average Russian officer shares the weaknesses and the virtues of the Slav. He is essentially an easy-going nature, fond of food and drink, and readily mingles with his fellow-men of every grade.

One morning, between Petersburg and Novogorod, I awoke in a railway carriage to find a Russian major in uniform rolling on the floor with a fat civilian, whom he was hugging and kissing in maudlin rapture. They were both happily drunk. The civilian was a forage contractor, and the major belonged to a regi-

ment of which the German Emperor is honorary colonel, and among whose officers I had some acquaintances. The extraordinary thing about this drunken episode was not so much that an officer should appear drunk in public, as that his brother officers should regard the matter as something quite usual.

No other European power has sought to fuse with Chinese. The Russian is doing it and is moderately successful.

In Eastern Siberia are many tribes that bridge over the ethnological difference between the Caucasian and the Oriental, and thus Russia has at hand useful agents for her administrative pioneering.

For more than a century the Czar has maintained at Pekin a mission consisting of ten priests who have carefully abstained from missionary work, but have furnished their Government with information on what was going on about them.

When I reached Chefoo, opposite Port Arthur, in 1898, I met there a delightfully sociable Russian colonel, who took great interest in my movements, and was apparently visiting Cheefoo for his health. On inquiry I found that he had been for years stationed there for no other purpose than to act as a government spy at that point of the Chinese coast.

Russia to-day affords the most complete picture of administrative colonization on record. No other country has the same number of tame human creatures which can be moved upon the political chess-board according to orders from one centre. Other countries would gladly do it, but their rulers lack either the power or the territory. The Trans-Siberian railway

promises to make her Asiatic conquest still more complete by carrying the centre of population further away from Moscow. We are now only on the threshold of Russian power in Asia. Only in our day has the stage of violent conquest ceased—the next will see vast engineering works—land improved by means of irrigation, more railways, and other improvements in the way of transportation, new cities and centres of commercial life. Schools must follow and universities as well, if only to supply the professional needs of the Government.

We cannot suppose that this vast country will remain, as it now is, merely a desert of official monotony with an occasional oasis of Polish exiles. Time is not far away when the people of Siberia will challenge those of Russia proper, as do the people of the American West challenge the old States of New England. Commercial interests will clash, and the problem of despotism will become the more difficult in proportion as population increases in intelligence at a greater and greater distance from the capital.

Will Russia over-run China and India? Possibly, but not under her present form of government. The Chinese as well as the natives of the British East Indies are not wholly without some knowledge of the relative merits of European powers, and as time goes on this knowledge will increase rather than otherwise. The fact that to-day China coquets with Russia, and that the Emir of Afghanistan is ambiguously loyal to the British Crown is no criterion of what would happen in case Russia seriously attempted the absorption of either India or China.

Russia may occupy Kandahar, and even fly her flag over Pekin. She can do that according to her present colonizing programme, and the world need not regret the change of ownership. But beyond that the machinery of the Czar will prove inadequate unless the nations themselves invite Russia to become master among them. India supports the rule of England because no considerable portion of that population can see their advantage in making a change. But even those who like British dominion least would suffer much more, rather than shift from under the present yoke to that of Russia.

And in China the people are likely to be influenced by much the same line of reasoning. Under the English flag, Chinese trade has expanded enormously and Chinese life and property have been safe; more than that, the Chinaman has enjoyed a personal liberty equal to that of white men. He is not likely to wish a change to Russian rule, and the more he studies the matter the more inclined will he be to create obstacles in the path of Russia rather than to assist in any further Russification of his country.

The Japanese of to-day entertain aversion to Russia because of her having (1875) annexed a Japanese island, Saghalien, and having added insult to injury by making it a dumping ground for criminals. The Japanese also maintain a species of "Monroe Doctrine" in regard to European interference with things Chinese, particularly in Corea, which the Japanese regard as jealously as the United States do Mexico.

On my visit to Corea, I found Seoul practically a Japanese settlement, and, considering the nearness of

Corea to China, it is not strange that the Mikado should look with suspicion upon any move likely to make Russia his neighbor at that point.

The last quarter of a century has seen the awakening of the Far East to a sense of national responsibility. Japan has led the way, and has now an army and navy and civil administration which make her to-day the strongest fighting force in the world, in proportion to her population.

China, on the other hand, is one of the weakest. The Chinese-Japanese War of 1894–5 was of great importance to Europe, in that it established the ascendancy of Japan over China; convinced the Chinese that they must make internal reforms, and led them to seek support in Japan rather than in Europe.

The basis of Chinese and Japanese understanding was laid during that war—a war which has left friendship, not bitterness, behind.

In 1898 China sent no less than thirty military representatives to the Japanese army manœuvres, and these fraternized with the Japanese officers in a significant manner.

Russian colonization, then, so far as it is administrative and military, is nearing its limits. Each day makes her progress more difficult, each day creates a stronger national opposition in China, each move brings the Russian serf face to face with a denser and less malleable population. The task of Russia is a large one —simply to prevent her Empire from falling to pieces, under the weight of official ignorance and corruption.

Russia has done marvellous colonizing work where resistance has been slight. She has spread herself suc-

cessfully among barbarous tribes, but has failed completely in commanding the respect of Poles, Finns, or Germans.

The failure of her methods at the westernmost end of her Empire will be repeated in the Far East, should she seek to match the Moudjik against the crafty and tenacious Chinaman. For tasks of this nature instruments are needed such as are not forged in the workshops of Holy Russia.

XXV

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH COLONIZATION IN AMERICA

"*Imperial (British) Federation, and the Expansion of the United States are facts which . . . are secondary in importance to nothing contemporaneous.*"—MAHAN, "The War in South Africa," p. 80.

Settlement of Virginia, New England, Barbados—Capacity of English for Self-government

ENGLISHMEN commenced founding permanent colonies in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and we are still at the same work. England has, in times past, enacted for the government of her colonies laws quite as oppressive as those of Spain and has sought to enforce by violence a respect for them. Fortunately for our race she has rarely succeeded more than momentarily in such efforts. She who broke the power of Spain and wrested Canada from France, who treated Portugal as a vassal state and reduced Holland to a minor power, this same proud mistress of the seas was over and over again checked and mortified by a handful of her own children, who, whether in Barbados or Massachusetts, Maryland or Virginia, defended their political liberties with the stubbornness and sagacity of colonial Cromwells.

If, as we have seen, France, Portugal, and Holland

owe their most vigorous colonizing success to irregular, not to say illegal, beginnings, it is still more noteworthy that England's empire on the Western Hemisphere was laid by Englishmen animated not merely by a love of liberty common to mankind, but by a respect for constituted authority and by a capacity for political organization almost unknown elsewhere at that time. It is the proudest triumph of Great Britain that she has sent forth her children into the wilderness, organized from the very start in self-governing political units.

In the France which I can recall as a child, citizens were forbidden to assemble together for the discussion of political questions, and the press could print only what was permitted by the police. When the Franco-German War made a republic of this helplessly brought-up body, men were suddenly called to office by popular vote who had, as a rule, less practical experience of parliamentary forms than the average Anglo-Saxon school-boy. In Spain the republic of Castelar was a mere debating society so far as its representative capacity was concerned. In Germany the feeble beginnings of Parliamentary government were from the outset (1848), and continue to be (1901) overshadowed by a very large and very-well organized force of soldiers and semi-military officials who look for their authority not to the representatives of the people, but to the one who commands the fighting forces. In Europe, England is the only great power whose people govern themselves, and it is the only great power whose colonies have risen up to comfort her declining years.

The beginnings of English adventure in far-away seas, were, like those of Holland, influenced mainly by a desire to encroach upon the fabulous possessions of Spain and Portugal. North America was looked to not as a colonizing field, but merely as a stage on the way to the East Indies, and many early English navigators enriched geographical science, but wasted much money, in seeking through the Polar Seas a Northwest Passage to the land of the Great Mogul.

In 1577, Sir Francis Drake started on the voyage which made him the first Englishman to sail round the world. It was a grand achievement, geographically, but politically even more notable from the extent to which he filled his ship with Spanish gold, and spread alarm up and down the coasts of South America. Spain protested energetically, but as her claims rested upon the bull of a theological ruler whose authority Queen Elizabeth as a Protestant did not recognize, it followed logically that, as she told the Spanish envoy, she would recognize Spain's right only where there was actual occupation.

In 1584, Elizabeth endowed Sir Walter Raleigh with the right to colonize every unoccupied part of America, in language marking distinctly the great gulf between Spanish and English colonial methods. Her words were: "The colonists have all the privileges of free denizens and persons native of England, in such ample manner as if they were born and personally resident in our said realm of England."

Under illiberal government and among helpless people, her charter might be abused, but with colonists such as her times produced, there was ambiguity

enough to guarantee as much self-government and religious liberty as the colonists themselves deemed expedient. The destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588, gave England the control of the seas, at least in the North Atlantic, and thus contributed enormously to the fostering of peaceful colonial schemes, as contradistinguished from those involving perpetual warfare with Spain in South America, or Portugal and Holland in the East Indies. It was obviously appreciated, even at court, that English colonial companies did their ample duty as subjects of the Crown, if they placed a check, to however small an extent, upon Spanish expansion from the south and French expansion from the north, to say nothing of the colonial wedge that Holland and Sweden threatened to drive between New England and Maryland.

In 1607, Jamestown, in Virginia, was settled by the assistance of an English company, which transported thither one hundred and five colonists, half of whom were "gentlemen," but with only a small sprinkling of mechanics, and only twelve agricultural laborers. The beginnings were not encouraging in this case, for these colonists came in anticipation of finding life easy. On the contrary, they found swamp fever and a breed of Indians that possessed neither treasures worth plundering nor qualities fitting them to be enslaved. But the settlement was not abandoned, and each year brought an accretion of membership. The company clamored for dividends, but got none; the colonists, on the other hand, found that, though they had to work hard, they had before them the prospect of independence if not fortune, and thus from the out-

set the community developed a government which, while it reflected somewhat that of a landed aristocracy, nevertheless had enough of self-government to make every man in it feel a pride in the future of the commonwealth. There was a refreshing absence of legislation hostile to aliens or unorthodox creeds; and though, under the vicissitudes of domestic legislation, many illiberal laws were passed at Westminster, they were never able to over-ride the unwritten constitution of the colonies on the subject of religious and political liberty. In 1619, before the first Puritan had landed in Massachusetts, the Virginia colony had already a population of 4,000 whites and an annually convened legislature, which had already taken steps for establishing schools and churches—even going so far as to make ordinances against luxury.

The first negro slaves came in a Dutch ship in 1619—a cargo fraught with curse to America. The company which nominally owned the colony was already (1621) compelled to surrender its right to make laws excepting with the consent of the colonial legislature. The English common law was declared that of Virginia, and this happy state of political security was the means of attracting a steady stream of excellent newcomers, not merely from the mother country, but from Germany, France, Poland, and wherever tyranny drove men away from home.

Virginia was a total failure from the standpoint of the chartered company which founded it, for the success of that company could be measured only by the dividends of share-holders. In 1624 it was dissolved, after having spent £150,000 and transported 9,000

colonists to Chesapeake Bay. The dissolution of the company affected, however, only the share-holders, for the colony itself was both self-governing and self-supporting, and went on flourishing in spite of all vicissitudes of the English Crown at home, and colonial troubles occasioned by Indians and other plagues.

In 1620 came a colonial cargo from England, likewise under license of a " chartered " company, but, no less than Virginia, resolved to govern itself. The little Mayflower reached the shores of Massachusetts Bay on November 11, 1620, and was permitted to remain there, although the King would give them no charter, and accident had driven them beyond the limits of the Virginia Company, which had originally granted them right of settlement. They survived the winter, at least forty-nine did, out of the one hundred. At one time all but seven were laid low on the sick-bed, and there were hardly strong men enough to bury the dead. For a whole year they were there alone, a little spark of humanity that seemed momentarily at the point of being stamped out.

In November of 1621 arrived the first relief-ship, bringing fifty more English. From the outset they governed themselves completely. The commercial company from whom they held their title did all in their power to extract dividends out of this community —but with scant success. The development of the community was very slow—in ten years it had but a population of three hundred all told, for that portion of New England was not attractive to the agriculturists, nor to anyone else who sought in a colony more than what the Puritans did.

But in 1629 things took a turn for the better, Massachusetts Bay became a self-governing company by Royal Charter of Charles I., and thenceforth commenced to attract emigration. In 1630 arrived 1,500 colonists. In 1634 there were 4,000 whites in Massachusetts, scattered over twenty villages. From now on the progress of New England was uninterrupted, the parent colony soon furnishing the means of settling farther and farther inland and westward, until the Puritans came in conflict with the Dutch on the Hudson River and made their occupation so insecure and profitless, that when finally (in 1664) the English flag was hoisted over New York, the transfer occasioned no bloodshed. On the contrary, the Dutchmen remained for the most part contented with the new order of things, for under it they enjoyed freedom of worship and still ampler freedom of trade with their neighbors. We must not forget that, although from the outset the English in North America enjoyed practical if not nominal self-government, the impulse to colonial ventures was given by large privileged or "Chartered" Companies, which anticipated, even though they did not often realize, handsome dividends from the taxes they intended laying on colonial industry. There was much lobbying at the court of King James and of Charles I. for gifts of land in the new world, and these chronically impecunious monarchs were not loath to raise money by the granting of favors that cost them nothing but a piece of parchment. Fortunately for the sturdy men that settled these tracts, their aristocratic landlords had so much to do with fighting conflicting claims in the law courts at home and with raising

money for necessary administration, that they were forced to neglect the internal affairs of their respective colonies for a long time.

It is not my purpose to detail here the history of English occupation in North America—merely to trace an outline and to point out that from the first occupation of the colonies, which subsequently became the thirteen Independent States of 1776, the different communities, while pretty constantly quarrelling, if not fighting, among themselves, were generally united in resenting the slightest infringement of their chartered rights by the mother country. The privileged companies which had originally organized for the purpose of exploiting them, one by one found the task unprofitable, went into liquidation, or retired from active control. By the opening of the seventeenth century the various colonies had already shown that they understood their joint as well as their several interests: and, though no union was made on paper, the representatives had already met to confer upon matters of common colonial welfare.

The West Indies were geographically too remote to act in common with the colonies properly called American: but, as they were founded at about the same time, and organized the same forms of self-government, they had their share in spreading the spirit of colonial independence which culminated in 1776.

Barbados, for instance, was granted in 1624 to a court favorite, but long before that it had been settled by independent Englishmen, who governed themselves and proved capable of taking care of their interests, even to repelling invasions of Spaniards or French.

To-day little Barbados, no bigger than the Isle of Wight, has the densest population of any country in the world, and affords a cheering picture of white man's capacity to conduct a white man's government in the tropics. For nearly four centuries has that little tropical islet afforded religious and political liberty, under a government which not only cared for internal development, but proved equal to resisting the many attacks to which it was exposed by the quarrels of the mother country.

XXVI

WHEN AMERICANS WERE ENGLISH

"The Americans are the sons—not the bastards of England . . ."

"It is my opinion that this kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. . . ."

"I rejoice that America has resisted. . . ."

"You cannot conquer America. . . ."—Speeches of LORD CHATHAM *relative to the American Revolution.*

Settlements in Virginia, Maryland, New England—Love of Local Liberty—English Tradition

FROM the settlement of Virginia, in 1607, to the peace between England and France, in 1763, the colonial power of England developed almost uninterruptedly in almost every portion of the globe. By conquest she had secured Canada and India, but by the free enterprise of individual settlers she had become the mistress of other lands many times more valuable than all the wealth of the Indies, to say nothing of the Canada of that day. But this great power encouraged, at the Court of George III., a spirit dangerous to English liberty—a spirit congenial to a king essentially German in his distrust of representative government; a spirit that counted national greatness by the number of battalions in the field rather than by the happiness of his average citizen. George III. was not the man to understand why Eng-

lish troops could in a short campaign conquer India and Canada, yet be baffled by colonial militia in Massachusetts, Barbados, and Virginia—he was hopelessly incapable of understanding the character of the people over whom, for their punishment, Providence had sent him to rule.*

In the early career of the American colonies the English settlers felt socially, religiously, and politically as Englishmen in England. They had no newspapers of their own, no towns worth mentioning, and no political interest that extended further than defending their settlements from Indians and securing good prices for their products. For the first generation or two, while the colonists were mainly English-born, the settlers of Barbados or Virginia were as keenly alive to the "home" questions of the day as though their plantations lay in Devonshire or Yorkshire. The cavalier of England remained a cavalier in the new world, and the war between the Stuarts and the Parliamentary party was waged with but scant mitigation on the other side of the Atlantic. When the head of Charles I. fell in the lap of Cromwell, the act was resented in the new world with varying degrees of spirit. In Barbados the government of the Commonwealth was defied by an armed demonstration, and the Virginians at once proclaimed Charles II. their king—even going so far as to send a special committee to invite him from Europe that he might found the

* "Par la raison même que nous avons pu juger cette nation (Angleterre) de plus près, nous sommes les premiers à admirer la clairvoyance, l'habileté, la ténacité de son gouvernement, l'esprit d'enterprise et d'initiative hardie de son peuple, la solidarité de ses fils, qui lui font une âme nationale égale à aucune autre dans la bonne comme dans la mauvaise fortune."—[Colonel Monteil, 1899, Revue Hebdomadaire.]

"kingdom" of Virginia! His lot might have been more tolerable than that of the Portuguese incumbents of the Brazilian throne, but hardly such as to satisfy his monarchical pretensions.

Judging by the light of subsequent history, it is fair to assume that had this invitation been then accepted, there would have been two headless Stuarts instead of one.

As time passed, however, the American colonies along the Atlantic coast realized, with sadness and some anger, that they had as little to hope from one dynasty as another; that the caprice of a king is but little more harmful than the ignorance or indifference of a parliament, and that in politics, as in private life, the absent are usually adjudged in the wrong.

The government of Cromwell confirmed all the chartered liberties of the colonies; but in 1651 was passed a navigation act which aroused universal colonial resentment, in that it forbade the Americans from trading in other than English ships to and from England. This measure was aimed especially at the Dutch, who at that time did the carrying trade more efficiently and at lower rates than the mother country. In Virginia there was much complaint, because, while the cost of carriage increased, the price of tobacco decreased.

This Navigation Act of Cromwell was, however, so mild an infringement of colonial interest compared with what was enacted by Charles II. on his accession, to say nothing of the measures enacted by James II., that even the most loyal of Virginians realized that their commercial and political salvation lay no longer in

petitions to Whitehall, but in their own cunning, if not strength.

The first measure of Charles II. on his accession (in 1660) was to forbid any alien from transacting business in the colonies. In 1663 no produce was allowed to enter the colonies excepting in English ships. In 1672 America was forbidden to manufacture any article that might compete with English industry.

Here we see the beginning of that narrowest of all mercantile systems which regarded the colony simply as an estate to be exploited without reference to the interests of the colonists themselves.

This system reproduced much that was most objectionable in the Spanish system, with far less justification; for the American colonies had settled themselves without cost to the mother country and asked not even military protection.

With the Stuarts an end was put to religious toleration in Virginia, and as for New England, already in 1634, Archbishop Laud took into his own hands the supervision of all emigrants for Massachusetts, permitting none to go thither excepting such as were "orthodox." *

But these measures did not prevent the steady development of the colonies in population and wealth, for they were to a large extent modified in America, if not completely ignored. Contraband trade flourished, and the English Government was so much oc-

* Laud was born in 1573, and decapitated, by order of the Long Parliament, in 1645. In 1633 he was made Archbishop of Canterbury, and by his readiness to support the royal measures in opposition to those of the people he earned the gratitude of the Stuarts—much as Bismarck in 1863 earned the gratitude of William I. of Prussia.

cupied with European affairs that its efforts in America were never backed by adequate means for their enforcement.

As early as 1670, Virginia, which sixty years before had been on the point of being abandoned as worthless, counted 38,000 white inhabitants with 2,000 black slaves. The militia force numbered 8,000, and was called out each month for drill, while her frontiers were protected by five forts mounting thirty pieces of artillery.

In spite of what had happened, the royalist sentiment still survived until Charles II. alienated his last supporters in Virginia when he handed over this republic, as he might have done an English farm, to a couple of his personal friends. Such crass political blundering as this was required—such cruel indifference to human rights, before our loyal English ancestors in America even whispered about political independence!

Indeed, in those days the torch of liberty, after kindling freedom on the American seaboard, had almost expired in the land of its origin; and while Englishmen of New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia were perfecting parliamentary government and broadening themselves in the practice of political and religious toleration, the people of England were apparently sinking to a lower social and moral plane under the influence of a statecraft modelled after the pattern of Versailles.

Maryland, which had been founded in 1632 by Lord Baltimore, enacted (in 1649) "that no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall from henceforth be

any ways troubled in respect of his or her religion"—an act almost unique of its kind and as startling to Europe, in that century, as was in 1776 the Declaration that all men were politically equal. It was reserved to Maryland, founded by a Roman Catholic, to be the first American colony, perhaps the first of Christian States, in which all Christian sects were not merely tolerated, but cordially welcomed.

Quakers fled thither from New England, and already in the same year (1649) a hundred Puritans settled in Maryland under Lord Baltimore's protection, to escape the High Church persecution of Virginia.

Persecution was the order of the day. Scarcely any liberal-minded man was so radical as to desire its abolition—but there were many who desired that it should be done on a democratic basis. They stoutly resented the arbitrary persecution of a king or an archbishop, but maintained with equal stoutness the right of the people's representatives to pass measures of intolerance. Thus the Puritans of New England, organized on the basis of universal suffrage and with officials elected only for a single year, enacted measures which to a Quaker, a High Church man, to say nothing of a Roman Catholic, appeared monstrous. But while the New England statute-books bristled with savage penalties for those who transgressed a narrow theological creed, let us not forget that the Puritan applied this law to himself and invited no man to suffer with him—nor did he go out of his way to inconvenience those who preferred other ways of salvation. There was no Inquisition in New England, there was no pretension of punishing mere heresy that was not linked

with an overt act contrary to the statute-book. There were isolated cases of hardship where fanaticism availed itself of a legal pretext for the purpose of indulging in cruelty; but these cases resembled those, happily few, which marred the annals of Queen Elizabeth. The law was severe, but it was rarely applied, excepting when obtrusively challenged by such as sought the notoriety of martyrdom. It is a favorite subject for contemporary humor—the intolerance of our Puritan ancestors while professing liberty for themselves—it is a theme particularly congenial to churchmen with a leaning toward the Papacy. But such jibes can have but scant currency so long as our libraries preserve authentic records of what was achieved by the men who first settled New England.

XXVII

WHY ENGLAND LOST HER AMERICAN COLONIES

"The most ominous political sign in the United States to-day is the growth of a sentiment which either doubts the existence of an honest man in public office or looks on him as a fool for not seizing his opportunities."—HENRY GEORGE, "Progress and Poverty," p. 483.

Tyranny of English Colonial Administration before America Rebelled—Contrast with Present-Day Relations

AT the time of the English Revolution of 1688, when William III. ascended the throne, England's American colonies contained about 200,000 white men of overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon character. These were being daily taught that it mattered little to them whether the government at home was republican or monarchical, Protestant or Catholic, high-church or low-church, Whig or Tory. The Crown was perpetually in need of money to meet the cost of foreign wars, and public sentiment had not been educated to the point of regarding the Englishman of Virginia or Massachusetts as in all respects the peer of the Englishman at home.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the English Government applied to its colonial trade political maxims even less liberal than those which the Stuarts

had countenanced. In 1696 American trade was limited to ships built in England or the colonies, owned and manned by Englishmen. The colonists were forbidden to trade otherwise than with the mother country. In 1699, the weavers of England secured an act of Parliament which forbade the colonies shipping wool to the mother country, or even from one colony to the other. The export of lumber was limited. Trees suitable for masts could not be felled without royal permission. In 1719 Parliament forbade the American colonies to manufacture articles of iron excepting nails, staples, and the like. It was frankly proclaimed in the Lower House that to permit manufacturing in America was to encourage separation from the mother country; and while it was found practically impossible wholly to suppress iron-works in America, the manufacture was checked as much as possible, and a large tax was raised on the export of manufactured iron.

This must be strange reading for many of our politicians who have persistently advocated heavy taxes on imports for the sake of protecting so-called "infant industries."

Manufacturing of all kinds was deliberately stopped in America, in so far as the Government could secure respect for its laws. Fortunately this left plenty of room for contraband operations and postponed the day of reckoning. Had England, toward the end of the seventeenth century, been able to enforce against the colonies her own acts of Parliament with the thoroughness of modern Germany or even Russia, no doubt the Revolutionary War of 1776 would have taken place three-quarters of a century earlier.

In 1716 there were already five printing presses and three newspapers in Boston, and these openly defied the attempted censorship of the mother country. The history of America proceeds from now on in a constant repetition of efforts at encroachment on the part of the Crown, evasion and defiance on the side of the colonists. As England under the Georges became more blindly monarchical, the Americans became more and more conscious of their strength, and urged with even more emphasis than before their right to self-government. The bad blood existing between New England and the mother country was the principal reason why Canada remained so long in French hands, for the men of Massachusetts could not become enthusiastic in military enterprises which promised only the strengthening of an unfriendly military power in their neighborhood.

As events turned out, however, the session of Canada to England in 1763 relieved the thirteen colonies at once from large military expenses which had been hitherto necessary in order to resist French attacks. From 1763 on, the political thinkers in America realized that the field of their operations was no longer limited by French military posts, which cut off their Hinterland and held them prisoners between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. Henceforth an American combination against England meant the whole of North America from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico, and as far west as man then had knowledge of.

In that Seven Years War which closed in 1763, Americans had fought side by side with British regu-

lars, had seen British generals exhibit gross military incapacity. George Washington and the other Americans who in 1775 took up arms against England, were men who had learned to be soldiers in a school of arms that experience had proved to be—at least on American soil—more valuable than that which produced the generals of George III.

One cannot read the history of England, in her relations to America during the latter half of the eighteenth century, without being on every page reminded of South Africa and the spread of Boer influence between 1896 and 1900.

Not to follow out in detail what I have already touched upon elsewhere, it is sufficient to refer to the almost universal ignorance which prevailed in England regarding the Boers at the opening of the South African War in 1899. A general commanding English troops loudly proclaimed in September that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria! Yet Christmas of 1900 found the war still going on!

Even English historians now freely chronicle the manner in which official England in the days of George III. spoke of Americans as cowards, incapable of organization and resistance. There were liberal-minded men then who courageously defended colonial liberties, but their voices were drowned in the general howl of the ignorant and the interested. American public men in those days knew the mother country intimately—her strength and her weakness. Englishmen, on the contrary, knew of America only so much as the average share-holder cares to learn about a country in which one of his many investments happens to be.

Great changes have taken place since then, never so signally emphasized as in the year 1900, when the colonies of Australia sent their delegates to the mother country to discuss ways and means of closer political intercourse. They came as honored guests of the nation; were made the occasion of countless flattering functions, and at the hands of the Government were treated not as colonial suppliants, but as ambassadors of sovereign communities.

To-day English colonies bare their arms for fight in the cause of Old England, and even Americans have produced a pendant to the Monroe Doctrine in the significant aphorism that "blood is thicker than water."

In this year English and American sailors and soldiers are fighting side by side in China. In 1898, Admiral Dewey found that when the war with Spain broke out, the only hand extended to wish him God speed, when starting on his desperate mission to Manila, was that of the English sailor.

Now let us travel back to the days when in the American colonies political life produced public men great in their generation and greater still when measured by the shrunken standards of our latter-day Congressmen.

When Benjamin Franklin went to England as an Englishman, demanding the rights of Englishmen, asking no strange favor, but appealing to the Government of his King for justice according to ancient charters and many generations of prescription, he and others on the same errand of peace were treated by the court, the aristocracy, members of the Government, and the majority of politicians as contemptible agita-

tors unfit for association on terms of equality with the so-called society of the metropolis.

England was drunk with the glory of her past wars; her power had made her blind; money easily made had corrupted the sources of legislation; ignorance and indifference had done the rest.

Seven long years did the thirteen colonies fight the mother country to establish a principle which has proved a precious boon to every British colony since that time. The War of Independence closed in 1783, but in 1812 another three years' war broke out, which but proved once more that even the best British regulars are but poor stuff against men of English breeding fighting for principle. It took these ten years of good, hard knocks to teach England the lesson which to-day makes her the colonial mistress of the world.

Canada was the first to profit by the surrender of Yorktown, but each colony in turn felt the effect of this blow, and now, wherever the English flag floats throughout the world, it represents either a self-governing Anglo-Saxon community or at least one in which the natives enjoy as much of self-government as it is safe to accord.

XXVIII

A SUCCESSFUL TROPICAL REPUBLIC IN THE WEST INDIES

"This capacity for adequate organization has been the key-note of distinction between the Democracy of our race and all the Democracies by which it has been preceded."—GEORGE PARKIN, "Imperial Federation," p. 2.

Barbados—A Tropical Republic—Declares Charles II. King—Opposes Cromwell—Economic Development

BARBADOS lies well within the tropics—a little pin-prick on the fringe of the Caribbean Sea. Her area is so small that on the mainland it would represent but a big plantation. For comparative purposes let us say that it is about the size of the Isle of Wight. One can walk clean across it at its broadest point between luncheon and dinner, and the population is so dense that some of it threatens to drip over into the water. No country of the world has so many people to the square inch as this happy little island—the healthiest, the richest, the best governed—a microscopic metropolis of the West Indies. If there is any truth in the maxim, *Happy is the country that has no history*, no better illustration of it can be offered than this tropical outpost of Anglo-Saxon liberty—the most eastern or windward island of the Spanish Main. According to all orthodox political economy, its enor-

mous population of over 1,000 to the square mile should be unhappy as compared to the others where land is to be had for the asking; but Mr. Malthus finds few followers in Barbados amidst a population which sees on all sides colonies prospering in proportion as population increases. Cause and effect are here confused, as in most political problems, but the West Indian can make as good an argument as Mr. Malthus on the subject of over-population.

On the occasion of my visit to this interesting island what struck me most forcibly was the evidence of British tenacity in matter of social custom. In the midst of a broiling tropical noontide, the social leaders of the capital moved to church clad in the conventional top-hat, stiff collar, black frock-coat and patent leather shoes, enduring fifty-two times a year the martyrdom which many of their enterprising ancestors in the age of Elizabeth compressed into a single sufficiency when they fell foul of the Spanish Inquisition at La Guayra. The "Bim," as the Barbadian is affectionately called for short, is an Englishman through and through, excepting where he has rubbed off something from the Yankee. The clean streets, comfortable houses, solid public buildings, effective sanitary inspection, local policing—all these reflect an English ancestry, with little admixture.

The governor of this little toy empire holds garden parties and sits in state quite as grandly as if he presided at Calcutta or Singapore. Tommy Atkins swaggers about the streets with the same easy indifference to latitude and longitude that he exhibits at Cape Town or Hong-Kong, and the gorgeous black privates

of the West India Regiment, in their zouave outfit, show that the Englishman respects the black man as a man if not as a brother.

There is a railway in Barbados—it must have been a tight squeeze to get it in; and electric trams, and one or two huge American hotels on the beach, where families come from all over the Spanish Main to recruit their health at this Narragansett of the tropics.

The negroes are the biggest and strongest in the West Indies, and they all must work, for there is no waste Hinterland where they can get their dinner from the shake of a cocoa-nut tree. They are English through and through in language, church, and custom, though as to apparel a few yards of cotton print with a string around the middle seems enough for practical purposes.

When the citizen of Barbados, who represents three centuries of English blood, creole from the days of King James, reads in the papers that Anglo-Saxons should not acquire tropical territory because the white man cannot thrive except in the temperate zone, he smiles in pity and says: "What fools of men sit in Parliament! Yet they pretend to govern us!"

For Barbados is a republic, in practice if not in theory. Tropical republics are scarce—the only other one of which I have personal knowledge is Natal, on the east coast of South Africa, which is not only one of the hottest of England's colonies, but at the same time one of the healthiest and best governed of any in Africa.

The history of Barbados runs back into obscure times, when only Spain was acknowledged in the West

Indies and those who invaded her territory did so at the risk of the gallows or the Inquisition.

Officially Barbados was settled in 1625 under a royal grant, by forty English emigrants, one of whom was the son of John Winthrop, afterward Governor of Massachusetts.

But, as in the case of New England, the official action of the mother country was resented by the colonists, and did more harm than good. It had no doubt been already, for many years before the official grant, frequented by Englishmen who sought here freedom from political and religious interference. There was here also a large admixture of the freebooting element that made Martinique and San Domingo nurseries of French liberty long after self-government had disappeared in France. The civil and religious dissensions in England sent refugees to Barbados, as they did to Maryland, Massachusetts, and Virginia, and from the very outset these people, while mainly royalist refugees, developed a characteristically English capacity for taking care of themselves.

Already in 1636 there were 6,000 Englishmen in the island, and successive governors complained that these were animated by a determined disposition to have their own way. The island prospered in spite of the fact that it was given away by the English Crown to court favorites and treated as a plantation to be exploited. Fortunately there were rival claimants, and these exhausted themselves while the colony itself practically conducted its own affairs.

An idea of this little island's strength and public spirit may be gathered from the fact that when Charles

I. lost his head, it was the only colony whose resistance to the Commonwealth caused Cromwell any great trouble. Charles II. was proclaimed king by the loyal "Bims," the militia was called out, and not till 1652 was the great Protector able to assert his authority in Barbados. The adjustment was characteristic of Anglo-Saxons. Each party was drawn up ready to fight, but when the British "Bims" were convinced that the struggle was hopeless and that in capitulating they would receive honorable terms, they disbanded their forces and turned once more to their daily routine.

Barbados has never permitted a foreign enemy on its soil. When Père Labat visited there at the beginning of the eighteenth century, he studied particularly the military condition of the island with a view to French invasion. He was himself a skilful engineer and had constructed some forts in the French islands. He describes Barbados as a magnificent island to plunder, admired the wealth of the planters, and, above all, the large proportion of white men trained to military service. He found forts and batteries at many points on the shores, and congratulated himself upon having succeeded in stealing a map of the place from his host. This Dominican priest, whose book on the West Indies remains to-day delightful reading, was an essentially practical man, and returned from Barbados with no desire to venture an attack upon that place.

When Cromwell attacked Jamaica in 1655, he secured 3,500 volunteers from Barbados alone, and, between 1643 and 1657, it was estimated that at least 12,000 white men left the island to settle and develop

other parts of the West Indies, or the North American colonies.

Just one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, Barbados had 50,000 whites and 100,000 negro slaves.

It is late in the day to discuss negro slavery, but, throughout the British West Indies as well as Virginia, it is worth noting that the legalizing of the slave-trade was followed by a gradual diminution of the white population and a disproportion between the numbers of white and black to a degree which in several cases, as in Jamaica, endangered the existence of the white settlers and made representative government more difficult, if not impossible.

After slavery had taken deep root, and when plantations had come to resemble manufactories devoted to a single crop; when white labor had wholly disappeared in consequence of slave competition, then many people agreed that slave labor was absolutely essential to successful tropical agriculture, and that black emancipation meant colonial ruin. There was much plausibility in this, in the early years of this century, when the abolition of slavery was agitated in England, but it was negro slavery itself that created the very plantation system which was only profitable when worked on a large scale by negro gangs.

Sugar—that crop which has since monopolized the interest of the West Indies and been the prime justification of slavery for two centuries and more, was only introduced into the island in 1640. In 1643 there were 18,600 able-bodied white men in Barbados, of whom 8,300 were proprietors, and only 6,400 negroes. The

mere mention of this number allows us to draw the inference that white labor was successfully employed here as it was in the early days of Martinique and Virginia—and would have continued to make the colonies prosper but for the greed of gold which permitted Christian nations to enslave Africans, and then sell them as human machines—I will not say as beasts of burden.

In our day we have laws protecting animals against ill usage at the hands of their masters—in those days, the black man on a Jamaica plantation had less protection from the common law than has to-day the cab horse of London! Black labor has so thoroughly dispossessed that of the Anglo-Saxon in the cotton, tobacco, and sugar-growing sections of America, that we are apt to think this state of things natural and unalterable. But from the experience of our English ancestors I am inclined to think that if, by some happy magic, the negro should suddenly return to his native Africa, the white man would develop his tropical American territories more satisfactorily.

In the olden days colonization was much assisted by a system which permitted a man who had got into the clutch of the law, through debt or other misfortune, to buy his release through personal service—such a man worked after the fashion of one who, nowadays, labors to pay back the money that has been advanced for his passage from the old world to New York. The law forbids it, but human nature finds means of evading such legislation.

Under that old system thousands of stout white men came to the new world with their families, and after

serving a term of years, were pronounced once more restored to their civil rights and given land to cultivate. This system, like every other, was open to abuse; but under proper inspection was eminently useful to all concerned—the mother country, the colony, and, chief of all, the white emigrant himself.

The home government simply handed the man over to an agent for the colonies, and was thus, by a stroke of the pen, relieved of all further responsibility.

But this system received a check in 1776, when the American War broke out, and the thirteen colonies, one and all, forbade the sending of any more indented or apprenticed whites to their shores. This action of America gave a still stronger impulse to the African slave-trade by increasing the demand for plantation hands—a consequence little dreamed of by our Puritan liberators.

One consequence of the negro in America is that he has retarded the use of labor-saving machinery, or of any machinery requiring intelligent handling. The smaller the price of labor, the less importance is attached to machinery. It is not in Russia, but in Minnesota, that agriculture develops labor-saving implements—it is among highly educated people only that highly efficient machinery is profitable. People who are well paid with ten cents a day cannot rise to an appreciation of a modern reaping-machine—or even an American plough. A Chinaman of the interior cannot understand why a Massachusetts machinist can earn $5 a day and turn from his machine cotton stuff which under-sells stuff made in Canton by girls earning five cents a day.

Although the Great Wall of China was built by forced labor, it is more than probable that to-day an American contractor would undertake to build it over again with free labor for less money than it originally cost. The reason for this is, that only high-priced mechanics can be trusted with high-priced machinery —and a good machine can underbid the best of slaves.

The white man has never yet shown great taste for long and arduous labor in the tropics—such as hoeing a field of cotton, for instance. We have never known it done, for the mere reason that the white man is more valuable as a superintendent of black labor than as a single hand in the furrow.

White sailors do their work in the tropics as they do in the north; and soldiers fight as well in India as in Northern China. If we hear of excessive mortality in hot climates among white troops, we can generally trace it to bad habits of living, to inexperience on the part of the officers, to the unsanitary state of the country—not merely to the heat. America is essentially the land of labor-saving machinery, for the reason that in the northern part, at least, labor has been intelligent and consequently expensive. In England, where, on the contrary, domestic service has been comparatively cheap and unintelligent, the American is struck by the absence of labor-saving contrivances. The consequence is that an English house requires about one-third more servants than a corresponding one in America. Such common things as speaking tubes, dumb waiters, electric lights, gas stoves, hot and cold water on tap in every room, bath-tubs properly fitted

up—all these came to England long after they had become commonplace in America. I can recall many mansions in England where none of these things are yet known—where guests dress for dinner by the light of two dim candles; where a little tin bath-tub is brought into one's room along with two jugs of water; where on cold evenings the ladies huddle about the open fire with shawls, because the machinery for heating would be too complicated for the forces obtainable in the neighborhood.

It is fair to say that many a wealthy English nobleman has fewer comforts in his palace than the average New England professor, whose income represents but a tithe of that enjoyed by his Old World kinsman.

All industry in the West Indies is at a low ebb because sugar fetches but little on the market, and the planters have depended too much on that one crop. They have had their day of abundance, and the present generation is paying the penalty. In the good old days of slavery there was no need of intelligence in the running of a plantation. The price of sugar was such that any machinery was good enough, and planters could lounge in London while overseers looked to the estates and remitted fat dividends at regular intervals.

But times changed, and the emancipation of slaves (1834) diminished profits. Then the planters borrowed money and hoped for better times. But the times did not improve, so they mortgaged their estates and kept on expecting better things that never arrived.

Finally, they had spent all their capital, had no money with which to buy improved machinery, had lost the energy that characterized their ancestors, and got more and more involved in financial embarassment, until once wealthy plantations were abandoned to wild beasts—as any traveller can testify.

Parliament has been much importuned to give pecuniary relief, and latterly has done so—but all such measures are unwise. It is not the business of government to take money out of the pockets of the thrifty and give it to the unsuccessful. If the West Indies are depressed at present it is largely because they have latterly been looking to the Government for relief, instead of depending entirely upon themselves. When Government has removed all hampering restrictions to the colonial development of the islands, it has done enough—and if after that the colonists cannot earn a living, then they had better abandon sugar and grow something that pays better.

The West Indies need no pauper legislation—they need but the wholesome tonic of healthy competition to revive prosperity. Men who own land should be compelled to work it themselves—not leave it to agents. Government should be simplified to the greatest possible extent, in order to introduce more economy of administration. The incompetent planters should be allowed to go into bankruptcy and drop away as soon as possible, and leave room for a new generation of more enterprising and better equipped husbandmen.

If Government wishes to interfere without doing much harm, let it limit itself to the building of good

roads, and the fostering of communication between the islands; the establishing of cheaper telegraph rates; of savings banks; the simplification of land transfer; the encouragement of peasant proprietors among the blacks; the abolition of land speculation.

XXIX

FROM MY DIARY IN BRITISH GUIANA

"The momentum of past events, the spontaneous impulses of the mass of a nation . . . all have more to do with the progress of human affairs than the deliberate views of even the most determined and far-sighted of our individual leaders." — JOHN MORLEY, "Cromwell."

January 25, 1890. In the Court Room at Georgetown, Demerara.

ON a high platform sat the judge, William Anthony Musgrave Sherriff, by name, in gorgeous crimson robe but without wig. Immediately to his left was the witness-stand, and immediately in front of his desk, but below it, sat the Clerk of the Court, a handsome and intelligent-looking mulatto, who had passed his legal examination at the British Guiana bar, and is at present writing a book upon the law and practice in this colony. This interesting clerk, M. E. Q. V. Abraham, speaks highly of the Dutch law in vogue here, as being vastly simpler and more rational than what is practised in London.

Close to the clerk's desk, on the right, is the table where the Crown officers sit in their gowns of black, but minus wigs. Behind these, on the right of the room, are tables for reporters. On the left of the Judge are the twelve jurors, as with us, and immedi-

ately in front, behind a central table at which counsel sit, is the prisoner's dock, behind which again are seats for about fifty spectators.

The first case was against two blacks, who stood in the dock charged with having assaulted a merchant on the street and knocked a walking-stick out of his hand, with the obvious intention of doing him bodily harm. The case was clear against one of them, a man who had been already four times convicted of felony. The Judge gave him the fullest opportunity of offering evidence in his behalf, of questioning witnesses, and of addressing the Court and Jury. This prisoner was condemned to seven years' hard labor and three years' subsequent police supervision, and left the room cursing the Judge and growling general malediction. The other prisoner made a harangue to judge, jury, and spectators, his eyes bursting with tears, his voice choked with emotion, his arms and hands waving with a grace that indicated the triumph of nature over art. He reviewed his past life, referred to his respectable family and seven children, his professional duty as market scavenger, which, he insisted, raised him above suspicion. But the most grievous weight upon his spirit appeared to be, not that he was in court on a charge of larceny or even murder, but that he should be suspected of affiliating with such a " low " black as the other prisoner. " My dear good father "—" My dear good massa judge," were expressions that he used in appealing to " His Honor," while the jury were referred to as a group of " My dear good brothers." His speech flowed as freely as could have been desired by the most ambitious of stump speakers, and his ar-

guments, even if they lacked coherency, appeared to fuse together with enough force to carry conviction to many of his fellow blacks. The jury did not leave their seat in order to pronounce this one " not guilty " and convict the other—though my feelings were mixed when the judge told me later that this same man whom I had seen acquitted had already served three terms in jail on similar charges.

The trial left nothing to be desired on the score of dignity, decency, and fairness. The jury listened attentively and the servants of the court did their work quietly and efficiently. The room was scrupulously clean, the attendants well dressed and tidy.

The absence of counsel for the defence would appear from our standpoint to be unfair to the prisoner, but as the trial is conducted here, it seemed to me rather the reverse. The judge does not merely sit as a dummy to give a verdict after opposing lawyers have wearied the court with wrangling. He is here to see fair play. Knowing that the prisoner looks to the judge for fairness, and not to a lawyer, the bench assists in bringing out any testimony that may redound to his credit. The Crown prosecutor, in his turn, does not seek so much the winning of his case as the establishment of the truth. The spirit in which the trial was conducted by judge and prosecuting attorney appeared to be that of fairness above all, remembering that ninety-nine guilty men had better escape rather than one innocent man suffer.

January 26.—Last night at dinner, the hostess (English in birth and breeding) told me that her health was

much the better for living here. This same high praise for the Guiana climate I had also from the wife of the Comptroller of Customs, Mrs. Darnley Davis, who told me she had lived here five years, had never known the need of medicine, and only once in the life of her three-year-old daughter had a doctor been called in.

The dinner might have been in New York or London for aught that might be called "tropical" about it. The black men-servants, to be sure, were in white duck—a very sensible arrangement—but their education was distinctly metropolitan. After dinner, on passing into the drawing-room, we found the floor cleared for a dance and about fifty guests assembled, including the three white English officers of the garrison and two mulatto ladies—which latter received apparently as much attention as the majority of charming English and white creole girls at the dance. The two ladies of color were fashionably dressed, and quite at their ease. I was told that colored people went into society here, and that one of the mulattos at this party was engaged to a white merchant of the place. Her presence at the ball was not resented, as it would have been in other parts of the West Indies, to say nothing of the United States.

Henry Bolingbroke, writing in 1807 of Georgetown (then called *Starbrock*), says: "Few weeks pass without a ball or a concert, the attending of which is, however, very expensive. A ball and supper cost to each of the gentlemen subscribers $8, a concert and ball $12. *His ticket also introduces two ladies of color.*"

"When an European arrives in the West Indies and gets settled . . . he finds it necessary to pro-

vide himself with a housekeeper or mistress. The choice he has an opportunity of making is various, a black, a tawny, a mulatto, or a mestee; one of which can be purchased for £100 or £150 sterling, fully competent to fulfil all the duties of her station . . ."

This arrangement is not unknown to-day, but it will disappear when white wives shall have made their influence felt.

The son of a British bishop, particularly when in company with his father, may be deemed competent authority when quoted in regard to the pleasures of the dance. Henry Nelson Coleridge (in 1825) wrote: "A ball to our creole girl is more than a ball; it is an awakener from insensibility, a summoner to society, an inspirer of motion and thought. Accordingly there is more artlessness, more passion than is usual with us in England. The soft dark eyes of a creole girl seem to speak such devotion and earnestness of spirit that you cannot choose but make your partner your sweetheart of an hour; there is an attachment between you which is delightful, and you cannot resign it without regret."

"She is pale, it is true, but there is a beauty in this very paleness, and her full yet delicate shape is at once the shrine and censer of love, whence breathe—

> "'The melting thought,
> The Kiss Ambrosial, and the yielding smile.'"
> Etc., etc., etc.

Anthony Trollope has referred to Demerara as "The Elysium of the Tropics—the West Indian happy

valley of Rasselas—the one true and actual Utopia of the Caribbean Seas—the Transatlantic Eden."

This master of fiction continues:

"The men of Demerara are never angry and the women never cross, and life flows on in a perpetual stream of love, smiles, champagne, and small talk. Everybody has enough of everything. The only persons who do not thrive are the doctors——"

In the midst of such gorgeous verbiage from slow-blooded Britons, is it for me to raise questions?

XXX

THE WEST INDIES TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

"These beautiful West Indian Islands were intended to be homes for the overflowing numbers of our own race, and the few that have gone there are being crowded out by the blacks from Jamaica and the Antilles.—FROUDE, "The English in the West Indies," 1898.

Negro, Chinese, East Indians, and Whites—Duty of the Anglo-Saxon Toward West Indies—Good Government Needed

NOW that English-speaking peoples control the momentary destinies of the principal islands of the West Indies, when a canal joining Atlantic and Pacific is about to be constructed under an Anglo-Saxon protectorate, when, therefore, we are justified in anticipating an increased European interest in this part of the world, it is time for us to treat the West Indies not as isolated appendices of far-away colonial offices, but as a community of common commercial interests, of almost one language, and to some extent fitted for self-government. With Cuba and Porto Rico under the Stars and Stripes, Hayti independent, and Jamaica British, to say nothing of the large number of small islands either belonging to England or speaking English, there remain but Martinique and Guadeloupe to represent deep-rooted political at-

tachment to other than Anglo-Saxon institutions. It is true that Sweden, Holland, and Denmark are still represented in the West Indies, but to an extent that may be ignored.

Hitherto, and up to the moment of negro emancipation (1834), the West India islands were most precious objects in the eyes of European cabinets, owing to the high price of sugar. The abominable trade in slaves enabled planters to make their fortunes and enrich the mother country besides—to say nothing of lulling to sleep the popular conscience regarding treatment of negroes. So full is West Indian history of crime and bloodshed among its islands, that one cannot fail to sympathize with Benjamin Franklin, who could not look upon a lump of sugar without fancying it to be stained with human blood.

Since negro emancipation, the nations of Europe have gone almost to the opposite extreme of indifference toward these islands; showing conclusively that such interest as existed was rather on pecuniary than sentimental grounds.

To-day West Indian matters are apt to be dismissed from public consideration on the ground that the white man cannot live there; that the black man alone is to be the inheritor in this part of the world; that we don't want any more negro States; and, that, in short, they are not worth having at any price.

If this view were correct, there would be an end of the matter, at least for Americans. But it is one based on a mixture of true and false that must be separated before we can draw just conclusions. The West Indies to-day have, in fact, identical interests, but by the

artificial action of jealous governments whose policy had reference only to the revenues of the home countries, the different islands have been kept isolated one from the other, in a manner prejudicial to their development. Thus, the different mother countries, England, France, Spain, etc., paid heavy subsidies to steamers plying from France to Martinique, Southampton to Barbados, Spain to Havana, etc. The cost of this service was in many instances a heavy tax upon the islands themselves. The passengers were very largely government officials, and the laws were so framed that the islanders were compelled to ship at high rates to Europe rather than to better markets nearer at hand. The West Indies for centuries furnished the strange picture of a country where it was easier to get passage to Europe 4,000 miles away, than to the islands of the neighborhood. Even to-day this system of European subsidy continues, while from one island to the other the means of intercourse are very unsatisfactory. This is a relic of that suspicious colonial legislation which forbade colonies trading one with another for fear of ultimately organizing against the mother country. England applied this colonial doctrine to her own colonies in America and the West Indies for many years, and it was a cardinal principle in Spain and France as well. To-day, therefore, the islands of the West Indies, which should regard themselves as a Caribbean confederation, with Jamaica as the natural centre or capital, are virtually strangers to one another; do not co-operate for common purposes, but seek help from a far-away mother country.

This relation is not natural. Trade does not follow

the flag in the West Indies. The merchant in those islands finds his best trade with the great republic at his door, rather than with the Europe whose flag floats over Government House. The relation of the West Indies to Europe has been an unnatural one since the beginning of this century, and has been maintained largely through national vanity, irrespective of commercial interests. The West Indies are a part of the American Continent in every essential characteristic, and no European subsidies or military demonstration can wholly prevent the persistent daily political and commercial drift toward the mouth of the Mississippi and the Hudson.

The expulsion of Spain from Cuba and Porto Rico is an important step toward the ultimate emancipation of all the Caribbean islands from European control, and their final federation, not necessarily as a part of the United States, but as an American political body under an Anglo-Saxon Protectorate, and with Home Rule to such as are fit for it.

Is this Utopian? Can self-government flourish in the tropics—where negroes largely outnumber the whites, and where the best sample of negro-government is in Hayti, an island whose administration suggests the ethics of a monkey-cage rather than of God's reasoning creatures?

The present is, indeed, full of discouraging symptoms, but these symptoms will become less dangerous in time if we do our duty toward the inferior races. The negro controls the West Indies numerically, because he has been transported thither against his will. He is to-day no better than he ever has been so far

as intellectual or moral capacity is concerned; he shows no dangerous tendency toward dominion over those who are in the minority; on the contrary, he is, in the West Indies as in Basutoland, essentially an overgrown child, ready to obey the law of the white man.

Nor is he the only possible dominant factor as a laboring man. We have found him good in slavery because of the very qualities that make him bad as a free citizen.* His very docility and incapacity for combination kept him a slave for two centuries or more; and his freedom proceeded not from his own efforts, but exclusively from a morbid public sentiment developed by London and Boston philanthropists. We have habitually regarded the negro as the only working man of the West Indies and our Gulf States, merely because no other competitors appeared to be in the field. But this condition is changing, and the change is bringing about the gradual effacement of the black man, just as Italian and Scandinavian immigration has minimized the importance of the Irishman as a labor factor in New York.

On the occasion of a visit to Natal, in 1896, I found that already plantation work was practically monopolized, not by the native African whose kraals are on all sides, but by the imported coolie from Bombay,

* "The industrial opportunities for colored people have been lessening all the time (in New York), and now the sphere of their activities has become so narrow that it is a wonder that even 35,000 of them can earn honest livings.

"*And they do not.* The proportion of criminals among the negroes in New York is alarmingly large, and their influence is very dangerous. The birth-rate among the negroes in New York is small and the death-rate is large, being thirty in a thousand, as against nineteen in a thousand for the white population."—John Gilmer Speed, 1900.

[Population of New York proper, 1,950,000.]

who is paid well for his work; whose sanitary condition is the subject of government supervision, and who at the end of his term of years has the option of returning home or of settling in the colony.

On his own ground in tropical Africa, the negro has been pushed aside by a race of man inferior to him physically, but superior in qualities that are essential to success on a sugar plantation. The coolie of the East Indies is spreading from Natal to other parts of Africa. Many of them are already settled in the Transvaal, and when the Cape to Cairo railway is opened we shall find them up and down the whole length of the continent, pushing the black man further and further back into his more congenial jungle.

The East Indian has already made his appearance in the West Indies—I have seen him in Trinidad and in British Guiana, and wherever he shows himself it is as the superior of the negro, not only in trade, but in the labor of the field as well.

The British East Indies are a human reservoir containing some 250,000,000 mortals more or less subject to death from starvation at home, and so accustomed to associate the English Government with justice, that they do not hesitate to embark for the most distant plantations provided the British flag is over them.

Close to this great storehouse of human energy is another with three or four hundred millions of Chinese, who also show the capacity, as well as the readiness, to meet the negro on his own ground and beat him out of the field. As a farmer or a gardener, a coal heaver or a laundry-man, a nursery-maid or a banker, he is incomparable. I have seen Chinamen driving camel-trains

in a blizzard across the frontiers of Manchuria, and again have I seen the men of the same race speeding along in the blistering heat of Singapore with huge baskets of coal for the passing mail-steamers. This man is already in the West Indies, and when he turns his attention to small farming in those islands he will develop there treasures such as he has already brought to light in California, in Java, and in the Philippines.

The near future will see a brighter picture in the West Indies. We shall soon have four races on four different levels of capacity, all useful in the development of the islands, but of them all the black will be the lowest.

The question of government will then become of still greater importance, for race jealousy will beget political friction, and government in such cases must be strong in order to be just.

Already in the West Indies are many communities of white men trained to self-government. British Guiana, St. Kitts, Trinidad, Barbados, Antigua, Jamaica—these all are a nursery of colonial legislators, to say nothing of the Danish islands of Santa Cruz and St. Thomas, whose population is essentially English. The French islands are politically in a less satisfactory state, because of the large admixture of negro blood among the so-called whites.

The Spanish islands of Cuba and Porto Rico are very backward in a political sense, but in those islands the spread of education and Anglo-Saxon institutions may reasonably be expected to produce a change for the better.

But, after all, the most important consideration is

in regard to the franchise. The West Indies would be hopelessly ruined if we of the white race, after conquering this part of the world and then building up white colonies through centuries of care, should now hand them over to be governed by races who have shown no capacity for administration.

The franchise should be granted very sparingly and only to such as have a stake in the country, as landowners, for instance. The maxim should be emphasized that no man should be allowed to vote taxes unless he himself paid taxes. There may be negroes who are fit to vote in the United States, and there are many whites who are very unfit—and it would be well for us if we could so frame our laws as to exclude the corrupt or worthless voters of both races. But in the absence of such laws we must grope our way in the right direction as well as we can—and at least not perpetuate on new territory political principles that have proven mischievous among ourselves.

No man in the new West India Federation should vote unless he satisfies reasonable requirements regarding education, property, and general moral character. Many of the English islands already furnish us good patterns on which to base a future government—notably Jamaica, Barbados, or British Guiana. The governor should be appointed by the Paramount Power, and this governor should be assisted by a council selected from a list of the most eminent colonists, who should be appointed for life or during good behavior; and be in the nature of a Senate.

Then there should be a legislative assembly elected by the body of qualified electors.

Acceptance of office should be compulsory, as also should be the casting of a vote. No one should be excused from his political obligation save by the governor for sufficient reason. The governor and officials generally should be paid highly in order to ensure the best work of the best men—and above all to remove public servants from the temptation of making money by indirect means.

The English were the first who adopted the policy of paying their public servants well, and they did so after many years of experience in India, when scandal after scandal warned the home government that a radical change was necessary.

Spain and Holland both paid their colonial servants very poorly, and consequently they were badly served.

At this time the United States consular service illustrates this proposition.

Throughout the West Indies, as elsewhere, we find the American consul a man with the shiftless habits of the "professional politician;" devoid of personal credit among Americans and despised by the people of other countries; unable to live respectably on his salary, and prone to make money by dishonest means; a man more apt to injure the American sailor by his assistance than by his ill-will. I have known exceptions to this rule—poor creatures who have persisted long in one island because they had come to like it and had not the energy to try something else. There are a few such exceptions—I have run across them in Europe also—and in China. But they are so very scarce that they may be left on one side in such a consideration as this.

At the time when the United States is reconstructing the political affairs of Cuba and Porto Rico, it would have been of great use to us had we been assisted in this task by a number of officials who were familiar with West Indian conditions—who had already served in Cuba, or at least in islands of corresponding geographical conditions. This same want was felt in the Philippines.

As things go, we must improvise our officials as well as we can. Our first Governor of Cuba is a general of volunteers who six months before the war with Spain was an assistant-surgeon in the army. In a few years he may learn something of the island and the people, and then—he may be turned adrift to make room for another.

The first Military Governor of Havana was an excellent engineer officer, a graduate of West Point. Great hopes were entertained of him by those who enjoyed his personal acquaintance—but he had been scarcely long enough in Havana to know where the streets and sewers were located, when he was sent away for the alleged purpose of investigating the military systems of Europe. General Merritt had been but a few weeks in command at Manila when he also got an order to come to Paris for the alleged purpose of giving testimony on matters about which he was obviously ignorant. And so on!

At this moment we are repeating in Cuba and the Philippines the same political faults which have made Spanish administration a by-word throughout the world. Our first task should be, therefore, to reorganize our own administration on a business basis, so

that in the course of time we may attract to our colonial service not the political riff-raff, the professional failures, the social tramps, but draw to the government service the flower of our well-educated young men, who should look forward to political life of this nature with as much confidence and enthusiasm as the young West Pointer looks forward to a commission at the end of his four years at the National Academy.

The United States needs a colonial West Point—a school in which young men shall be prepared for administrative positions in far-away countries—a school in which promotion shall follow upon good work and not political influence alone. With such a school, and an honest desire for the welfare of the colonies under our care, we may hope for a bright future in the West Indies.

XXXI

AUSTRALASIA

"The destiny of modern democracies is foreshadowed in the history of democracy amongst the ancients. It is the struggle of the rich and poor which destroyed them as it will destroy us, unless we take warning!"—LAVELEYE on "Primitive Property," Vol. V.

Indifference of the Mother Country to this Colony—Startling Advances in Material Wealth and Political Experiment

A GEOGRAPHICAL globe and half a dozen statistical figures tell us a tale of Anglo-Saxon expansion which is marvellous to-day, and still more wonderful for its possibilities. Australia is not only the largest island of the world, but a continent containing as many square miles as the United States (3,000,000), and a larger population of English-speaking white people than was contained in the United States of America when they separated from the mother country in 1783. On the North American continent are French in Canada and Louisiana, and Spanish-speaking Mexicans across the Rio Grande. Throughout Australia, including Tasmania and New Zealand, we have to-day a completely homogeneous population of Anglo-Saxons governing themselves successfully, and, moreover, showing not merely the capacity to look after their own affairs, but in case of need to despatch troops in defence of the mother country, as in the late

South African War. As we in America celebrate July 4, 1776, so in Australia July 9, 1900, is the date held to be of supreme national interest, as the one on which was finally consummated the federation of the different colonies, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and the Island of Tasmania. New Zealand, for our purposes, may be loosely regarded as part of Australia—the same language, race, and customs—but being 1,200 miles away from the main island, it has not been yet found convenient to regard it as part of the Australian Federation. In this respect it recalls somewhat the early relations of Barbados to Virginia. Both colonies represented local self-government and common Anglo-Saxon aspirations, but the distance between them made co-operation practically impossible in 1776. When I first sighted the Australian coast (1876), that portion of the globe was regarded as something quite outside of the great current of human interest. The islands of the neighborhood were treated as a species of No Man's land, merchantmen went armed when cruising in the neighborhood, and the interior of the great continent was depicted as a wilderness—to be compared with the so-called Great American Desert, which the American school-boy of that time has since learned to conquer and cultivate.

Australia to-day has but 3,500,000 people — to 3,000,000 square miles. When she shall be populated to the present density of the mother country, her population will be 1,500,000,000—figures that convey little, merely because they are so enormous. North America is still a land of the future, for what are sev-

enty-five or eighty millions to an area like that of North America? But recent events in the Pacific call our attention to the fact that west of the American continent is a world whose future is no less interesting, for it is to-day, with South Africa, one of the great links binding together the English-speaking empire throughout the world.

Nor is it merely the 7,000 miles of Australian coastline which makes that island important. Far more interesting from the colonial point of view is the political influence which such a mass of energetic white colonists is bound to exert upon the countless islands of Polynesia, that great South Sea wilderness reaching from New Sidney to San Francisco!

A striking illustration of Australia's new position in the eastern world is the fact that her people vigorously interfered when there was a prospect of Germany's controlling the neighboring island of New Guinea, or of France's founding a penal colony at her gates. England took little interest in the matter, for she attached slight commercial importance then to that huge island. But Australia looked at the matter with sentimental, if not commercial, eyes, and finally, upon promising to pay £15,000 annually for ten years, succeeded (November, 1884) in coaxing a reluctant mother country to hoist the British flag upon that portion of New Guinea which had not yet been taken by Holland and Germany. That was at a time when Bismarck was inaugurating his colonial policy by running up the German flag wherever a vacancy could be found. New Guinea bears about the same relation to Australia that Cuba does to the United States, and

Australians have already formulated something of a silent "Monroe doctrine," whose purport is that in any future scheme of colonization in her neighborhood Europe will have to deal directly, not with Westminster, but with the Government of Federated Colonies, whose capital is to be in New South Wales.

Australasia is another instance of a colony growing strong through the wholesome neglect of the mother country. Even after Captain Cook's landing, in 1770, England would not take the trouble of hoisting her flag there. She finally did so in consequence of the American War of Independence, for she needed a place to which she might deport those of her people who had made themselves obnoxious to the law at home. Prior to 1776 such as these were sent to the Southern States of the United States, where they were welcomed as farm apprentices or indentured servants. At that time men were sent to jail for being in debt and for many crimes which to-day would be passed over very lightly. Hundreds of white men therefore left their native land in convict-ships, who subsequently proved valuable colonists in a new world.

But aside from sending out convicts (from 1788 down to the middle of the nineteenth century), England took little interest in this far-away possession; and when finally the discovery of gold brought a rush of free and enterprising settlers from all parts of the world, and when the white population commenced to clamor for local self-government, the mother country made no objections—being rather pleased than otherwise with a good excuse for being rid of heavy responsibility.

Australia is a very recent thing compared with America. New South Wales and Victoria established responsible government in 1850, New Zealand in 1852, Tasmania in 1858, South Australia in 1856, Queensland in 1857, and Western Australia not until 1890.

The Australian has more in common with the American than with the Englishman; I might go a step further and say that all colonials of British ancestry resemble one another more than they do the people of the mother country. I venture to think that in a gathering of Canadians, Africanders, Australians, Americans, and Englishmen, the man from the home country would be the least understood. Australians have developed a manner at once blunt and business-like—a manner springing from daily contact with real things, and not conventional symbols. An Australian can often be taken for a Yankee—never for a Londoner.

The present constitution of Federated Australia is more American than English, though it is the work of practical men seeking for a good working machine and not given to declamatory assertions regarding the abstract rights of man.

Under this new constitution the individual States reserve to themselves all rights not specifically surrendered; in this respect following the example of the United States. In Canada this rule is reversed. The Australian Federal Government assumes all that the United States Central Government does, and much more—for instance, marriage, and the settlement of industrial disputes. Railways throughout Australia

are mainly the property of the different States, and it is anticipated that the Federal Government will in time control interstate lines requiring more capital than a single State could afford.* The State is to run not only the postal, but the telephone and telegraph systems; and to a large extent do the work now monopolized by express companies in America. So far, the State ownership of railways has, neither in Australia nor South Africa, been followed by the harm that we of America anticipated. On the contrary, the public have benefited to a highly satisfactory degree. It is worth noting that the experiment of nationalizing railways, which at one time seemed to be a peculiarity of military monarchies like Germany and Russia, has found its most enthusiastic defenders in ultra-democratic communities like New Zealand and Australia.

Federated Australia has followed the lead of the United States in providing not only a House of Representatives elected on a basis of proportional population, but a Senate to which each State sends an equal number of members, irrespective of its size or population. But each Australian State sends six senators, whereas in America only two are allowed to each State. This was done in order to protect the smaller States from possible domination by those of larger population, for while Western Australia has 970,000, Tasmania has only 26,000. So far as the right to

* The first railway in Argentine was opened in 1857. At the end of 1898 there was a little over 10,000 miles of track in operation.

Brazil has nearly 10,000 miles of railway.

Japan in 1900 had 3,635 miles of railway. Australia operates more miles of railway to-day than any State of South America.

vote is concerned, Australia has practical manhood suffrage—only criminals and lunatics are excluded, and the Upper House, or Senate, is elected about the same as the Lower House, so that there is in the Australian constitution no such restraining influence as the House of Lords in England or even the indirectly restraining influence that exists in America, where the Senate is elected by the legislatures of the different States.

Members of both Houses are paid alike, £400 a year, and are also entitled to free passage over the State railways. This is a better arrangement than with us, where the railways grant passes as a favor to those who are called upon to make laws. Such a favor comes perilously near to being a bribe. I have known American members of legislative bodies who uniformly purchased their own railway tickets, but not many. The functions of Upper and Lower House in United Australia are so nearly identical that an American is inclined to wonder why one was not regarded as sufficient. Time may permit the Australian Upper House to arrogate to itself powers not at present specified; to-day the Australian Senate appears to have been created simply in order to give each of the five colonies the appearance of equality. As, however, the five States together return only thirty Senators, we may safely anticipate a superior degree of dignity in the deliberations of that body. In case of deadlock there can be a joint meeting of both Houses, when an absolute majority must prevail.

The American Supreme Court has been reproduced in Australia for cases affecting the interpretation of

the Constitution, and for quarrels between States. This Supreme Court can permit cases to be referred to the London Privy Council, but the colonies have jealously provided that it shall be practically within their own right to carry a case to London or dispose of it at home.

King Edward VII. figures as the nominal head of the United States of Australia, and his Governor nominally directs affairs, but practically the colony is as independent of home-country interference as Canada—or Cape Colony. The Boer War did much to create that warm feeling between Australia and the mother country which culminated in federation; and the example set by Australia will no doubt do much to encourage South Africa in her turn to attempt federation as a cure for her present state of strained relations between her several States. If federation achieved nothing more than Free Trade between the States, that alone would be worth heavy sacrifices.

The Federation of Australia was long in coming—fortunately it was not accompanied by bloodshed—though much bitterness had to be overcome before all could unite on a few vital points. Of course the question of custom houses roused much ill-feeling, for all those who believed in free commercial intercourse with the outside world felt that they would suffer severely when a tariff-wall should have been reared around them, forcing them to pay highly for domestic articles after having been accustomed to the cheap and excellent things hitherto imported free of duty. Our Louisiana and Virginia States felt thus when the manufacturing interests of Massachusetts

and Pennsylvania placed import duties on articles needed by planters—this matter alone did much to prepare southern public opinion for secession in 1860.

Australian Federation took its rise in the first jubilee of Queen Victoria (1887). Englishmen who travelled commenced to popularize the notion that the various colonies of Englishmen scattered throughout the world were more than mere isolated subjects, that they formed the basis of an empire of which the English Sovereign should be the titular head.

George Parkin, now Principal of the Upper College in Toronto, was one of the pioneers in this great movement—a movement that was strengthened by the largely increasing stream of colonial families that returned to England for a holiday and the education of their children. In 1889 General Sir Edward Bevan Edwards visited Australia with a view to reporting to the British Government on the question of Colonial Defence, and naturally he advocated an Australian Union of States. Sir Harry Parkes, an eminent diplomat and clear-headed patriot, whose services in China entitle him to grateful recognition by Americans, took advantage of this visit to call a council of Australasian Prime Ministers, who met in 1890, cordially endorsed the notion of federation, and called upon all the States to send delegates in the year following to a congress that should discuss this subject.

All the States sent delegates, including New Zealand. Sir Henry Parkes presided, and after many weeks' deliberation, a bill was drafted which has formed the basis of all subsequent legislation on this subject.

This congress (1891) did excellent work, but it failed to excite great popular enthusiasm, because its members were not the result of direct popular election—and public sentiment was not yet sufficiently educated on the subject.

The matter was once more taken up in earnest in 1895. A meeting of Premiers was held in Tasmania, and here it was determined to hold a convention of delegates elected by direct popular vote. This convention met in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's second jubilee. The central feature of this great jubilee was a festive procession in London, which included representatives from every British colony, and gave the world an object-lesson of Anglo-Saxon unity and power.

Finally, by the close of 1899, in the midst of the South African War, the last difficulties were overcome, and on July 9, 1900, United Australia took her place not merely as one of the great colonies of England, but as the mightiest centre of Anglo-Saxon energy in the Far East. No other nation has such a base for future operations in the South Pacific as Australia. French, Dutch, and Germans may have coaling stations and Crown colonies in those latitudes—the Anglo-Saxon has here a nursery of his own flesh and blood which is growing stronger every day, and as it grows, relieves the mother country of much expense connected with maintaining commerce beyond Suez.

In the event of a future European war in which England might require the whole of her fleet at home, it will be found that Australia will prove herself equal not only to protecting her own shores, but also to

equipping a navy that will protect Hong-Kong, Singapore, and other exposed stations. At any rate, little England of the Northern Hemisphere may draw comfort from the thought that, so far as the Southern Pacific is concerned, her big children are quite ready to accept the responsibility of maintaining themselves in that part of the world, without calling upon the mother country for more than benevolent neutrality.

New Zealand is a small thing compared with Australia, yet it is as large as all England and Scotland and Wales, with half of Ireland thrown in. It stretches over a thousand miles from north to south, and while it is 1,200 miles from the continent of Australia, it is nearly 5,000 miles from the nearest port in South America, with nothing between but the lonesome Pacific. This favored island has a magnificent temperate climate; and pretty much everything required by the white man is here grown in abundance It was only in the reign of Queen Victoria that New Zealand was reluctantly incorporated by the British Empire —indeed it is a curious commentary on human fallibility that, while fleet upon fleet has been destroyed in struggles over wretched little islets in the waters of the Caribbean Sea, the vast territories in the Southern Hemisphere, notably Australasia and South Africa, should have been, throughout the earlier years of the 19th century, treated as not worth annexing. There is very good reason to think that the extraordinary alacrity with which England accorded complete autonomy to her children in the Southern Hemisphere arose largely from indifference to their existence—possibly from a desire to be rid of them as cheaply as

possible. In 1850 few people dreamed that Germans would colonize Shantung, Russians fortify Port Arthur, or that war-ships would be built in California.

New Zealand to-day offers a picture of state socialism carried further than in any other democratic community. The railways are in the hands of the State, as elsewhere in Australasia; but in addition to that the Government has practically undertaken to control the relations between capital and labor.

New Zealand boldly decrees eight hours as the length of a day's work, pensions every workingman in his old age, furnishes a seat for the shop-girl, and in many other respects steps in between the employer and employé in a manner suggesting fatherly, if not socialistic, legislation. This colony is determined that there shall be no strikes or lock-outs, and, therefore, when disputes arise between employers and employees, arbitration is made compulsory. Under such a system, where all political power is created by the laboring man, tribunals are apt to be in his interest; yet there are many earnest writers in that colony who are not discouraged by their experience in this matter. Those of us who have followed the course of gigantic strikes in the United States during the last quarter of a century, must concede that any arrangement that could free us from the present uncertainty on this vexed subject would contain enough of blessing to make us readily put up with much discomfort.

Already in 1890, according to the official reports of the agent for New Zealand in London, the State was the largest receiver of rents and the largest em-

ployer of labor in the colony. It owned nearly all the telegraphs, railways, and telephones in the country. It controlled and supported the hospitals and lunatic asylums, and virtually dispensed all the public charity throughout the colony. Its officials did all the law business connected with the transfer of land, a branch of work which enriches many London and New York lawyers. Australia has set a shining example to the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world in facilitating land transfer by means of a very simple and inexpensive system of land registration. New Zealand has also sought to limit the evils springing from the monopoly of the soil, and therefore grants leases for terms of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, taking in return an amount of interest (four per cent.) which, while it does not wholly absorb the unearned increment, yet makes it unlikely that any person would hold land without making use of it.

This colony also takes charge of estates, as trustees —and may be named as executor. In other words, the State regards itself as the head of a family. We that have been reared in the hard school of Cobden and Adam Smith, stand by complacently while the weak go to the wall and the masters of finance grasp the reins of power. New Zealand declares that such a state of society is undesirable, and that for their part they mean to experiment in hopes of finding something better. We are pretty well agreed that Henry George made a masterly analysis of modern society in his " Progress and Poverty "—but it is not yet understood to what extent his remedy can be applied with success. At any rate, the experiment of New Zea-

land deserves close attention—whatever may be its result.

Of course education in New Zealand, as throughout Australasia, is free and compulsory.

Large estates are discouraged by a graduated income tax, which rests lightly upon the man of small means, but takes a great deal out of the rich ones. The influence of Henry George is seen in a law of New Zealand which exempts improvements and buildings on a farm, and taxes solely the land itself. Small farmers are altogether exempt. Land worth £5,000 is taxed one penny in the pound on the capital value. The tax rises with the value, culminating at three pence in the pound on land of £210,000, or more, value. Everyone votes in New Zealand, women as well as men.

We must not think of our New Zealand State Socialists as we do of those in France and Germany, who deal almost exclusively with theories so blended with truth that the practical politician has difficulty in using them. The New Zealander is a practical Englishman, who deliberately undertakes experiments on new soil and under favorable conditions which it would be almost revolutionary to attempt in England or any other old country where men are bound down by social prejudice and tradition. Even in America, men who advocate such reforms as New Zealand is now enjoying are pronounced to be cranks.

It is interesting to note that, with insignificant exceptions, all the communities of white men south of the Equator are either republics in name or enjoy practical self-government. Of these communities

South America furnishes the earliest settlements, and also a priority as regards the time when most of them cast off the yoke of Spain and declared themselves independent. Brazil was the last to become a republic in name, though in fact she has throughout this century enjoyed a fairly liberal constitutional rule. British Guiana has enjoyed much local liberty, though in dealing with so vast a territory as South America we can afford to ignore the three Guianas entirely, even were they in the Southern Hemisphere.

The two South African Republics were created at about the same time that the various States of Australia were granted Responsible Government, and the English colonies of the Cape and Natal have enjoyed virtual Home Rule even when ostensibly they figured as mere Crown colonies. South Africa, Australia, and South America are now dominated by the white man. In each of these continents the natives are being exterminated. In Australia there are about 50,000 left, in Africa even the negro cannot hold his own against the imported laborer from Bombay; and as for South America, if we limit ourselves to Chili, Peru, and the adjacent territory, we may safely regard the day of the native as having passed, and the day of the white man, or at least the Chinaman, as having arrived. South America, however, is handicapped in having behind her centuries of clerical misrule, and a population largely made up of negro elements. The white man of South Africa and Australia has been wiser in this respect, and has not sought to multiply at the expense of his racial purity. Australia is the youngest of these great communities of the Southern Hemi-

sphere, she is the most homogeneous, the most enlightened, the least hampered by tradition, the most ready to adopt new ideas and experiment with new theories. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should in the past fifty years have pushed ahead more rapidly than South Africa, to say nothing of the Argentine and Chili. She furnishes us one of the few examples in history of a great agglomeration of States uniting into one organic whole through the mere force of common-sense unaided by fear of a common enemy. We may live to see the United States of South America, as well as the United States of South Africa—when that time comes, Australia may have occasion to fear for her supremacy in the Southern Hemisphere—but not before.

XXXII

CAN THE WHITE MAN AND HIS WIFE FLOURISH IN THE TROPICS

"We belong to that race whose obvious task it is . . . to spread civil liberty . . . in every part of the earth, on continent and isle." FRANCIS LIEBER, "Civil Liberty and Self-government," p. 21.

Railways and Sanitation Essentials to the White Man's Happiness in the Tropics—Heat Itself not Dangerous

UP to within this generation, which we may roughly designate as the period of universal steam communication, white man's efforts in the tropics have been largely measured by English experience in the East Indies and Africa under circumstances not calculated to give this question a fair test. Up to 1855, British India was a practical monopoly in the hands of a vast chartered trading company, which built forts, maintained troops on land and sea, and sent out agents, with no other object than producing dividends for shareholders in London. Before the general use of steam in those regions, when a journey home around the Cape meant the best part of a year at sea, a colonial official was forced to remain at his post, however unhealthy it might be; for it was not possible, as it is to-day, to run off by rail for change of air in the hills, or by the sea-side.

So it was with the Philippines. The white merchants there did not dare take their wives out with them, because of the monotonous conditions enforced by isolation. In the early part of this century invalids from the East Indies had the Cape of Good Hope as their nearest recruiting station, which, though less than half the distance to Europe, was yet a long and costly journey at best. To-day the merchant of Singapore or Manila can take an annual holiday with his wife and children to many bracing resorts, comparatively near at hand; as, for instance, the hill country about Nagasaki, the shores of the Gulf of Pitchili, or, due south to New Zealand. Even the journey to Europe is only thirty days, as against a hundred and thirty at least, fifty years ago, in the days of sailing ships.

The great Dark Continent was, in my childhood, a land of horror, into which a few daring, if not reckless, enthusiasts had penetrated, only to emerge with tales of pestilence and human savagery far from encouraging to would-be colonists. Here and there along the coast were trading stations, to which men ventured at a very high salary, with a clear understanding that the chances were rather opposed to their coming home alive.

It is also notable that while the closing years of the eighteenth century were almost exclusively occupied in savage struggles for the possession of colonies, the close of the Napoleonic wars left Europe, and notably England, strangely apathetic on the subject. In the great "Seven Years' War," which closed in 1763, half the world had been ablaze; war was waged in Canada,

the West Indies, India, and the Malay Islands; every sea was alive with the war-ships of European powers, staking their last drop of blood in the violent acquisition of mainly tropical territory. Barely two generations later, and we find England declining to accept New Zealand when offered to her by English settlers; treating Australia as a financial burden, useful only as a dumping-ground for criminals; discussing in Parliament whether India be worth defending; questioning the value of Hong-Kong, and even refusing to be responsible for territories in South Africa which in 1900 were deemed worth fighting for with 200,000 British troops.

This strange apathy regarding colonies which ruled from the close of the Napoleonic wars down to the time when the German Government provoked the partition of Africa in 1890, was based in the first instance upon the general depreciation in value of tropical land, consequent upon anti-slavery agitation. This sentiment was fortified by Englishmen like Cobden and Bright, who opposed Imperialistic measures. But, above all, at least so far as the tropics were concerned, the home country felt it to be a waste of money to bother about countries that promised returns only to a few traders and missionaries. To-day, however, men yet in the prime of life can mark a revolution on this subject, and we need not be more than fairly sanguine to anticipate a still greater one in the lives of our children. We have seen equatorial countries once condemned as uninhabitable grow to contain a busy and vigorous white population. Let us give credit to the brave Boers who first demonstrated that the white

man could bring up large families and found healthy communities in the interior of South Africa. Natal, on the coast, is a tropical country, yet, thanks to an excellent sanitary administration, its white population is flourishing. The citizen of Durban can in a few hours take his wife and family to an elevation of four or five thousand feet, where the nights are dry and cold as in the Adirondacks. This was impossible ten years ago, and in the days when you and I went to school this colony was looked upon as unfit for white habitation. So far as I know, Natal is the only tropical colony in Africa where white people live in comfort with wife and children; but if others do not, it is not because God has been unkind to them, but that they have not shown the same energy in draining the land and building railways to the high lands of the interior.

In British Guiana, where Demerara suggests a tropical Holland—a colony showing its Dutch ancestry by the excellence of its canals and the tidiness of its streets—the white man is within seven degrees of the equator, between the Amazon and the Orinoco, yet such eminent authorities as Darnell Davis have given me assurance that generations of white people have flourished there, thanks to the local sanitary condition fortified by the constant breezes of the Atlantic Ocean. On the occasion of my visit to that colony I found no inconvenience from moving about at night in a manner that would have stretched me out with a fever in French Guiana, which is practically the same geographical bit of country. British Guiana is the Natal of South America, a clean, healthy, well-governed oasis in a wilderness of alleged republics. She enjoys

the advantage of rapid and frequent intercourse with Barbados and the rest of the world, but it would be of enormous service if a railway were constructed through Demerara to the mountains at the head waters of the Esequibo; for then her people would have the means of rapidly reaching a bracing mountain air at comparatively slight cost of time and money. Hong-Kong and Manila are practically in the same latitude, so far as the thermometer is concerned, and, therefore, what the white man could do in the one he should be able to do in the other as well. The British Government occupied Hong-Kong in 1841, less than sixty years ago, and of course it is too soon to generalize. But so far as the testimony of old merchants is concerned, it is an island where white children are born and reared, and while the climate is not to-day as favorable to them as that of the mother country, still each day brings about an improvement in the means of making life there better worth living. In the early years of that colony the English Government seriously discussed its total abandonment on the ground of its unhealthiness. Since then drainage and an excellent water supply have made the place satisfactory for short residence, while a railway, which runs to the top of the mountain at the centre of the island, now enables the white merchant to keep his wife and children in a bracing atmosphere, to which he resorts every night after business hours.

At Manila, the white man finds life agreeable enough, provided his house be on the shore where he gets the benefit of the breezes from the bay. But we need more than this; and the Government should immediately

construct and operate, for military as well as other purposes, a railway with frequent and rapid train service to the mountains in the neighborhood. Our fleet and army need a health resort in the tropics, and the money spent in this way would be saved a hundred-fold by the increased efficiency of our forces in Chinese waters. The white merchant needs a comfortable home for his wife and children, and no step taken by our Government would tend more to the civilization of the country, than properly organized white homes. The white man in the Philippines has so far given the natives a sad picture of immorality—of concubinage with native women—of gambling and drunkenness. This state of things we are apt to attribute to the climate, when, in fact, it proceeds from our own indifference to sanitary laws. During my stay in Manila, at the time of the war with Spain, I found the hospitals where American troops were cared for—to say nothing of the barracks—so foul, from a sanitary point of view, that an epidemic should reasonably have been anticipated. I tried to paddle my canoe through the canals opening from the Pasig River, and at points where the stench arrested my further progress mothers were bathing their children and American volunteers were absorbing foul germs. Is it a wonder that mortality is high at such places? Is it not a miracle that any of our troops should return alive?

We hear much of the tropical communities where quarantine takes the place of sanitation, but the newspapers have no time to tell of the many quiet and prosperous communities that clean their streets and flush their drains, and therefore live in the tropics as well

as in Boston or Liverpool. Manila, under Spanish rule, was a filthy, unhealthy place, and it will remain so under American rule unless our administration profits by experience.

In the West Indies, Havana has been in a chronic state of contaminating filthiness ever since it had enough people there to poison the soil, the water, and the air. The harbor has no tide worth mentioning, and the filth that flows into it remains at the doors of the city. Cuba needs a strong sanitary government in Havana, as do the Philippines. In both cases railway construction in all directions should be regarded as the most effective means of developing the interior and asserting the beneficent supremacy of our Government. We should be able to do with ease in Cuba and Porto Rico what other white men have done in other parts of the West Indies, notably at Jamaica, St. Kitts, Antigua, and Barbados, where white Englishmen live and have lived for many generations.

Nor let us omit to notice one factor that has injured the West Indies no less than English possessions in other tropical countries. It has been the policy of the Crown to fill colonial offices very largely by men born in the home country. This has its advantages for certain high posts where it is necessary that an executive officer be raised well above local party differences. But it is the part of political wisdom to encourage as far as possible the colonists themselves to take an interest in their own government, by opening to them careers in their own colony, rather than by forcing them to look elsewhere for recognition. While England has for many years been sending to

the West Indies officials from the home country, those islands have been at the same time furnishing to the United States a number of creole emigrants that have risen to eminence, and would have been most useful colonial officials had the opportunity offered itself to them.

Officials who come to the West Indies from Europe, remain as a rule but for a limited number of years, cannot identify themselves closely with the colony, do not as a rule bring a family with them, and frequently carry away their salary to spend it at home. Were it the rule to reserve such posts for men born in the colonies, or at least educated there and identified with creole needs, England would be better instructed in regard to many of her children and we should have fuller evidence regarding the capacity of our race to make the tropics their home.

It is of great importance to us to note that in nearly all the West Indian islands are lofty mountains eminently suitable for health resorts. In most of these islands white people could live as comfortably as in Virginia or Kentucky, if the Government did but open the high land of the interior to settlement, as has been done in South Africa, thanks to the Boers and the government railways.

Of course all extremes of heat, as well as of cold, are, in general, prejudicial to happy life, and far be it from me to advocate white man's migration to places unsuited to his daily comfort. But, as I have pointed out, many places that were once universally regarded as uninhabitable, or, at least, dangerous to health, have proved to be suitable after a few years of common-

sense administration. And it is equally clear that many places which to-day have an evil name, notably Manila and Cuba, will, under proper administration, become satisfactory places for white men and women. I do not say that they will prove merely equal to New Orleans or Marseilles—that would not be saying much—but rather that they will resemble Durban in Africa or Georgetown in Demerara.

The present state of life in the tropics, where sanitary conditions are not satisfactory, is apt to produce a community, mainly of young men, who lend themselves naturally to the doctrine that whiskey is a preventive of malaria. Indeed, it is noticeable that people who yield to an appetite usually find a plausible pretext for so doing. At any rate, nowhere in the world have I noted so much promiscuous cocktailing at all hours of the day as in tropical colonies where, of all places, water should be regarded as the one safe drink. Of course, in most cases, the man who indulges remarks that he feels the need of something for the sake of his stomach. It is not by accident that Arabs, Chinese, Malays, and Hindoos, to say nothing of negroes, regard water as man's natural drink. The universal use of tea in China arises from the pollution of the water and the consequent necessity of boiling it first as a preventive against enteric complaints. China and Japan are not free from dysentery, but the marvel is, in China at least, that there is any population at all, seeing that the wells are nearly all contaminated. Such as have studied the question of white expeditions in Africa assure me that the worst water is better than alcoholic drink—that in all cases where

alcohol has been kept from the men, the advantages have been fully acknowledged subsequently.

Now, when a tropical community is composed, as it frequently is to-day, mainly of young bachelors with large salaries and abundant animal spirits, it is but natural that such a community should convince itself that after all it is better to enjoy a short and merry life, than take any chances of a long one. And, in many cases, thanks to a good sweat every day on the tennis or polo field, the young men on tropical stations have not only known how to live a merry life, but a tolerably long one as well, though the most of them have returned home with permanently enfeebled constitutions.

Every white woman to-day, if she realized the interests of her sex, would agitate politically for the sanitation of the tropical world and the building of railways to the hills, for only when that is done can something be accomplished for the unhappy surplus of womanhood which has to stay at home, while brothers, husbands, and sweethearts are off in India, Borneo, Sumatra, Jamaica—throughout the hot belt—earning the money on which they hope to come home and marry—usually at an age when they are uninteresting to women and a bore to themselves. It is a maxim in the theatrical and literary world that when woman wants a thing she finds means of securing it. Now let her realize that under certain conditions she can follow her sweetheart in safety to the tropics—that she can marry and have her home perched up in the hills overlooking the harbor where her husband must spend the day with a pith helmet on his head. Let her once

understand clearly that every evening she can play lawn tennis or have a scamper on horseback, and indulge in the many pastimes that make life sweet, and, take my word for it, the Government will have to do her bidding.

XXXIII

THE WHITE INVASION OF CHINA

"It is not dense population but the causes which prevent social organization from taking its natural development . . . that keep millions just on the verge of starvation; and every now and again force millions beyond it."—HENRY GEORGE, "Progress and Poverty," p. 109, ed. 1881.

Treaty Ports—Self-government of White Merchants—The Open Door Policy

CHINA'S earliest experience of a permanent settlement by white men within her jurisdiction was nearly four centuries ago (1557) when Portugal secured a lease of Macao near Canton, and, therefore, within the tropics. Their last experience was in the North, when the German Empire acquired a lease of territory at Kiao Chow in 1897. The English occupation of Wei-hai-Wei, in 1898, may be regarded as a direct consequence of Russia's seizure of Port Arthur, to say nothing of Germany's action.

The Portuguese occupation of Macao was originally regarded with unconcern, because the supremacy of the Chinese Government, as landlord, was not questioned; and the little bit of land occupied (formerly an island, but now a peninsula) never represented more than a trading station to the Government of Pekin. Even when, in 1881, Portugal was granted sovereign jurisdiction in that then decrepit port, the

concession represented no menace whatever to the Chinese Government.

In 1841, England, as a war measure, seized the barren and practically uninhabited island of Hong-Kong, in the immediate neighborhood of Canton and almost in sight of Macao. In this instance no Chinaman had occasion to feel that the soil of his country had been profaned, for the bulk of the islands which stud this section of the China seas had been a species of freebooters' Paradise, and the presence of England was the immediate signal for such a restoration of commercial confidence that this inhospitable rock was quickly peopled with such a swarm of Chinamen as seriously to embarrass the authorities on the subject of elbow-room. After the war of 1860, in which French and English troops marched jointly to Pekin over the road once more occupied in 1900 by a white military combination, England added to Hong-Kong a small strip of territory, where now ship-building yards, vast dry-docks, storehouses, and steamship wharves testify to the commercial character of this annexation. But even this proved inadequate to the commercial needs of this marvellously successful colony, and in 1898 another strip was added to it, about equal to that which Germany had occupied at Kiao Chow the year before.

Whatever the mandarins may have felt—for, of course, their corrupt system demands the total exclusion of foreigners—there is no doubt that the people in general, from the great bankers of Canton to the poorest boatmen in Hong-Kong, welcomed the change as a promise of better things.

Mr. Stewart Lockhart, an eminent sinologist, who

was entrusted with the task of marking out this frontier, told me that during his delicate and dangerous mission he was, by all but the mandarin class, greeted with cordial inquiries as to how soon they might come under the British flag. We may take it almost as a proved proposition that, when a British subject is molested in China or the British flag insulted, the cause is to be found either in the instigation of native officials or gross tactlessness on the part of the victim.

On the occasion of my first trip to China (1876) the treaty ports were much alarmed by the recent strange murder of Margary, whose knowledge of Chinese and tact in handling the natives fitted him eminently for the task of crossing China to the frontiers of India. At the time of his murder the Chinese Government loudly disclaimed any share in it—on the contrary, pretended that he was the victim of mob fanaticism. But this brave man's subsequently published letters, coupled with the legal investigation that followed, prove satisfactorily that throughout his journey to India he had no occasion to take precautions regarding his safety, and that he was murdered on the return journey by official instigation.

White man's colonization in China is of two kinds —the one represented by France, Russia, and Germany, the other by Great Britain, the United States, and half a dozen other European nations which individually represent no great colonial ambition, but who silently support the policy of the Anglo-Saxon. I refer particularly to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and the German element that is outside of official and military influence. France, in

South China, introduces her own administrative system—just as she does in Algiers. The Russians at Vladivostock and Port Arthur shut out alien enterprise still more effectively. The Germans at Kiao Chow proclaim the open door in theory, but in practice they have secured a door whose hinges are very rusty save to Germans in uniform. The Anglo-Saxon forces, on the other hand, have colonized China from Hong-Kong to Tientsin, at so-called treaty ports, where the Chinese Government has at various times during the past sixty years conceded land and water-front privileges for commercial purposes. These concessions were first acquired and exploited by English and American merchants, although under treaties that permitted the rest of the world to share on equal terms. All the world has profited by the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan, in 1853, and also by the successive steps which England has subsequently taken in order to establish security for European merchants throughout the Far East.

Japan has abundantly proved that she is one of the great civilized powers of the world, and therefore white man's exceptional position there has been wisely abolished. But in China the Government still persists on so low a level of moral official activity that we have no guaranty for the maintenance of treaty rights excepting the perpetual presence of gun-boats.

It is due to the habits of self-government, instinctive in English and Americans, that such ports as Tientsin, Cheefoo, Shanghai, etc., present to-day pictures of excellent municipal government contrasting vividly with the filthy Chinese communities round about.

The so-called "treaty ports" of my acquaintance need not fear comparison with settlements of equal size anywhere. These "foreign concessions," though nominally conducted by Consuls of the Powers and perpetually visited by war-ships, are, nevertheless, in practice, thrown back upon their own energies for the municipal government they enjoy, and, above all, for protection against sudden outbursts of native violence.

Shanghai, for instance, produces the impression of a model seaport town, whose citizens secure vastly more in return for the taxes they pay than do the voters of New York or Chicago. This beautiful metropolis of the Yangtse-Kiang Valley has its whole water front laid out as a pleasure garden, producing the happy result that we might enjoy in New York, did our Riverside Park extend completely round the island. In warm evenings the families congregate here and listen to beautiful music discoursed by Filipino performers, who in this part of the world are, musically, as eminent as are the Mexicans in the North American continent. There is a splendid "country club" for recreation, where a race-track is laid out, and where polo, tennis, cricket, and other sports furnish recreation to both sexes.

On the Woosung is an excellently appointed rowing and yacht club, and races are constantly being held, to which additional zest is imparted by international rivalry. The streets of Shanghai are, even in the slums, kept as clean as those of an European park, and the roads are patrolled by mounted men, whose vast turbans, flashing eyes, and mighty mustachios pro-

claim them warriors from the hills of India—the redoubtable Sikhs. The Chinaman has a peculiar respect for these warriors, for they combine the stoicism of the English "Bobby" with an Oriental cunning superior to any other imported article of that character. There are also Chinese policemen, and, above them all, white inspectors.

Shanghai, besides, is thoroughly well organized in the matter of a local volunteer military force, fire department, benevolent societies, and the many unobtrusive institutions which reflect the self-governing citizen. It is an anomalous colony, this treaty port of Shanghai, for it is a government part Chinese and partly at the mercy of a committee consisting of the consuls of different nations. All the elements of discord and official chaos are present, every nation has its own post-office, and the utmost confusion might be anticipated under a system of this kind. The consuls are not only postmasters, but they also fill the position of judges over their own people, and in cases where Chinese are involved they sit on the same bench with a Chinese colleague.

To-day the system is manifestly absurd and should be abolished in the interests of the colonists themselves. Shanghai, for instance, should be endowed with enough territory to expand according to the growing needs of the white population—say a radius of forty or fifty miles inland. This would enable her citizens to control the sanitary drainage, the building of roads, and the safety of the port, with some degree of efficiency, and at the same time give them the means of dredging the bar at the mouth of the Woosung,

which at present threatens to exclude ocean-going steamers.

This great port has been built up by the enterprise of white colonists, who have come to this part of the world with their families for the purpose of bettering themselves—just as others have gone to Calcutta or Durban or Demerara. The merchants of Shanghai sorely need more territory over which to exercise police control, and a removal of the many restrictions which now arise from having a committee of conflicting consuls to manage their affairs.

The Shanghai republic is ripe for local independence under a general European guaranty. It should, in the interests of trade, be raised to the position of a free port—a Venice of the Far East—a Hamburg, as it was before the Bismarckian era.

All classes of the community suffer under the present system—none, perhaps, more than the Americans, owing to the present and past manner of recruiting our consular force. When I visited China in 1876, the American Consul-General was a man who was regarded as a thief by the merchant community, and, shortly afterward, was sent to the penitentiary for having stolen money from the mails.

On my second visit to Shanghai, in 1898, the chief American Consul was one whose appointment had elicited the protest of every respectable merchant in Minneapolis, his native town. The only training for his high post had been gained as manager of a professional base-ball club; otherwise his career had been that of the average small politician.

He had been publicly slapped in the Shanghai club

by his predecessor in office, under circumstances which occasioned no regret in the mind of the club committee! And be it said in parenthesis that, in the Far East, when a white man sinks so low that he cannot hold the good opinion of his fellow white men, he is not likely to prove a valuable public servant.

From our point of view, consuls have no business in colonies which are officially designated "treaty ports." If China is a civilized power, in the sense that we exchange diplomatic agents on equal terms, then our consuls should be sent to Chinese towns, and not to white settlements. If, on the other hand, our consuls are afraid to take up residence in the midst of Chinese communities, let us recognize the fact frankly, do away with the farce of receiving Chinese diplomatic agents, and treat the white communities in China as colonies in the land of the barbarian. To-day the white man is exposed to daily insult in the settlements which his energy has made prosperous. At Cheefoo, Dr. Corbett, the oldest missionary, told me that no white lady could traverse the town alone because of the foul language she had to hear. In that port white energy has made clean avenues and built solid houses—yet the settlers are confined to a very small area and are, as it were, besieged by a vast Chinese army, through whose midst one must pass before the open country can be reached.

At Canton the white community is herded on an island little bigger than an Atlantic liner, and from one year's end to the other the wives of white merchants hardly know what it is to take a real walk in the country.

Tientsin has been built up, like Johannesburg, through white enterprise, and yet that settlement on the Peiho, like its sister at Shanghai, in the whole course of its existence has received no aid from the Chinese Government in the way of keeping the water approaches navigable. In 1876 I steamed up to Tientsin as well as to Shanghai. In 1898 both these ports were unequal to furnishing the requisite water for sea-going craft.

In the present chaotic state of Chinese politics, where international rivalry makes the situation still more uncertain, the duty of England and America is clear—in so far as they are actuated solely by an interest in commercial expansion. They should at once arrange for the local independence under international guarantee of such settlements as Shanghai, Cheefoo and Tientsin, together with such territory in the neighborhood as may be found necessary for the health of white families.

When Germany seized Kiao Chow no white people were settled there who might have furnished a pretext. She dispossessed the Chinese already there and proposes to create in Shantung a white community, German in government and German in speech.

But self-government is not likely to be tolerated by the Prussian eagle, and without self-government it is not likely that German merchants now established in Hong-Kong and Shanghai will move to Kiao Chow.

The international guarantee which I have proposed implies no menace to the integrity of China—certainly no more than is now involved in the pres-

ent treaty ports. There is no probability that the white race will ever overspread China—or ever desire to—in our time. We entertain but a legitimate desire to enjoy with her people the same trade guaranties that we have with Japan. The people of the "treaty ports" ask land for no military object, and desire only what is absolutely necessary—for every mile means increased cost of policing. But what they demand to-day is justified by the fact that China is as yet incapable of governing herself, let alone affording a government fit for a white man. The white settlements, if they are to prosper, must partake somewhat of enclaves within the territory of the Chinese Empire, limited to half a dozen points easily reached by gunboats.

In China the white man has not, and cannot for many generations, have social intercourse with the inhabitants—the gulf separating their domestic institutions is too vast to be bridged over in our time. In all China I know of no club in which Chinese and whites can associate on equal terms. In Japan, on the other hand, I have found happiness in the social atmosphere which they breathe, have felt myself surrounded with ideas regarding honor, cleanliness, woman, and morality, often superior to those we preach and try to practise. At the principal social club of Tokio, Japanese and Anglo-Saxons meet on terms of perfect equality—for myself I should say that the Anglo-Saxon in Japan feels, socially, more at home than in several places of southern Europe where the inhabitants are called white by courtesy.

It should not be the policy of the white nations to

dismember China. Let us bear in mind that in 1900, when the allied armies entered Tientsin, the Christian nations all tolerated plundering. The Japanese General, Fukushima, alone set an example of soldierly self-restraint. It is time we sent missionaries to the barracks of so-called Christian soldiers.

I can recall the energy with which General Fukushima, as early as 1898, discountenanced all notions of a partition of China—insisting with a volume of cogent reasoning that her integrity should be preserved, and she should be led by persistent pressure to improve her government.

It should be manifestly absurd to work toward the disruption of a race entity like China at a time when history so clearly demonstrates the folly of similar movements. This century has been eminently one of national reorganization on the lines of racial affinity—the unity of Italy is one instance—that of Germany is but half-complete—Russia's experience in Poland but marks the folly of partition on such a plan. China is just now very foul politically, very helpless as a fighting force, and strangely dull to all national aspiration. But these are conditions that are in process of change, and we may be sure that a partition of the country between the great military powers would result in a Chinese Poland against which many Russias would prove ineffectual.

To-day, with the help of Japan, the Anglo-Saxon element can do in China a great work for civilization—one that will earn us the gratitude of the Chinese themselves. We can guarantee their integrity at the same time that we guarantee that of our colonies on the Yangtse, the Peiho, and elsewhere. We can take

over in trust their postal and telegraphic service, as we have already earned their gratitude by administering their customs. We can build their railways and high-roads, without in the least impairing their sovereign rights, or displaying a hostile flag. This service will necessarily employ an enormous number of natives, who will thus familiarize themselves with honesty, punctuality, and justice in the conduct of great enterprises. All those who supervise these departments of public improvement will be, as in the case of the maritime customs, nominal officials of the Chinese Government, and all the revenues will be credited to the empire or spent for its benefit. In the same manner the canals of China must be cleaned out and once more made navigable, and here again the enormous number of coolies that will find employment promises to rally in support of the white man an immense public sentiment.

We know how much has been done for security in Mexico by the invasion of the American railway, with its army of employés trained to punctuality, honesty, and fair play. It is little exaggeration to say that the locomotive has been worth, to our neighbor beyond the Rio Grande, as much as a gigantic police force—an element against which revolutionary agitation proves futile. People don't quarrel with their bread and butter, as a rule, and in China the white man will find little obstacle so long as his progress is marked, not by missionary stations and the graves of soldiers —but by the industrial triumphs in which the Chinese themselves have a share as wage-earners. The locomotive will conquer China yet—all depends upon the coolness and courage of the driver.

XXXIV

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLONIZATION

"The ideal to which we must look in the coming century (twentieth) is the consolidating of the nations under world governments. The suggestion that Switzerland and the United States should be under one government is not so absurd as it looks."—New York *Independent*, December 13, 1900, editorial.

Trade Does not Necessarily Follow the Flag—Home Government Should Encourage Emigration

THE last four centuries have piled up for our benefit an accumulation of experience in the colonial field that should now be turned to good account. Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, French, and finally Imperial Germany, all have helped in the solution of problems which must for some time engage the serious attention of statesmen. England herself has committed in times past nearly all the follies which have destroyed other nations, but, fortunately for us, her people have known how to repair the blunders of government more rapidly than government could appreciate the mischief that was being done.

One by one, colonial doctrines based upon theological and political ignorance have given way to more liberal ones, until to-day, at least in the Anglo-Saxon world, colonies are not merely permitted but urged to exercise self-government to the greatest possible extent.

The present condition of some nations, however—as for instance France and Germany, produces an official attitude toward colonies which we should carefully avoid, for it leads back to those errors which undermined the strength of Spain.

The Bismarckian school of statesmanship is strong in more countries than Germany. It is a dangerous school from which to graduate colonial administrators, for in it is taught the doctrine that physical force is the dominating factor in national development. Bismarck never moved without a sabre in one hand —even in the peaceful halls devoted to legislation; his idea of good government was the tidiness and monotony of the barrack-yard.

To-day we often hear the meaningless maxim that " trade follows the flag "—a maxim which has dazzled continental Europe and spurred Germany on to enormous pecuniary sacrifices for the purpose of planting her flag in far-away islands. But German trade has not followed the German flag in the past, nor does it to-day; on the contrary, it follows that of England and the United States, and will continue to follow them so long as the German merchant finds ours more profitable. German trade and German shipping were built up to splendid proportions before Germany had a single colony, and it is worth noting that the craze for colonies has arisen, not from the sober merchants of Bremen and Hamburg, but from military, official, and high-school circles with scant practical knowledge. The great steamship lines from Germany to New York naturally rejoice in the prospect of heavy subsidies, no matter for what object; but no govern-

ment subsidies can outweigh for a moment the solid advantages arising from free intercourse with ports like New York and Boston, the River Plate and Hong-Kong. The German Government can by a heavy subsidy produce a steamship line between Kiao Chow and Shanghai, but the German taxpayer must make up to the owners of that line what they lose by embarking in an enterprise devoid of legitimate freight returns. "Trade follows the flag" is one of those half truths calculated to do much mischief. It suggests the plausible idea that we buy our goods on sentimental and not on business principles. In real life we do no such thing. We do not buy our groceries from the shop nearest to us if there is one further off which gives us better value for our money. We do not cross the ocean in the ships of our own nationality if there are others who do the service as well and for less money. German ships leave New York loaded with American passengers and they return from Australia and Hong-Kong crowded with British. If trade followed the flag, passenger trade would be the first to prove it, but it does not. On the contrary, other things being equal, English and Americans show unmistakably that they patronize steamship lines with something of the impartiality with which they purchase wines or groceries.

Many of the most intelligent, industrious, and enterprising nations of Europe, that send forth a steady annual stream of emigrants, have no flag to follow—in the German sense—but are daily enriching themselves, the land in which they settle, and also the homes they have left. They look out upon the world

through no eyes of prejudice; they select the scene of their activity with a single eye to their own personal requirements, and they prosper without the assistance of their home administration.

Norway grows daily stronger and richer; she has no colony worth mentioning, yet sends forth annually a strong percentage of her vigorous people to the United States, and elsewhere. Bismarckian politicians are capable of seeing and counting the men that leave a country, but they are not able to appreciate the indirect advantages which compensate for this temporary loss. The German official can understand why his fellow-subjects should slip away to another country, but he cannot appreciate the fact that such a one, wherever he may settle, whether in New York or in Australia, remains a German in blood and breeding, if not in political sympathies. German emigrants may hate German officialism and cheerfully renounce all political allegiance to the land of their birth, but nevertheless they and their children and their children's children will cherish a pride in the past history of their race; will cultivate good relations with those of their own nation, and when their turn comes to travel, their mind will turn instinctively to an ancestral home in the Fatherland.

Germany to-day reaps a rich harvest from the trade with America, thanks to colonists that have settled under the Stars and Stripes because they could not find what they wanted at home.

So long as official Germany permits German-Americans to return and enjoy themselves in the "Fatherland" without too much police inquisition, she will

reap a steadily increasing harvest from this source, and little by little, even officials will appreciate the fact that emigrants to other colonies are not a dead loss to the mother country.

On the other hand, there is a great advantage to the white race in colonizing the world on a more cosmopolitan plan than merely by a colonial replica of the mother country. Europe, through centuries of warfare, religious intolerance, and political narrow-mindedness, has produced barriers between nations. The administrative organs of different European countries print perpetually statements calculated to create a false patriotism which delights in conceiving all other nations as bad.

Colonists do not know the narrow nationalism that rages in the home countries. The German, French, and English merchants of Hong-Kong, Cape Town, or New York smile at the bundle of lies which their home papers circulate. They know one another—and that is enough. In India the German merchant admires the magnanimity of the British, who, though conquerors of that Empire, have nevertheless treated the people with a measure of good government amazing in its extent and efficacy. Such a merchant cannot but be shocked when the Berlin press comments upon an Indian famine as an event brought about by British cruelty and misrule! The colonist that settles under his own flag and sees only those of his own way of thinking, gains something of breadth and political experience, but he who benefits most is one who emerges from the poisonous atmosphere of international recrimination and in the course of a few days' steaming emerges in

a community where men of all nations are working shoulder to shoulder in the task of subduing nature—governing native races—carrying on commerce—developing the resources of the earth.

These are the people that profit most by the precious lessons of colonization, these are the ones that should be encouraged by the home government, these are the true missionaries, the men who smooth away race friction, who cast aside national spites, who pave the way for the millennium of Free Trade—goodwill among nations.

XXXV

THE AMERICAN AS A COLONIST

"*I will* make *them* conform *or I will harry them out of the land.*"—JAMES I. in the Conference about Puritans at Hampton Court.

The Message of 1901.—"*The Queen commands me to express through you, to the people of Australia, her Majesty's heartfelt interest in the inauguration of the Commonwealth, and her earnest wish that, under Divine Providence, it may ensure the increased prosperity and well-being of her loyal and beloved subjects in Australia.*"

Spread of New Englanders over all North America—Capacity for Local Self-government

UP to the year 1898, when the United States suddenly and violently rose to the rank of a colonial power, Americans were habitually regarded as far outside of European combinations on this subject. Old world writers on colonization, while they honored Russia and even Denmark with a chapter, gave no thought to America after her separation from England in 1783.

And yet the United States of 1783 has been the mother of a colonizing family worthy of the best Anglo-Saxon traditions which they brought from the mother country. American colonization is the very antithesis of that which Russia has cultivated and to which so many writers point with ill-grounded ad-

miration. The Czar, with an administrative machinery adapted to his monotonous millions of illiterate serfs, has sown Siberia with a crop whose quantity excites amazement, but whose quality calls forth sorrow. The history of American colonization is reflected in the family chronicles of hundreds who, under the spur of political or religious intolerance, came of their own free will and at their own expense to a land where the liberty they sought was rendered the more sweet by the dangers with which it was associated. As children were born and the little communities expanded, the rising generation showed the same eagerness for new adventure as had characterized the original settlers, and thus we find an English family, which in 1620 landed in Massachusetts Bay, thirty years afterward sending representatives westward toward the Connecticut River, in another generation settling about Hartford or New Haven; next the name appears for the first time on the banks of the Hudson, and another generation finds it contesting with Frenchmen on the frontiers of the present State of New York.

So on, from generation to generation, the hardy New England stock has propagated itself, from the Scotch-like stony soil of Massachusetts, westward toward the Great Lakes, the Valley of the Mississippi, and beyond; conquering the wilderness; asking no favors of government; taxing themselves for school-houses and churches; fighting the Indians; establishing homesteads, villages, towns, and ultimately States, which in due course of time were, at their own request, admitted into the American Union.

New England has furnished the best type of the

American colonist, although, had there been no New England, Virginia and her neighbors would have still furnished the world with colonial leaders in plenty.

The introduction of negro slavery into the United States was a political and economic error, and retarded in many ways the fullest development of the States which tolerated it. Without discussing that question here, we note only the fact that in a small section of New England are concentrated, and have been for more than two centuries, the intellectual training-schools from which have gone forth generation after generation of shrewd, ambitious, well-disciplined and well-informed young men, who, as school-teachers, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, have uniformly marched with the pioneers toward the western frontier. We have only to glance at the dull mass of French Canadians and compare them with an equal body of New Englanders a hundred years ago, to illustrate our meaning.

The notable feature of American colonization, particularly from the beginning of this century to the settlement of California after the discovery of gold, is the universal practice of voluntarily clubbing together for offensive and defensive purposes; total absence of any administrative interference on the part of the central government, and an equally creditable absence of demand for government interference on the part of the colonists. There are one or two apparent exceptions, but they are trifling compared to the whole movement, which in this century alone has eliminated French and Spanish influence from the whole of the North American Continent, has spread the Eng-

lish language throughout its boundaries without administrative coercion, and has reared a monument to self-government exceeding the most fantastic political dreams of our forefathers.

The Anglo-Saxons who trekked across the Allegheny Mountains at the close of the 18th century and reared their log cabins in the forests of Tennessee and Kentucky, cut themselves off from civilization quite as much as did the Boers who invaded the Kaffir strongholds of inner Africa. The Republic of Texas is a colonial romance. The latter-day Yankee, with the hatred of Spain in his blood, fell foul of Spanish settlements in the great southwestern territories, where Spanish Priests and Mexican Alcaldes represented the same civilization which had invited the freebooting expeditions of Drake and Raleigh three centuries ago. The individual American, whatever his Government might order, could not tolerate the bastard Spanish institutions which flourished over California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas at the time when the frontiers of the United States were being pushed further and further toward the setting sun. The conflict was inevitable, and the result equally certain. Spanish institutions under Mexican government were hopelessly swamped under the tide of advancing colonists, and to-day the three centuries of Spanish or Mexican rule are recalled only by a few ruins of priestly missions—a few picturesque Spanish names, which have enriched the vocabulary of miners and cowboys.

During all this colonizing period, notably the first fifty years of this century, Englishmen were colonizing Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape of Good Hope,

and, in addition, pouring a steady stream into Canada and the United States. The Anglo-Saxon was doing his share in every part of the world—with or without government guidance.

Germany, too, through the pressure of bad government at home, was sending forth a large annual volume of discontented emigrants; but unfortunately, according to Professor Woker, no satisfactory estimate has yet been made of their number. Official statements on this subject are necessarily imperfect, because the several German governments placed administrative obstructions in the way of emigration, and therefore a large proportion of those who left their country did so secretly under false names, or under the pretence of belonging to other nations.

The political persecution which followed the revolution of 1848, brought from Germany the first considerable consignment of men eminent as leaders of thought. America is studded to-day with German social organizations which keep up intimate relations with the literary and political life of the Fatherland. Scarcely an American town that has not a German *Turn Verein* or *Liedertafel.* New York, Chicago, and similar centres have German clubs testifying to a wealthy and large membership. The best German actors find ample encouragement for a trip across the Atlantic, even though they limit their performances to exclusively German audiences. The German papers of America are in many instances not only better edited than some metropolitan dailies of my acquaintance, but I know of no daily of Berlin that does not suffer by comparison with the *Staats Zeitung* of New

York. These and many other signs speak well for the high average of general intelligence and culture that characterizes the millions of Germans who form a precious portion of American citizenship. They have come to America in order to become American, and they have, from the very beginning, shared all the rights of Americans.

But it is strange that in all these years, particularly when America was a wilderness from the Alleghenies to the Pacific, not a single German community should have endeavored to perpetuate its own language and institutions, after the fashion of the Boers in the Transvaal or the Mormons in Utah. There was no administrative machinery to hinder them; on the contrary, the land was open to all comers and no embarrassing questions were asked.

But as nations are credited by some philosopher with producing the particular kind of Jew that suits them best, so in the long run the monarchs of a country bear a certain resemblance to the people over whom they rule—and it is no mere accident that Germany has developed a long line of rulers whose attitude toward the people has been that of a military commander rather than of a constitutional executive.

That may in a degree explain the striking inaptitude of the German for colonial self-government, many as are his virtues in other respects.

But the American has by no means limited his colonial enterprise to his own country, vast as it is. He has sought his interests in every part of the world where adventure or fortune favored, whether in the goldfields of Australia or South Africa; a filibustering trip

to South America; a commission in the Egyptian army, or as a trader to China. There are few corners of the world where the traveller will not run across prosperous Yankees who are perfectly at home in the land of their adoption, see as little of their consul as possible, avail themselves of every advantage afforded by such political rights as they can secure, and in short, get on well with their neighbors and the world at large.

In the British colonies and the treaty ports of barbarous countries, Americans and English naturally drift together in any schemes for improvement or revolution. They understand one another instinctively; they both have the same political ideals of law, liberty, and justice—they are both trained in the same political school for securing these objects. Thus, whether in Johannesburg or Shanghai, Barbados or Cairo—in the Club of Manila or the Casino of Buenos Ayres, wherever there are representatives of different nationalities, there the two wings of the Anglo-Saxon family fold together in mutual support. America has no need to encourage emigration, for she has yet land enough and to spare, but when density of population shall afflict this continent as it does the countries of the Old World, then will be developed a monster colonizing force. For if, with plenty of room at home, the Yankee has, nevertheless, overspread North America, and even dripped over into other colonies, what may we not expect when the incentive of hunger is added to that of mere adventure or national ambition!